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Poetical, Supplicating, Modest, and Affecting

E P I S T L E

TO THOSE

LITERARY COLOSSUSES,

UNIV. OF THE CALIFORNIA
SOUTHERN BRANCH

R E V I E W E R S.

45476

BY PETER PINDAR, Esq.

A NEW EDITION.

Carmines, Di Superi placantur, Carmines, Manes.

L O N D O N :

Printed for G. KEARSLEY, at JOHNSON'S HEAD, No. 46, FLEET
STREET.

ΑΠΡΟΤΥΠΟ ΤΟ ΥΠΟΥ
ΝΟΜΑΡΧΕ ΚΑΡΤΙΝΟΣ

W⁵
1783

TO THE
R E V I E W E R S.

FATHERS of Wisdom, a poor wight befriend!

Oh hear my simple prayer in simple lays :

In *formâ pauperis* behold I bend,

And of your Worships ask a little praise.

I am no cormorant for fame, d'ye see ;

I ask not *all* the laurel, but a *sprig!*

Then hear me, Guardians of the sacred Tree,

And stick a leaf or two about my wig.

In sonnet, ode, and legendary tale,

Soon will the prefs my tuneful works display ;

Then do not damn 'em, and prevent the sale ;

And your petitioner shall ever pray.

1783

W⁵

Head

My labours damn'd, the Muse with grief will groan—

The censure dire my lantern-jaws will rue!

Know I have teeth and stomach like your own,

And that I wish to *eat* as well as you.

I never said, like murderers in their dens,

You secret met in cloud-capp'd garret high,

With hatchets, scalping knives in shape of pens,

To bid, like Mohocks, hapless authors die:

Nor said, (in your Reviews, together strung)

The limbs of butcher'd writers, cheek by jowl,

Look'd like the legs of flies on cobwebs hung

Before the hungry spider's dreary hole.

I ne'er declared, that, frightful as the Blacks,

In greasy flannel caps you met together,

With scarce a rag of shirt about your backs,

Or coat or breeches to keep out the weather.

Heav'n knows I'm innocent of all transgression,

Against your honours, men of classic fame!

I ne'er abus'd your critical profession,

Whose *dictum* saves at once or damns a name.

I never question'd your profound of head,

Nor *vulgar*, call'd your wit, your manners *coarse*;

Nor swore on butcher'd authors that you fed

Like carrion crows upon a poor dead horse.

I never said, that, pedlar like, you sold

Praise by the ounce, or pound, like snuff or cheese;

Too well I knew you silver scorn'd and gold—

Such dross, a sage Reviewer seldom sees!

I never hinted, that with half a crown

Books have been sent you by the scribbling tribe;

Which see hath purchas'd pages of renown:

No, for I knew you'd spurn the *paltry* bribe.

I ne'er averr'd, you critics to a man,
 For pence, would swear an owl excell'd the lark ;
 Nor call'd a coward gang, your grave Divan,
 That stabb'd, like base assassins, in the dark.

I never prais'd, or blam'd, an author's book,
 Until your wife opinions came abroad ;
 On these with holy rev'rence did I look ;
 With you I prais'd, or blam'd, so help me G—d !

The fam'd Longinus all the world must know :
 The gape of wonder Aristarcus drew,
 As well as Alexander's tutor, lo !
 All ! all great critics, gentlemen, like *you*.

Did any ask me, " Pray, Sir, your opinion
 " Of those Reviewers, who so bold bestride
 " The world of learning, and with proud dominion,
 " High on the backs of crouching authors ride ? "

Quick have I answer'd, in a rage, " Odsblood!

" No works like theirs such criticism convey :

" Not all the timber of Dodona's wood

" E'er pour'd more sterling oracle than *they*."

Did others cry, " Whate'er their brains indite,

" Be sure is excellent—a partial crew !

" With Iö Pæans usher'd to the light,

" And prais'd to folly in the next Review :"

This was my answer to each snarling elf,

(My eyeballs fill'd with fire, my mouth with foam)

" Zounds! is not justice due to one's dear self?

" And should not charity begin at home?"

Full often I've been question'd with a sneer—

" Think you one could not bribe 'em?" " Not a nation.

" A beef-steak, with a pot or two of beer,

" Might save a little volume from damnation."

Furious I've answer'd, "Lo! my Lord Carlisle

"Hath begg'd, in vain, a seat in Fame's old temple;

"Though *you* applaud, their wisdoms will not smile;

"And what they disapprove is curst simple.

"Could gold succeed, enough the peer might raise,

"Whose wealth would buy the critics o'er and o'er:

"'Tis merit only can command their praise,

"Witness the volumes of Miss Hannah More*.

"The *Search for Happiness*, that beauteous song,

"Which all of us would give our ears to own;

"The *Captive*, *Percy*, that like-mustard strong,

"Make our eyes weep, and understandings groan †."

Hail Bristol town! Bæotia now no more,

Since Garrick's Sappho sings, though rather slowly.

All hail Miss Hannah! worth at least a score,

Ay, twenty score, of Chatterton and Rowley.

* A Lady talked of for her poetical productions, and emphatically called by a certain class of readers, the tenth Muse.

† A pair of tragedies.

Men of prodigious parts are mostly shy ;

Great Newton's self this failing did inherit ;

Thus, frequent, *you* avoid the public eye,

And hide, in lurking holes, a world of merit.

Yet oft your cautious modesties I see,

When from your bow'r with bats you wing the dark :

And Sundays, when no catchpoles prowl for prey,

On æther dining in St. James's Park.

Meek Sirs ! in frays you choose not to appear,

A circumstance most natural to suppose,

And therefore hide your precious heads, for fear

Some angry bard, abus'd, should pull your nose.

The world's loud plaudit, lo ! you don't desire,

Nor do you hastily on books decide ;

But first at ev'ry coffee-house enquire,

How, in its favour, runs the public tide.

There, Wisdom, often with a critic's wig,
 The face demure, knit brows, and forehead frowning,
 I've seen o'er pamphlets, with importance big,
 Moufing for faults, or, if you'll have it, *owling*.

Herculean Gentlemen! I dread your drubs;
 Pity the lifted whites of both my eyes!
 Strung with new strength beneath your massy clubs,
 Alas! I shall not an Antæus rise.

Lo, like an elephant along the ground,
 Great Caliban, the giant Johnson stretch!
 The British Roscius too your clubs confound,
 Whose fame the farthest of the stars hath reach'd.

If such so easy sink beneath your might,
 Ye Gods! I may be done for in a trice:
 Hurl'd by your rage to everlasting night—
 Crack'd with that ease a beggar cracks his lice.

If, awful Sirs, you grant me my petition ;

With brother pamphlets shall my pamphlet shine ;

And should it chance to pass a first edition,

In capitals shall stare your praise divine.

Quote from my work as much as e'er you please

For extracts, lo ! I'll put no angry face on ;

Nor fill a hungry lawyer's fist with fees,

To trounce a Bookfeller like furious Mason*.

Sage Sirs ! if favour in your fight I find,

If fame you grant, I'll bless each gen'rous giver :

Wish you sound coats, good stomachs, masters kind †,

Gallons of broth, and pounds of bullock's liver.

* The contest between Mr. Mason and a Bookfeller is generally known.

† The Bookfellers.

The following Address to the REVIEWERS
 was written for a poetical Friend, in 1778,
 who had suffered by their Severity:

'TIS hard, Messieurs Reviewers, 'pon my soul,
 You thus should lord it o'er the world of wit;
 No higher court your sentence to controul,
 You hang, or you reprove, as you think fit!

Whether, in calf, your labours of the year
 Rank with immortal bards, or boxes line;
 Or, torn for secret services, oh dear!
 Are offer'd up at Cloacina's shrine:

Whether you look all rosy round the gills,
 Or hatchet-fac'd like starving cats so lean;
 Whether your criticism each pocket fills
 With halfpence, keeping you close shav'd and clean:

Whether in gorgeous raiment you appear,

Or tatters ready from your backs to fall ;

Whether with pompous wigs to guard each ear,

Or whether you've no wigs or ears at all :

Whether you look like gentlemen or thieves,

I hate usurpers of the critic throne ;

Therefore his compliments the poet gives,

And humbly hopes you'll let his lines alone :

Stay till he asks your thoughts, ye forward fages ;

Officioufness the modest bard abjures :

'Tis furely pert to meddle with *his* pages,

Who never deign'd to look in one of *yours*.

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* Complete Sets may now be had, including a Mezzotinto Engraving of the Author by one of the most eminent Artists.

N. B. The complete Set, WITHOUT the Portrait of the Author, is spurious.

LYRIC ODES

TO THE
ROYAL ACADEMICIANS,

FOR M,DCC,LXXXII.

BY

PETER PINDAR,

A DISTANT RELATION OF THE
POET OF THE BESS.

——— *Arma virosque cano.*

Paint and the Men of Canvass fire my Lays,
Who show their Works for Profit and for Praise;
Whose pockets know most comfortable Fillings—
Gaining *two Thousand Pounds* a Year by *Shillings*.

THE FIFTH EDITION, ENLARGED.

L O N D O N:

Printed for G. KEARSLEY, No. 46, *Fleet-Street*; and W. FORSTER,
No. 348, near *Exeter-change*, in the *Strand*.

1787.

[Entered at Stationers Hall.]

Price Two Shillings.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

PHYSICS 309

LECTURE NOTES

BY [Name]

These notes are intended for the use of students in the course.

PHYSICS 309

PHYSICS 309

PHYSICS 309

L Y R I C O D E S.

O D E I.

PETER *giveth an Account of his great RELATION—boasteth—praiseth*
Sir WILLIAM CHAMBERS and SOMERSET HOUSE—applaudeth
Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, and sheweth deep classic Learning.

MY Cousin Pindar, in his Odes,
 Applauded Horsejockeys and Gods,
 Wrestlers and Boxers in his verse divine!
 Then shall not I, who boast his fire,
 And old hereditary lyre,
 To British Painters give a golden line?

Say, shall yon Dome stupendous rise,
 Striking with Attic front the skies—
 The nursing dame of many a Painting Ape;*

* *Painting Ape.*—This expression is by no means meant to convey the idea of insult.—There is great propriety, if not poetry, in it.—The reader will please to recollect, that Painting is an imitative art—Monkeys are prodigious imitators—witness my own Odes.—Besides, Pope compliments the immortal Newton by a similar allusion.

And I immortal rhyme refuse,
 To tell the nations round the news,
 And make posterity with wonder gape?

Spirit of Cousin Pindar, ho!
 By all thy Odes, the world shall know,
 That *Chambers* plann'd it—Be his name rever'd!—
 Sir *William's* journeymen and tools,
 (No pupils of the Chinese schools)
 With stone, and wood, and lime the fabric rear'd!

Thus having put the Knight in rhyme,
 Stone, men, and timber, tools and lime;
 Now let us see what this rare Dome contains---
 Where rival Artists for a name,
 Bit by that glorious mad-dog Fame,
 Have fixt the labours of their brush and brains.

O Muse! Sir *Joshua's* master-hand
 Shall first our lyric laud command---
 Lo! Tarleton dragging on his boot so tight!
 His Horses feel a godlike rage,
 And long with Yankies to engage---
 I think I hear them snorting for the fight!

Behold with fire each eye-ball glowing!
 I wish indeed their manes so flowing
 Were more like hair---the brutes had been as good,
 If, flaming with such classic force,
 They had resembled less that horse
 Call'd Trojan---and by Greeks compos'd of wood.

Now to yon Angel let us go---
 A fine performance too, I trow,
 Who rides a Cloud---indeed a poorish hack---
 Which to my mind doth *certés* bring
 That easy bum-delighting thing,
 Rid by the Chancellor---yclep'd a Sack.

Yet, *Reynolds*, let me fairly say,
 With pride I pour the lyric lay
 To most things by thy able hand exprest---
 Compar'd, alas! to other men,
 Thou art an eagle to a wren!---
 Now, Mrs. Mufe, attend on Mr. *West*.

O D E II.

PETER *falleth foul on Mr. WEST for representing our Blessed REDEEMER like an OLD-CLOTHES-MAN—and for misrepresenting the APOSTLES.—PETER ascribes St. PAUL, and JUDAS and the APOSTLES—Cutteth up Mr. WEST's Angels—Attacketh another Picture of Mr. WEST's—Weepeth over the hard Fate of PRINCE OCTAVIUS and AUGUSTUS, Children of our Most Glorious Sovereign.*

○ WEST, what hath thy pencil done?
 Why, painted God Almighty's Son
 Like an Old-Clothes-man, about London Street!
 Place in his hand a rusty bag,
 To hold each sweet collected-rag;
 We then shall see the character complete.

Th' Apostles too, I'm much afraid,
 Were not the fellows thou hast made---
 For Heav'n's sake, *West*, pray rub them out again---
 There's not a mortal who believes
 They look'd like old* *Salvator's* Thieves,
 Although they might not look like *Gentlemen*.

St. Paul most candidly declares,
 He could not give himself high airs
 Upon his person---which was rather homely---

* *Salvator Rosa*, happy in his characters of *Banditti*.

But really, as for all the rest,
 Save Judas, who was a rank beast,
 They all were decent labourers, and comely.

Thy *Spirits* too can't boast the graces---
 Two Indian Angels by their faces---
 But speak---where are their wings to mount the wind?
 One wou'd suppose M'Bride * had met 'em---
 If thou hast spare ones, quickly get 'em,
 Or else the lads will both be left behind.

Ghost of Octavius! tell the Bard,
 And thou, Augustus, us'd so *bard*,
 Why *West* hath murder'd you, my tender lambs?
 You bring to mind vile Richard's deed,
 Who bid your Royal Cousins bleed,
 For which the world the Tyrant's mem'ry damns.

West, I must own thou dost inherit
 Some portion of the painting spirit---
 But trust me---not extraordinary things---
 Some *merit* thou must surely own,
 By getting up so near the throne,
 And gaining whispers from the Best of Kings.

* Capt. M'Bride, famous for *winging* men of war, as well as partridges. —
 See his letter to the Admiralty.

O D E III.

PETER administereth sage Advice to very young Painters.

PEOPLE must mount by slow degrees to Glory---
 'Tis Stairs must lead us to the Attic story---
 Thus thought my GREAT old Name-sake, PETER CZAR ;
 Who bound himself, in Holland, to a trade ;
 A very pretty Carpenter he made ;
 And then went * home, and built a Man of War.

The Lad who would a 'Pothecary shine,
 Should powder Claws of Crabs, and Jalap, fine,
 Keep the Shop clean, and watch it like a Porter :
 Learn to boil Glysters---nay, to *give* them too,
 If blinking Nurfses can't the bus'ness do ;
 Write well the Labels, and wipe well the Mortar.

Before that Boys can rise to Master-Tanners,
 Humble those Boys must be, and mind their manners ;
 Despising PRIDE, whose wish it is to wreck 'em :

And

* To Russia.

And mornings, with a bucket and a stick,
 Should never once disdain to pick,
 From street to street, fair lumps of *Album Græcum*.

Thus should young Limning Lads themselves demean;
 Learn how to keep their Masters Brushes clean,
 And learn to squeeze the Colours from the Bladders---
 Furbish up Rags---the shining Pallet set---
 Keep the Knives bright---and eke the Easel neat ---
 Such arts, to Fame's high Temple are the Ladders.

Young Men---so useful are the arts I mention;
 (Believe me, not an atom is invention).
 The Instant that I pen this Ode, I know
 A Jew-like, shock-poll'd, scrubby, short, black Man,
 More like a Cobler than a Gentleman---
 Working on Canvass, like a dog in dough.

By Heav'ns! with scarce more knowledges than these,
 He earns a Guinea ev'ry Day with ease;
 Attempteth heads of Princes, Dogs, Cats, 'Squires---
 Now on a Monkey vent'reth---now a Saint---
 Talks of *himself*, and much himself admires,
 And fruits the veriest *Bantam Cock* of *Paint*.

But mind me, Youths, I don't Conceit advise,
 Because 'tis fulsome to men's ears and eyes ;
 Whose tongues might cover you with ridicule—
 And pray, who loves the appellation, *Fool* ?

Yet, if in spite of all the Muse can say,
 You will *insist* on going the wrong way,
 And *wish* to be a Laughing-stock—
 Copy our little old black Bantam Cock—

Whose soul, moreover, of such sort is—
 With so much acrimony overflows,
 As makes him, wherefoe'er he goes,
 A walking Thumb-bottle of *Aqua-fortis*.

O D E IV.

The Lyric Bard commendeth Mr. GAINSBOROUGH'S PIG—Recommendeth LANDSCAPE to the Artist.

AND now, O Muse, with song so big,
 Turn round to *Gainsb'rough's* Girl and Pig,
 Or Pig and Girl I rather should have said:
 The Pig in white, I must allow,
 Is really a well-painted Sow:
 I wish to say the same thing of the Maid.

As for poor St. Leger and Prince,
 Had I their places I should wince,
 Thus to be gibbeted for weeks on high:
 Just like your felons after death,
 On Bagshot, or on Hounslow Heath,
 That force from travellers the pitying sigh.

Yet *Gainsborough* has great merit too,
 Wou'd he his charming *fort* pursue---
 To mind his Landscape have the modest grace---
 Yet there sometimes are Nature's tints despis'd:
 I wish them more attended to, and priz'd,
 Instead of Trump'ry that usurps their place.

O D E V.

*PETER quarreleth with FAT,—proveth its fatal Inconveniencies—
Accounteth for the Leanness and Rags of the MUSES—Displayeth
Military Science—Telletb a wonderful Story of a SPANISH MARQUIS
—Talketh sensibly of a Greyhound, a Hawk, and a Race-Horse—
Pointeth out the proper Subjects for Grease.*

PAINTERS and Poets never should be Fat—
Sons of Apollo! listen well to that.
Fat is foul weather—dims the Fancy's sight:
In poverty, the wits more nimbly muster:
Thus Stars, when pinch'd by frost, cast keener lustre
On the black blanket of OLD MOTHER NIGHT.

Your heavy Fat, I will maintain;
Is perfect Birdlime of the Brain;
And, as to Goldfinches the birdlime clings—
Fat holds Ideas by the legs and wings.

Fat flattens the most brilliant Thoughts,
Like the Buff-Stop on Harpsichords, or Spinnets—
Muffling their pretty little tuneful throats,
That would have chirp'd away like Linnets.

Not only Fat is hurtful to the Arts,
 But LOVE, at Fat—ev'n LOVE ALMIGHTY starts—
 LOVE hates large, lubberly, fat, clumsy Fellows,
 Panting and blowing like a Blacksmith's Bellows.

In Parliament, amidst the various chat,
 What eloquence of NORTH's is lost by Fat !
 Mute in his head-piece on his bosom hung,
 How many a Speech hath slept upon his Tongue !

So far Apollo's right, I needs must own,
 To keep his Sons and Daughters high in bone:
 The NINE too, as from History we glean,
 Are, like Don Quixote's ROSINANTE, lean ;

Who likewise fancy all incumbrance bad,
 And therefore travel very thinly clad ;
 Looking like Damsels just escap'd from jails,
 With backs *al fresco*, and with tatter'd tails.

How, with large rolls of Fat, would aet
 A Soldier, or a Sailor ?

And 'tis a well-attested fact,

Apollo was as nimble as a 'Taylor.

How could he else have caught that handsome flirt,

MISS DAPHNE, racing through the pools and dirt ?

The Marquis of CERONA, of great Parts,
 Could scarce support himself, he was so big—
 He starv'd—drank Vinegar by pints and quarts,
 And got down to a Christian—from a Pig.
 Some Author says, his skin (but some will doubt him)
 Would fold a half-a-dozen times about him.

Reader!—of lie I urge not an iöta:
 His skin would really round his body come,
 Though tight before as parchment on a drum—
 Just like a Portuguese Capota.—

Yes—yes—indeed I solemnly repeat,
 Painters and Bards should very little eat:
 No matter, verily, how slight their fare—
 Nay, though Camelion-like they fed on air—

Else they're, like Ladies much inclin'd to Feeding—
 Who, often when they fatten, leave off Breeding;
 Or, like the Hen, facetious Æsop's story,
 So known—I shall not lay the Tale before ye.

You would not load with Fat, a Running-Horse,
 Or Greyhound you design to course;
 Nor would you fatten up the Hawk,
 You mean to nimble birds to talk.

Then pray, young Brushmen, if you wish to thrive,
 And keep your Genius, and the Art alive,
 Gobble not quantities of flesh and fish up:
 BEINGS who can no harm from Fat receive,
 May feast securely—then for Heav'n's sake leave
 Grease to an Alderman, a Hog, or Bishop.—

O D E VI.

PETER *flattereth* Mr. MASON CHAMBERLIN—*and that most brilliant Landscape-Painter, Mr. LOUTHERBOURGH*—PETER *admireth, praiseth, and consoleth the English Claude, WILSON.*

THY Portraits, *Chamberlin*, may be
 A likeness, far as I can see;
 But, faith! I cannot praise a single feature:
 Yet, when it so shall please the Lord,
 To make his people out of Board,
 Thy pictures will be tolerable Nature.

And *Loutherbougb*, when Heav'n so wills,
 To make Brass Skies, and Golden Hills,
 With Marble Bullocks in Glass Pastures grazing;
 Thy reputation too will rise,
 And people, gaping with surprise,
 Cry, “ Monsieur *Loutherbougb* is most *amazing!*”

But thou must wait for that event---
 Perhaps the change is never meant---
 Till then, with me, thy pencil will not shine---
 Till then, old red-nos'd *Wilson's* art
 Will hold its empire o'er my heart,
 By Britain left in poverty to pine.

But, honest *Wilson*, never mind ;
 Immortal praises thou shalt find,
 And for a dinner have no cause to fear---
 Thou start'st at my prophetic rhimes---
 Don't be impatient for those times ;
 Wait till thou hast been dead an hundred year.

O D E VII.

PETER breaketh out into Learning, and talketh Latin—Adviseeth young Artists to do no more than they can do—Recommendeth to each the Knowledge of his Genius.—PETER talketh of Æsop's Fables and Mr. STUBBS—PETER ventureth on the Stage—Recordeth a Story of an Actor, and concludeth facetiously.

“ *QUI fit, Mæcenas, ut nemo quam sibi sortem* ” —
 Was partly written for those fools
 Who slight the very art that would support 'em,
 In spite of Gratitude's and Wisdom's rules.

It brings to mind old Æsop's tale, so sweet,
Of a poor country-bumpkin of a Stag,
Who us'd to curse his clumsy Legs and Feet,
But of his Horns did wonderfully brag.

Unlike our London poor John-Bulls,
Who, from the wardrobe of their sculls,
Could, with the greatest pleasure, piece-meal tear
Such pretty-looking ornamental geer.

But, to the story of the Buck,
Like (many English ones) much out of luck.

When to a thicket Master Buck was chac'd,
His fav'rite Horns contriv'd to spoil his trot—
By keeping the young 'Squire in limbo fast,
Till John the Huntsman came and cut his throat.

Unfortunately for the Graphic Art,
Painters too often their true genius thwart ;
Mad to accomplish what can ne'er be done,
They form for criticism—a world of fun.

The Man of Hist'ry longs to deal in *little*,
Quits lasting oil, for perishable spittle :

The Man of Miniature to Hist'ry springs,
Mounts with an ardour wild the broom-like Brush,
Makes for Sublimity a daring push,
And shows, like Icarus, his feeble wings.

'Tis said that nought so much the temper rubs
Of that ingenious Artist, Mr. STUBBS,
As calling him a Horse-painter—How strange,
That STUBBS the title should desire to change!

Yet doth he curses on th' occasion utter,
And foolish quarrels with his bread and *butter*.
Yet, after Landscape, Gentlemen and Ladies,
This very Mr. STUBBS prodigious mad is ;

So quits his Horse—on which the Man might ride
To Fame's fair Temple, happy and unhurt ;
And takes a Hobby-horse to gall his pride,
That flings him, like a lubber, in the dirt.

The self-fame folly reigns, too, on the Stage,
 Such for impossibilities the rage!
 The Man of Farce, to Tragedy aspires,
 And, calf-like bellowing, feels heroic fires---

WESTON for *Hamlet* and *Othello* figh'd,
 And thought it dev'lish hard to be denied.---
 The courtly ABINGTON's untoward Star
 Wanted her reputation much to mar,
 And sink the *Lady* to the Washing-tub---
 So whisper'd---"Mrs. Abington, play *Scrub*"---
 To folly full as great, some imp may lug her,
 And bid her flink in *Filch*, and *Abel Drugger*.

An Actor, living at this time,
 That now I pen my verse sublime,
 Could not, to save his soul, find out his *fort*---
 But lo! it happen'd, on a lucky night,
 He on the subject got a deal of light;
 And thus doth Fame the circumstance report.

After exhibiting to Pit, and Boxes,
 To take a dram, the Actor stroll'd to * Fox's---
 Where soon his friend came in, such fine things saying,

* A Tavern near the Playhouse.

Offering a thousand pretty salutations,
 With full-confirming Oath-ejaculations
 Unto this Son of Thespis, for his playing.

“ By Heav’ns!” quoth he, “ unrivall’d is thy merit---
 “ Thou play’dst to-night, my friend, with matchless spirit:
 “ Zounds! my dear fellow, let me go to H-ll,
 “ If ever part was acted half so well!”

The Actor blush’d, and bow’d, and filly look’d,
 To hear such compliments so nicely cook’d---
 Getting the better of his *mauvaise honte*—
 And staring at the other’s steady front,

He ask’d---‘ What part, pray, mean ye? for, in troth,
 ‘ I know of none that you should so commend’---
 “ What part!” replied the other with an oath:
 “ The *hind-part* of a JACK-ASS, * my dear friend!”

The Player, pleas’d instead of being hurt,
 Thank’d him for the discovery of his *fort*---
 Pursued his genius---fought no higher game,
 And by his JACK-ASS won *unenvid* fame.

* A Part in one of the Pantomimes, which contains a large portion of kicking, braying, obstinacy, and tail-wriggling.

O D E VIII.

PETER *abuseth* Mr. and Mrs. COSWAY.

FIE, *Cosway!* I'm aſham'd to ſay,
 Thou own'ſt the title of R. A.---
 I fear, to damn thee 'twas the devil's ſending---
 Some honeſt calling quickly find,
 And bid thy Wife her kitchen mind,
 Or ſhirts and ſhifts be making, or be mending.

If Madam cannot make a ſhirt,
 Or mend, or from it waſh the dirt,
 Better than paint---the Poet for thee feels---
 Or take a ſtitch up in thy ſtocking,
 (Which for a wife is very ſhocking)
 I pity the condition of thy heels.

What vanity was in your ſkulls,
 To make you act ſo like two fools,
 T'expoſe your daubs, tho' made with wond'rous pains out?
 Could *Raphael's* angry gholt ariſe,
 And on the figures caſt his eyes,
 He'd catch a piſtol up, and blow your brains out.

MUSE

MUSE, in this criticism, I fear,
 Thou really hast been too severe :
 COSWAY paints Miniature with truth and spirit,
 And Mrs. COSWAY boasts a fund of merit.

Be more like courtly Horace's thy page ;
 And shun of furious Juvenal the rage,
 Of whom old Scaliger asserts---“ *qui jugulat*”---
Id est---the fellow would not murder, boggle at.

This Scaliger employs, too, the word *trucidat* :
 That is, the Bard would dash through thick and thin,
 And, like a ruffian, would so use ye, that
 He would not leave a whole bone in your skin.

O D E IX.

PETER exhibiteth Bible Knowledge—Condemneth Imitators, and maketh
Comparisons.

SIR JOSHUA---for I've read my Bible over,
Of whose fine art I own myself a lover,
Puts me in mind of Mathew, the first chapter—
Abrâm got Isaac—Isaac, Jacob got—
Joseph to get, was lucky Jacob's Lot,
And all his brothers,
Who very *nat'rally* made others,
Continuing to the end of a long chapter—
A genealogy I read with rapture.

Yet, possibly, not with so much delight,
As Queensb'ry's DUKE delighting in *good courses*,
Reads (which I'm told he doth, from morn to night),
The noble pedigrees of Running-Horses,
Penn'd with a deal of subtlety, and labor,
By that great Turf-Apostle, Mr. HEBER.

Sir JOSHUA's happy pencil hath produc'd
A host of Copyists, much of the same feature;
By which the Art hath greatly been abus'd—
I own Sir JOSHUA, *great*—but Nature *greater*.

G

But

But what, alas! is ten-times worse—
The progress of the Art to curse :
The *Copyists* have been *copied* too ;
And that, I'm sure, will never do.

Such Painters are like Pointers hunting game—
Intent on pleasure, and Dog-fame ;
Suppose a half-a-dozen dogs, or more,
Snuffing, and scamp'ring, crossing the field o'er.

One Pointer scents the Partridge---points---
Fix'd like a statue on the pleasing gale !
How act the others?---Stop their scamp'ring joints ;
And, lo! one's *Nose* is on his neighbour's *Tail*.

Perhaps this Dog-comparison of mine,
Though vastly natural, and vastly fine,
May not be fully understood
By all the youngling Painter Brood ;
Therefore, that into error they may'nt roam,
I think I'll be a little more *at home*.

Suppose a Damself of the Cyprian class,
A fresh-imported, lovely, blooming lass,
Gay, careless, smiling, ogling in the Park—

Suppose

Suppose those charms, so pleasing to the eye,
 Catch the wild glance, and start the am'rous sigh,
 Of some young roving military Spark !

Lo! as if touch'd by bailiffs, or by thunder,
 Sudden he stops—all-over staring wonder—
 A thousand fancies, his warm brain surround ;
 And nail'd, as if by magic, to the ground,
 He *points* towards those fascinating charms
 That rous'd the host of Passions up in arms.

A brother Ensign spies the stock-still lad,
 And sudden halts—grave pond'ring what it means—
 Another Ensign, taking *this* for mad,
 Upon his supple-jack, deep-marv'ling leans :

Another Ensign after *him*, too, fauntering,
 Stops short, and to his eye applies his glass—
 To know what stay'd his brother Ensign's cantering,
 Not dreaming of that eye-catcher, the LASS.

Thus nosing one the other's back,
 Stands in a goodly row the King's red Pack ;
 Except the *first*, whom NATURE's charms inflame---
 His nose is properly towards the *game*.

E'en so, the PRESIDENT, to NATURE true,
 Doth mark her form, and all her haunts pursue;
 Whilst half the silly Brushmen of the land,
 Contented take the NYMPH at *second-hand*;
 Imps, who just boast the merit of *Translators*---
 Horace's *servum pecus*---*Imitators*.

O D E X.

PETER *jeereth* Messieurs SERRES and ZOFFANI, and *praiseth and
 condemneth* Mr. BARRET.

SERRES and ZOFFANI! I ween,
 I better works than yours have seen---
 You'll say, no compliment can well be colder---
 Why, as you scarce are in your prime,
 And wait the strength'ning hand of Time,
 I hope that you'll improve as you grow older*.

Believe me, BARRET, thou hast truth and taste;
 Yet sometimes art thou apt to be *unchaste*:
 Too oft thy pencil, or thy genius, flags---
 Too oft thy Landscapes, Bonfires seem to be;
 And in thy bustling Clouds, methinks I see
 The Resurrection of OLD RAGS.

* The first is about 70 years of age, and the last 63 or 64.

O CATTON, our poor feelings spare!
 Suppress thy trash another year;
 Nor of thy folly make us say a hard thing---
 And lo! those daubs amongst the many,
 Painted by Mr. EDWARD PENNY!
 They truly are not worth a half a farthing.

O D E XI.

PETER cannonadeth FASHION—*Adviseb People to use their own Eyes
 and Noses; and ordereth what is to be done with a bad Nose.*

ONE Year the Pow'rs of Fashion rule
 In favour of the Roman School---
 Then hey, for Drawing! Raphael and Pouffin.
 The following year, the Flemish Schools shall strike---
 Then hey, for Col'ring---Rubens and Vandyke;
 And, lo! the Roman is not worth a pin.

Be not impos'd upon by FASHION's roar---
 FASHION too often makes a monstrous noise,
 Bids us, a fickle jade, like fools adore
 The poorest trash, the meanest toys.

H

And

And as a Gang of Thieves a buffle make,
 With greater ease your purse to take,
 So FASHION frequently, her point to gain,
 Sets up a howl enough to stun a stone,
 And fairly picks the Pocket of your Brain,
 That is, if any Brain you chance to own.

Carry your Eyes with you where-e'er you go---
 For not to trust to them, is to abuse 'em,
 As Nature gave them t'ye, you ought to know
 The wise old Lady meant that you should *use* 'em;
 And yet, what thousands, to our vast surprize,
 Of Pictures judge by other people's Eyes!

When Nature made a present of a Nose
 To each man's face, we justly may suppose
 She meant, that for itself the Nose should *think*,
 And *judge* in matters of Perfume and Stink;
 Not meant it for a mule alone, poor hack!
 To bear Horn Spectacles upon its back---
 "Suppose it cannot smell, what then?" you'll say.
 Fling it away.

O D E XII.

*The LYRIC BARD groweth witty on Mr. PETERS's Angel and Child—
and Madam ANGELICA KAUFFMAN.*

DEAR *Peters!* who, like Luke the Saint,
A man of Gospel art, and Paint,
Thy pencil flames not with poetic fury :
If Heav'n's fair Angels are like thine,
Our Bucks, I think, O grave Divine,
May meet in t'other world the Nymphs of Drury.

The Infant Soul I do not much admire :
It boasteth somewhat more of flesh than fire---
The picture, *Peters*, cannot much adorn ye---
I'm glad though, that the red-fac'd little Sinner,
Poor soul! hath made a hearty dinner,
Before it ventur'd on so long a journey.

Angelica my plaudit gains---
Her art so sweetly canvass stains!---
Her Dames, so Grecian! give me such delight!
But, were she married to such gentle males
As figure in her painted tales---
I fear she'd find a stupid wedding-night.

O D E XIII.

PETER *laments the Ladies.*—He turneth *Story-teller.*—PETER *grieveth.*

ALTHOUGH the Ladies with such Beauty blaze,
 They very frequently my passion raise---
 Their charms compensate, scarce, their want of *Taste*--
 Passing amidst the EXHIBITION crowd,
 I heard some Damsels *fashionably* loud,
 And thus I give the Dialogue that pass'd.

“ Oh! the dear Man! (cried one) look! here's a bonnet!

“ He shall paint *me*---I am determin'd on it---

“ Lord! Cousin, see! how beautiful the Gown!

“ What charming Colours! here's fine Lace, here's Gauze!

“ What pretty Sprigs the fellow draws!

“ Lord, Cousin! he's the cleverest Man in town!”

“ Ay, Cousin,” cried a second, “ very true---

“ And here, here's charming green, and red and blue---

“ There's a complexion beats the *Rouge* of WARREN!

- “ See those red Lips, oh la ! they are so nice !
“ What rosy Cheeks then, Cousin, to entice !—
“ Compar’d to this, all other heads are carrion.—

- “ Cousin, this Limner quickly will be seen
“ Painting the PRINCESS ROYAL, and the QUEEN :
“ Pray, don’t you think as I do, *Coz?*
“ But we’ll be painted *first*, that’s *poz.*”

Such was the very *pretty* Conversation
That pass’d between the *pretty* Misses,
Whilst unobserv’d, the glory of our Nation,
Close by them hung SIR JOSHUA’S matchless pieces—
Works! that a TITIAN’S hand could form alone—
Works! that a REUBENS had been proud to own.

Permit me, Ladies, now to lay before ye
What lately happen’d—therefore a true Story.

A S T O R Y.

WALKING one afternoon along the Strand,
My wond'ring eyes did suddenly expand

Upon a pretty leash of Country Lasses.—

“ Heav'ns ! My dear beauteous Angels, how d'ye do ? ”

“ Upon my soul I'm monstrous glad to see ye.”

“ Swinge ! PETER, we are glad to meet with *you* ;

“ We're just to London come—well, pray how be ye ? ”

“ We're just a going, while 'tis light,

“ To see St. PAUL's before 'tis dark.—

“ Lord ! come, for once, be so polite,

“ And condescend to be our spark.”

“ With all my heart, my Angels.”—On we walk'd,
And much of London—much of Cornwall talk'd :

Now did I hug myself to think

How much that glorious structure would surprise—

How from its awful grandeur they would shrink
With open mouths, and marv'ling eyes !

As near to Ludgate-Hill we drew,
St. PAUL's just opening on our view ;

Behold,

Behold, my lovely strangers, one and all,
 Gave, all at once, a diabolic squawl,
 As if they had been tumbled on the stones,
 And some confounded cart had crush'd their bones.

After well fright'ning people with their cries,
 And sticking to a Ribbon-Shop their eyes---
 They all rush'd in, with sounds enough to stun---
 And clattering all together, thus begun.---

“ Swinge! here are Colours then, to please!

“ Delightful things, I vow to Heav'n!

“ Why! not to see such things as these,

“ We never should have been forgiv'n.—

“ Here, here, are clever things—good Lord!

“ And, Sister, here, upon my word—

“ Here, here!—look! here are beauties to delight;

“ Why! how a body's heels might dance

“ Along from Launceston to Penzance,

“ Before that one might meet with such a fight!”

“ Come, Ladies, 'twill be dark,” cried I—“ I fear:

“ Pray let us view St. PAUL's, it is so near.”---

“ Lord! PETER, (cried the girls) don't mind St. PAUL!---

“ Sure! you're a most *incurious* fowl---

“ Why

“ Why---we can see the Church another day,
“ Don’t be afraid---St. PAUL’s can’t *run away*.”

R E A D E R,

If e’er thy bosom felt a Thought *sublime*,
Drop tears of pity with the Man of Rhime !

O D E XIV.

PETER *disclaimeth Flattery—Describeth the GRAND MONARQUE—and
promiseth critical Candour.*

’TIS very true, that Flattery’s not my *fort*—
I cannot to Stupidity pay court—
And swear a face *looks sense*, (the picture puffing)
That boasts no more *expression* than a muffin.

And yet, a Frenchman can do this,
And think he doth not act amiss ;
Although he tells a most confounded lie---
KING LEWIS leads me into this remark,
Call’d by his People all, LE GRAND MONARQUE---
A Demi-God in every Frenchman’s eye.

His Portrait by some famous hand was done,
And then exhibited at the *Salon*---
At once a courtly Critic *criticises*---

“ Where

“ Where is the brilliant eye, the charming grace,
“ The sense profound that marks the Royal Face---
“ The *Soul* of LEWIS, that so very *wise* is ?”

Yet when he bawl'd for Sense, he bawl'd, I wot,
For furniture the head had never *got*.

Reader, believe me that this *Gentleman*
Was form'd on Nature's very homely plan.---

Clumsy in legs and shoulders, head and gullet,
His mouth abroad in seeming wonder lost,
As if its meaning had given up the ghost :
His eye far duller than a leaden bullet ;
Nature so flighting the poor Royal Nob,
As it she bargain'd for it, by the *job*.

Therefore, should mighty G , or great LORD NORTH,
Both *Gentlefolks* of high condition,
Think it worth while to send their Faces forth,
To stare amidst the ROYAL EXHIBITION---

If Likenesses, I'll not condemn the Pictures,
To compliment those mighty People's polls.---
I scorn to pass unfair, and cruel strictures,
By asking for the *Graces*, or their *Souls*.

O D E XV.

PETER praiseth Mr. STUBBS, and administereth wholesome Advice—
Surpriseth Mr. HONE with a Compliment—Concludeth with suspecting
the Ingratitude of the ROYAL ACADEMICIANS.

WELL-pleas'd thy Horses, *Stubbs*, I view,
And eke thy Dogs, to nature true:

Let modern artists match thee if they can---
Such animals thy genius suit---
Then stick, I beg thee, to the Brute,
And meddle not with Woman, nor with Man.

And now for Mr. *Nathan Hone*---
In portrait thou'rt as much *alone*,
As in his Landscape stands th' unrival'd *Claude*---
Of pictures I have seen enough,
Most vile, most execrable stuff!
But none so bad as thine, I vow to God.

Thus in the cause of Painting loyal
Sublime I've sung to Artists Royal---
With Labour-pains the Muse hath fore been torn!
And yet each Academic Face,
I fear me, hath not got the grace
To smile upon the Bantling, now 'tis born.

M O R E

LYRIC ODES,

TO THE

ROYAL ACADEMICIANS,

BY

PETER PINDAR,

A

DISTANT RELATION

TO THE

POET OF THEBES,

AND

LAUREATE to the ACADEMY.

Ecce iterum Crispinus.

L O N D O N:

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L Y R I C O D E S.

O D E I.

SONS of the Brush, I'm here again!
 At times a Pindar, and Fontaine,
 Casting poetic pearl (I fear) to swine!
 For hang me, if my last year's Odes
 Paid rent for *lodgings near the gods,
 Or put one sprat into this mouth divine.

For odes, my cousin had rump steaks to eat!
 So says Pausanias --- loads of dainty meat!
 And this the towns of Greece, to give, thought fit;
 The best historians one and all declare,
 With the most solemn air,
 The poet might have guttled till he split.

* The attic story, or, according to the vulgar phrase, Garret.

How different far alas! my worship's fate!
 To soothe the horrors of an empty plate,
 The grave *possessors of the critic throne,
 Gave me in truth, a pretty treat ---
 Of flattery, mind me, not of meat,
 For they, poor souls, like me, are skin and bone.

No, no! with all my lyric pow'rs,
 I'm not like Mrs. COSWAY'S †*Hours*,
 Red as cock turkies, plump as barn-door chicken;
 Merit and I are miserably off ---
 We both have got a most consumptive cough;
 Hunger hath long our harmless bones been picking.

Merit and I, so innocent, so good,
 Are like the little children in the wood ---
 And soon, like them, shall lay us down and die!
 May some good Christian bard in pity strong,
 Turn redbreast kind, and with the sweetest song
 Bewail our hapless fate with watry eye.

Poor Chatterton was starv'd with all his art!
 Some consolation this, to my lean heart ---

* See the Reviews for last year.

† A sublime picture this! the expression is truly Homeric.—The fair artist hath in the most surprizing manner communicated to canvass the old Bard's idea of the *Brandy-fac'd Hours*. — See the Iliad.

Like

Like him, in holes too, spider-like I mope :
 And there my rev'rence may remain alas !
 The world will not discover it, the ass !
 Until I scrape acquaintance with a rope.

Then up your Walpoles, Bryants mount like bees,
 Then each my pow'rs with adoration fees ---
 Nothing their kind civilities can hinder ---
 When, like an Otho, I am found ;
 Like Jacob's sons, they'll look one t'other round,
 And cry " Who would have thought this a young Pindar ? "

Hanging's a dismal road to fame ---
 Pistols and poison, just the same ---
 And what is worse, one can't come back again ---
~~Soon~~ ^{For when} as the beauteous gem we find,
 We can't display, it to mankind,
 Tho' won with such wry mouths, and wrigling pain.

Ye Lords and Dukes so clever, say,
 (For you have much to give away,
 And much your gentle patronage I lack)
 Speak, is it not a crying sin,
 That Folly's guts are to his chin,
 Whilst mine are slunk a mile into my back ?

Oft as his sacred Majesty I see,
 Ah! George (I sigh) Thou hast good things with thee,
 Would make me sportive as a youthful cat:
 It is not that my soul so loyal
 Would wish to wed the Princess Royal,
 Or be Archbishop --- no! I'm not for that.

Nor really have I got the grace,
 To wish for Laureate Whitehead's place;
 Whose odes Cibberian --- sweet yet very manly,
 Are set with equal strength by Mr. Stanley.

Would not one swear, that Heav'n lov'd fools,
 There's such a number of them made?
 Bum-proof to all the flogging of the schools,
 No ray of knowledge could their skulls pervade:
 Yet take a peep into those fellows breeches,
 We stare like congers, to observe the riches.

O Genius! what a wretch art thou,
 That canst not keep a mare nor cow,
 With all thy compliment of wits so frisky!
 Whilst Folly, as a mill-horse blind,
 Beside his compter, gold can find,
 And Sundays sport a *strumpet* and a *whisky*.

O D E II.

NOW for my criticism on paints,
 Where bull-dogs, heroes, sinners, faints,
 Flames, thunder, lightning, in confusion meet! ---
 Behold the works of Mr. WEST!
 That artist first shall be address'd ---
 His pencil with due reverence I greet ---

Smarting
 Still bleeding from his last year's wound,
 Which from my doughty lance he found;
 Methinks I hear the trembling painter bawl,
 "Why dost thou persecute me, *Saul?*"

West, let me whisper in thy ear ---
 Snug as a thief within a mill,
 From me thou hast no cause to fear;
 I'll turn to panegyric all my skill:
 And if thy *picture* I am forc'd to blame,
 I'll say most handsome things about the *frame*.

Don't be cast down --- instead of gall,
 Molasses from my pen shall fall;
 And yet I fear thy gullet it is such;

That

That could I pour all Niagara down,
 Were Niagara praise, thou wouldst not frown,
 Nor think the thundering gulph one drop too much.

Ye gods! the portrait of the King!
 A very *Saracen!* a glorious *thing!*
 It shows a *flaming pencil*, let me tell ye ---
 Methinks I see the people stare,
 And, anxious for his life, declare,
 "King George hath got a fire-ship in his belly."

Thy Charles! --- what must I say to that?
 Each face unmeaning, and so flat!
 Indeed first cousin to a piece of board ---
 But, Muse, we've promis'd in our lays,
 To give the painter nought but praise,
 So, Madam, 'tis but fair to keep our word.

Well then, the Charles of Mr. *West*,
 And Oliver, I do protest,
 And eke the witnesses of resurrection;
 Will stop a hole, keep out the wind,
 And make a properer window blind,
 Than great *Corregio's, us'd for horse protection.

* Corregio's best pictures were actually made use of in the royal stables in the north, to keep the wind from the tails of the horses.

They'll make good floor-cloths, taylor's measures,
 For table coverings, be treasures,
 With butchers, form for flies, most charming flappers :
 And Monday mornings at the tub,
 When Queens of fuds their linen scrub,
 Make for the blue-nos'd nymphs delightful wrappers

West, I forgot last year to say,
 Thy *angels* did my delicacy hurt ;
 Their linen so much coarseness did display,
 What's worse, each had not above half a shirt.

I tell thee, cambrick fine as webs of spiders,
 Ought to have deck'd that brace of heav'nly Riders

Could not their saddle bags, pray, jump
 To somewhat longer for each rump ?

I'd buy much better at a Wapping shop,
 By vulgar tongues baptiz'd a slop !

Do mind, my friend, thy hits another time,
 And thou shalt cut a figure in my rhyme

Sublimely tousing midst th' Atlantic roar,
 I'll waft thy praises to thy *native shore ;

Where *Liberty's* brave sons their Pœans sing,
 And ev'ry scoundrel convict is a *king*.

* America.

C

O D E

O D E III.

NOW, GAINSBOROUGH, let me view thy shining labours,
 Who, mounted on thy painting throne,
 On other brushmen look'ft contemptuous down,
 Like our great admirals on a gang of swabbers.

My eyes, broad staring wonder leads
 To yon dear nest of royal heads !
 Now each the soul of my attention pulls !
 Suppose, my friend, thou ^{gives} it the frame
 A pretty little Bible name,
 And call'it ~~it~~ *Golgotha, the Place of Skulls ?*

Say, didst thou really paint 'em (to be free) ?
 An angel finish'd Luke's transcendent line ---
 Perchance that civil angel was with thee ---
 For let me perish if I think them thine.

Thy dogs are good ! --- but yet to make thee stare,
 The piece hath gain'd a number of deriders ---
 They tell thee Genius in it had no share,
 But that thou foully stol'ft the curs from *Snyders*.

I do

I do not blame thy borrowing a hint,
 For, to be plain, there's nothing in't ---
 The man who scorns to do it is a log :
 An eye, an ear, a tail, a nose,
 Were modesty, one might suppose,
 But z---ds ! thou must not smuggle the *whole dog*.

O GAINSBOROUGH, Nature plaineth fore,
 That thou hast kick'd her out of door,
 Who in her bounteous gifts hath been so free,
 To cull such genius out for thee ---
 Lo ! all thy efforts without her are vain !
 Go find her, kiss her, and be friends again.

Speak, Muse, who form'd that matchless head ?
 The Cornish boy,* in tin mines bred ;
 Whose native genius, like his diamonds, shone
 In secret, till chance gave him to the *sun*.
 'Tis JACKSON'S portrait --- put the laurel on it,
 Whilst to that tuneful swan I pour a sonnet.

• OPIE.

SONNET,

S O N N E T,

To JACKSON, of EXETER.

ENchanting harmonist! the art is thine
 Unmatch'd, to pour the soul-dissolving air,
 That seems poor weeping Virtue's hymn divine,
 Soothing the wounded bosom of Despair!

O say, what minstrel of the sky hath giv'n
 To swell the dirge, so musically lorn?

Declare, hath dove-ey'd Pity left her heav'n,
 And lent thy happy hand her lyre to mourn?

So sad thy songs of hopeless hearts complain,
 Love from his Cyprian isle prepares to fly;

He hastes to listen to thy tender strain,
 And learn from thee to breathe a sweeter sigh.

O P I E

O D E V.

READER, dost know the mode of catching gulls?

If not, I will inform thee --- Take a board,
And place a fish upon it for the fools ---
A sprat, or any fish by gulls ador'd :

Those birds who love a lofty flight,
And sometimes bid the sun good night ;
Spying the glittering bait that floats below ;
Sans ceremonie, down they rush,
(For gulls have got no manners) on they push,
And what's the pretty consequence, I trow ?
They strike their gentle jobbernowls of lead
Plump on the board --- then lie like boobies dead.

Reader, thou need'st not beat thy brains about,
To make so plain an application out ---
There's many a painting puppy, take my word,
Who knocks his silly head against a board,
That might have help'd the state --- made a good Jailer,
A Nightman, or a tolerable Taylor.

O D E VI.

“ **F**IND me in Sodom out,” (exclaim’d the Lord)
 “ Ten *Gentlemen*, the place sha’nt be untown’d ---
 That is, I will not burn it ev’ry board : ”

The dev’l a Gentleman was to be found !
 But this was rather hard, since Heav’n well knew,
 That ev’ry Fellow in it was a *Jew*.

This house is nearly in the same condition ---
 Scarce are *good things* amid those wide abodes ---
 Find me ten pictures in this Exhibition,
 That ought not to be d---n’d, I’ll burn my Odes !
 And then the world will be in fits and vapours,
 Just as it was for poor Lord *Mansfield’s* * papers.

St. Dennis, when his jowl was taken off,
 Hugg’d it, and kifs’d it --- carried it a mile ---
 This was a pleasant miracle enough,
 That maketh many an unbeliever smile.

* To the irreparable loss of the public, and that great Law Expounder, burnt !
 burnt in Lord George Gordon’s religious conflagration. — The newspapers howl’d
 for months over their ashes. — *Ohe jam satis est.*

’Sblood !

'Sblood ! 'tis a lie ! you roar --- pray do not swear,
 You may believe the wondrous tale indeed !
 Speak, haven't you said that many a picture here
 Was really done by folks without a *head* ?
 And haven't you sworn this instant with surprize;
 That he who *did* that *thing*, had neither hands nor eyes ?

How is it that such miserable stuff
 The walls of this stupendous building stains !
 The Council's ears with pleasure I could cuff;
 Mind me --- I don't say " batter out their *brains*."
 What will Duke *Chartres* say when he goes home,
 And tells King *Lewis* all about the Room ?

Why viewing such a set of red-hot Heads,
 Our Exhibition he will liken *Hell* to ;
 Then to the *Monarch*, who both *writes* and *reads*,
 Give hand-bills of the Wondrous *Katterfelto* ;
 Swearing th' *Academy* was all so flat,
 He'd rather see the *Wizard* and his *cat*.

O D E VII.

A Defultory way of writing,
 A hop, and step, and jump mode of inditing,
 My great and wise relation, Pindar, boasted :
 Or, (for I love the bard to flatter)
 By jerks, like boar-pigs making water,
 Whatever first came in his sconce,
 Bounce out it flew, like bottled ale, at once,
 A cock, a bull, a whale, a soldier roasted.

What sharks we mortals are for praise !
 How, poacher-like, we hunt the game !
 No matter for it, how we play the fool---
 And yet 'tis pleasing our own laud to hear,
 And really very natural to prefer
 One Grain of Praise, to Pounds of Ridicule.

I've lost all patience with the trade ---
 I mean the Painters --- who can't stay
 To see their works by criticism display'd,
 And hear what *others* have to say ;
 But calling Fame a vile old lazy strumpet,
 Sound their own praise from their own * *penny* trumpet.

* At the beginning of the Exhibition, the public Papers swarmed with those self-adulators.

Amidst the hurly burly of my brain,
 Where the mad Lyric Muse with pain
 Hammering hard verse, her skill employs,
 And beats a tinman's shop in noise ;
 Catching wild tropes, and similes,
 That hop about like swarms of fleas,
 We've *lost* SIR JOSHUA --- Ah ! that charming Elf,
 I'm griev'd to say, hath this year *lost himself*.

Oh ! *Richard*, thy **St. George* so brave,
 Wisdom and Prudence could not save
 From being foully murder'd, my good friend ;
 Some weep to see the woeful figure,
 Whilst others laugh, and many snigger,
 As if their mirth would never have an end.

Prithee accept th' advice I give with sorrow ---
 Of poor *St. George* the uselefs armour borrow,
 To guard thy own poor corpse --- don't be a mule ---
 Take it --- ev'n now thou'rt like a hedgehog quill'd,
 (*Richard*, I hope in God thou art not *kill'd*,)
 By the dire shafts of merc'less ridicule.

* See Mr. Colway's picture of Prudence, Wisdom, and Valour arming *St. George*;

Pity it it! 'tis true 'tis pity!
 As Shakespear lamentably says,
 That thou in this observing city
 Thus run'st a wh-r-ng after praise:
 With *strong desires*, I really think thee fraught;
 But, *Dick*, the nymph so coy, will not be caught.

Yet for thy consolation, mind!
 In this thy wounded pride may refuge find ---
 Think of the *Sage*, who wanted a fine *piece*,
 Who went *in vain* five hundred miles at least,
 On *Thais*, a sweet *fille de joie*, to feast?
 The Mrs. *Robinson* of Greece.

Prithee give up, and save the paints and oil;
 And don't whole acres of good canvass spoil.
 Thou'lt say, "Why hundreds do the same as *me*"
 Why so have fellows robb'd --- nay, further,
 Hundreds of villains have committed murther;
 But, *Richard*, are these Precedents for *thee*?

O D E VIII.

NATURE's a coarse vile daubing jade ---
 I've said it often, and repeat it ---
 She doth not understand her trade ---
 Artists, ne'er mind *her* work, I hope you'll *beat it*.

Look now for heaven's sake at her skies !
 What are they --- smoke, for certainty I know ;
 From chimney tops, behold ! they rise,
 Made by some sweating cooks below.

Look at her dirt in lanes, from whence it comes,
 From hogs, and ducks, and geese, and horses bums ---
 Then tell me, *Decency*, I must request,
 Who'd copy such a dev'lish nasty *beast* ?

Paint by the yard --- your canvass spread,
 Broad as the main sail of a man of war ---
 Your Whale shall eat up ev'ry other Head,
 Ev'n as the Sun licks up each sneaking Star !

I do.

I do assure you, *bulk* is no bad trick ---
 By bulky *things* both *men* and *maids* are taken ---
 Mind too to lay the paints like mortar thick,
 And make your picture look as red as Bacon.
 All folks love *size* ; believe my rhyme,
Burke says, 'tis *part* of the *Sublime*.

A Dutchman, I forget his name, *Van Grout*,
Van Slabberchops, *Van Stink*, *Van Swab*,
 No matter, tho' I cannot make it out ---
 At calling Names I never was a dab :

This Dutchman then, a man of taste,
 Holding a cheese that weigh'd a hundred pound,
 Thus, like a Burgomaster, spoke with judgment *vast*,
 " No poet like my broder step de ground.

" He be de bestest poet, look !
 " Dat all de vorld must please ;
 " Vor he heb vrite von book,
 " So *big* as all dis *cheese* !"

If at a *distance* you would paint a Pig,
 Make out each single bristle on his back :
 Or if your meaner subject be a Wig,
 Let not the caxon a Distinctness lack ;
 Else all the Lady Critics will so stare,
 And angry vow, " 'tis not a bit like hair !"

Be smooth as smoothest glass --- ay, finish high !
 Then every tongue commends ---
 For people judge not *only* by the eye,
 But *feel* your Merit by their finger ends.

Claude's distances are too confus'd ---
 One floating scene --- nothing made out ---
 For which he ought to be abus'd,
 Whose works have been so cried about.

Give me the pencil, whose amazing stile
 Makes a bird's beak appear at twenty mile ;
 And to my view, eyes, legs, and claws will bring,
 With ev'ry feather of his tail and wing.

Make all your trees alike, for Nature's wild ---
 Fond of variety, a wayward child ---

To blame your Taste some Backheads may presume,
 But mind that ev'ry one be like a Broom.
 Of steel and purest silver form your waters,
 And make your clouds like Rocks and Alligators.

Whene'er you paint the Moon, if you are willing
 To gain applause --- why paint her like a Shilling.
 Or Sol's bright orb --- be sure to make him glow
 Precisely like a Guinea, or a Jo.
 In short, to get your pictures prais'd and fold,
 Convert, like Midas, *ev'ry thing* to *Gold*.

I see at excellence you'll come at last ---
 Your Clouds are made of very brilliant stuff;
 The blues on China Mugs are now surpass'd,
 Your Sun-sets yield not to Brick-walls nor Buff.

In Stumps of Trees your art so finely thrives,
 They really look like Golden hafted Knives!
 Go on, my Lads --- leave Nature's dismal Hue,
 And She e're long will come and Copy You.

O D E IX.

THUS have I finish'd for this time,
 My Odes, a little wild and rambling ---
 May people bite like gudgeons at my rhyme,
 I long to see them scrambling ---
 Then very soon I'll give 'em more (God willing)
 But this is full sufficient for a *Shilling*.
 For such a trifle, *such a heap!*
 Indeed I sell my Goods too *cheap*.

Finish'd! a disappointed Artist cries
 With open mouth, and straining eyes;
 Gaping for praise, like a young crow for meat ---
 "Lord! why you have not mention'd *me!*"
 Mention *Thee?*

Thy *impudence* hath put me in a *sweat* ---
 What rage for Fame attends both Great and Small!
 "Better be d--n'd, than mention'd *not at all!*"

F I N I S.

1881
M I S C O

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Very faint, illegible text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.

1881

LYRIC ODES,

TO THE

ROYAL ACADEMICIANS.

BY

PETER PINDAR,

A distant Relation to the

POET OF THEBES.

— *Arma virosque cano.*

Paint and the Men of Canvass fire my Lays,
Who show their Works for Profit and for Praise;
Whose Pockets know most comfortable Fillings —
Gaining *two Thousand Pounds* a Year by *Skillings*.

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. and J. EGERTON, opposite the Admiralty, Whitehall.

M. DCC. LXXXIV.

CYRILIC ORDER

BY THE COURT OF APPEALS

IN THE MATTER OF

THE ESTATE OF

THE LATE

AND

IN

THE MATTER OF

THE ESTATE OF

AND

IN



L Y R I C O D E S.

O D E I.

MY Cousin Pindar, in his Odes,
 Applauded horsejockeys and gods,
 Wrestlers and boxers in his verse divine!
 Then shall not I, who boast his fire,
 And old hereditary lyre,
 To British painters give a golden line?

Say, shall you dome stupendous rise,
 Striking with Attic front the skies ---
 The nursing dame of many a painting ape; *
 And I immortal rhyme refuse,
 To tell the nations round the news,
 And make posterity with wonder GABE?

* *Painting ape.* — This expression is by no means meant to convey the idea of insult.—There is great propriety, if not poetry, in it.—The reader will please to recollect, that Painting is an imitative art—Monkeys are prodigious imitators—witness my own Odes.—Besides, Pope compliments the immortal Newton by a similar allusion.

Spirit of Cousin Pindar, ho !
 By all thy Odes, the world shall know,
 That *Chambers* plann'd it --- be his name rever'd ! ---
 Sir *William's* journeymen and tools,
 (No pupils of the Chinese schools)
 With stones, and wood, and lime the fabric rear'd !

Thus having put the Knight in rhyme,
 Stones, men, and timber, tools, and lime ;
 Now let us see what this rare dome contains ---
 Where rival artists for a name,
 Bit by that glorious mad-dog Fame,
 Have fixt the labours of their brush and brains.

O Muse ! Sir *Joshua's* master hand
 Shall first our lyric laud command ---
 Lo ! Tarleton dragging on his boot so tight !
 His horses feel a godlike rage,
 And long with Yankies to engage ---
 I think I hear them snorting for the fight !

Behold with fire each eye-ball glowing !
 I wish indeed their manes so flowing
 Were more like hair --- the brutes had been as good,
 If flaming with such classic force,
 They had resembled less that horse
 Call'd Trojan --- and by Greeks compos'd of wood.

Now

Now to yon angel let us go ---
 A fine performance, too, I trow,
 Who rides a cloud --- indeed a poorish hack ---
 Which to my mind doth certés bring
 That easy bum-delighting thing,
 My Lords the Bishops ride --- yclep'd a sack.

Yet, *Reynolds*, let me fairly say,
 With pride I pour the lyric lay
 To ev'ry thing by thy great hand exprest ---
 Compar'd, alas! to other men,
 Thou art an eagle to a wren ---
 Now, Mrs. Mufe, attend on Mr. *West*.

O D E II.

O WEST, what hath thy pencil done?
 Why painted God Almighty's Son
 Like an old clothes-man, about London Street!
 Place in his hand a rusty bag,
 To hold each sweet collected rag,
 We then shall see the character complete.

Th' Apostles too, I'm much afraid,
 Were not the fellows thou hast made ---
 For heav'n fake, *West*, do rub them out again ---

There's

There's not a mortal who believes
 They look'd like old *Salvator's* Thieves,
 Altho' they might not look like Gentlemen.

St. Paul most candidly declares,
 He could not give himself high airs
 Upon his person --- which was rather homely ---
 But really as for all the rest,
 Save Judas, who was a rank beast,
 They all were decent labourers, and comely.

Thy *Spirits* too can't boast the graces ---
 Two Indian angels by their faces ---
 But speak --- where are their wings to mount the wind?
 One wou'd suppose M^c Bride* had met 'em ---
 If thou hast spare ones, quickly get 'em,
 Or else the lads will both be left behind.

Ghost of Octavius! tell the bard,
 And thou, Augustus, us'd so hard,
 Why *West* hath murder'd you, my tender lambs?
 You bring to mind vile Richard's deed,
 Who bid your royal cousins bleed,
 For which the world the tyrant's mem'ry damns.

* Capt. M^c Bride, famous for *winging* men of war, as well as partridges.—
 See his letter to the Admiralty.

West, I must own thou dost inherit
 Some portion of the painting spirit ---
 But trust me --- not extraordinary things ---
 Some merit thou must surely own,
 By getting up so near the throne,
 And gaining whispers from the best of Kings.

O D E III.

AND now, O Muse, with song so big;
 Turn round to *Gainsb'rough's* girl and pig,
 Or pig and girl I rather should have said:
 The pig in white, I must allow,
 Is really a well painted fow:
 I wish to say the same thing of the maid.

As for poor St. Leger and Prince,
 Had I their places, I should wince,
 Thus to be gibbeted for weeks on high:
 Just like your felons after death,
 On Bagshot or on Hounslow Heath,
 That force from travellers the pitying sigh.

Yet *Gainsborough* has his merits too,
 Wou'd but the man his fort pursue ---
 To mind his landscape have the modest grace ---

Yet there is nature oft despis'd,
 Her real hues but rarely priz'd,
 Whilst gaudy trumpery supplies her place.

O D E IV.

THY portraits, *Chamberlin*, may be
~~A~~ ^{*Likenesses*} ~~likèness~~, far as I can see;
 But faith! I cannot praise a single feature:
 Yet when it so shall please the Lord,
 To make his people out of board,
 Thy pictures will be tolerable nature.

And *Loutberbourg*, when Heav'n so wills,
 To make brass skies, and golden hills,
 With marble bullocks in glass pastures grazing;
 Thy reputation too will rise,
 And people gaping with surprize,
 Cry, Monsieur *Loutberbourg* is most *amazing*.

But thou must wait for that event ---
 Perhaps the change ^{*was*} is never meant ---
 Till then, with me, thy pencil will not shine ---
 Till then, old red-nos'd *Wilson's* art
 Will hold its empire o'er my heart,
 By Britain left in poverty to pine.

But

But, honest *Wilson*, never mind,
 Immortal praises thou shalt find,
 And for a dinner have no cause to fear ---
 Thou start'st at my prophetic rhimes ---
 Don't be impatient for those times ;
 Wait till thou hast been dead an hundred year.

O D E V.

FIE, *Cosway* ! I'm ashamed to say
 Thou own'st the title of R. A. ---
 I fear to damn thee 'twas the devil's sending ---
 Some honest calling quickly find,
 And bid thy wife her kitchen mind,
 Or shirts and shifts be making or be mending.

If madam cannot make a shirt,
 Or mend, or from it wash the dirt,
 Better than paint --- the poet for thee feels ---
 Or take a stitch up in thy stocking,
 (Which for a wife is very shocking)
 I pity the condition of thy heels

What vanity was in your skulls,
 To make you act so like two fools,
 T'expose your daubs, tho' made with wondrous pains out ?
 Could

Could *Raphael's* angry ghost arise,
 And on the figures cast his eyes,
 He'd catch a pistol up, and blow your brains out.

O D E VI.

SERRES and ZOFFANI! I ween,
 I better works than yours have seen ---
 You'll say no compliment can well be colder ---
 Why as you scarce are in your prime,
 And wait the strengthening hand of time,
 I hope that you'll improve as you grow older.

Barret, I think that thou hast taste ---
 But trust me --- not that genius vast,
 On which thou oft hast flily made thy brags ---
 Thy landscapes, bonfires seem to be,
 And in thy buffling clouds I see
 Methinks the resurrection of old rags.

O *Catton*, our poor feelings spare!
 Suppress thy trash another year;
 Nor of thy folly make us say a hard thing ---
 And lo! those daubs amongst the many,
 Painted by Mr. *Edward Penny*!
 They truly are not worth a half a farthing.

O D E VII.

DEAR *Peters* ! who, like Luke the Saint,
 A man of gospel art, and paint,
 Thy pencil flames not with poetic fury :
 If heav'n's fair angels are like thine,
 Our bucks, I think, O grave Divine,
 May meet in t'other world the nymphs of Drury.

The infant soul I don't admire :
 It boasteth more of flesh than fire ---
 The picture, *Peters*, never will adorn ye ---
 And lo ! the red-fac'd little finner
 Seems to have made a hearty dinner,
 Before it ventur'd on so long a journey. ---

Angelica my plaudit gains ---
 Her art so sweetly canvass stains ! ---
 Her dames so Grecian ! give me such delight !
 But were she married to such males,
 As figure in her painted tales ---
 I fear she'd find a stupid wedding night.

O D E VIII.

WELL - pleas'd thy horses, *Stubbs*, I view,
 And eke thy dogs to nature true :
 Let modern artists match thee if they can ---
 Such animals thy genius suit ---
 Then stick, I beg thee, to the brute,
 And meddle not with woman, nor with man.

And now for Mr. *Nathan Hone* ---
 In portrait thou'rt as much *alone*,
 As in his landscape stands th' unrival'd *Claude* ---
 Of Pictures I have seen enough,
 Most vile, most execrable stuff!
 But none so bad as thine, I vow to God.

Thus in the cause of painting loyal
 Sublime I've sung to artists royal ---
 With labour pains the Muse hath fore been torn!
 And yet each academic face,
 I fear me, hath not got the grace,
 To smile upon the bantling now 'tis born.

F I N I S.

LYRIC ODES,

FOR THE YEAR 1785:

BY

PETER PINDAR, Esq.

A

DISTANT RELATION

OF THE

POET OF THEBES,

AND

LAUREAT TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

—RIDENTEM DICERE VERUM
QUID VETAT?—Horat.

A N E W E D I T I O N .

L O N D O N :

Printed for G. KEARSLEY, at Johnson's Head, No. 46, Fleet-street; and W. FORSTER, Music-seller, No. 348, near Exeter 'Change, in the Strand; where may be had the Author's former Odes, the LOUSIAD, and the EPISTLE TO BOSWELL.

M. DCC. LXXXVI.

[Entered at Stationers Hall.]

LYRIC ODES.

O D E I.

[*The divine PETER gives an account of a conference he held last year with Satire, who advised him to attack some of the R. A.'s, to tear Mr. West's works to pieces, abuse Mr. Gainsborough, fall foul of Mrs. Cofway's Sampson, and give a gentle stroke on the back of Mr. Rigaud.—The Poet's gentle Answer to Satire—The Ode of Remonstrance that Peter received on account of his LYRICS—Satire's Reply—Peter's Resolution.*]

NOT, not this year the lyric Peter sings,—
The great R. A.'s have wish'd my song to cease;
I will not pluck a feather from your wings,—
So, Sons of Canvas! take your naps in peace.

Such was my last year's gracious speech,
Sweet as the King's to Commons and to Peers,
Always with sense and tropes as plum-cake rich;
A luscious banquet for his people's ears!

“ Not write !” cry’d Satiré, red as fire with rage,
 “ This instant glorious war with Dulness wage ;
 Take, take my supple-jack,
 Play St. Bartholomew with many a back !
 Flea half the Academic imps alive !
 Smoke, fmoke the drones of that stupendous hive.

 Begin with George’s idol, West ;—
 And then proceed in order with the rest :
 This moment knock me down his Master Moses*,
 On Sinai’s Mountain, where his nose is
 Cock’d up so pertly-plump against the Lord,
 Upon my word !
 With all that ease to Him who rules above,
 As if that Heaven and he were *hand and glove.*”

“ Indeed,” quoth I, “ the piece hath points of merit,
 Though not possess’d throughout of equal spirit.”

“ What !” answer’d Satire, “ not knock Moses down ?
 Thou stupid Peter ! what the devil mean ye ?
 He looks a poor pert barber of the town,
 With paper sign-board out,—‘ Shave for a Penny.’”

Observe the piteous Israelite once more---
 Wears he the countenance that should *adore* ?
 No ! ’tis a son of lather,—a rank prig ;
 Who ’stead of fetching the most sacred Law,
 With *sober* LOOKS, and *reverential* AWE,
 Seems pertly tripping up to fetch a WIG.

* Moses receiving the Law on Mount Sinai.

With all her thunder, bid the Muse
 Fall furious on the groupe of Jews,
 Whose shoulders are adorn'd with *Christian faces*;
 For by each phiz, (I speak without a gibe)
 There's not an Israelite in all the tribe,—
 Not that they are encumber'd by the GRACES.

Strike off the head of Jeremiah*,
 And break the bones of old Ifaiah†;
 Down with the duck-wing'd Angels‡, that abreast
 Stretch from a thing called *cloud*, and by their looks,
 Wear more the visage of young rooks
 Cawing for victuals from their nest.

Deal Gainsborough a lash, for pride so stiff,
 Who robs us of such pleasure for a miss;
 Whose pencil, when he chuses, can be chaste,
 Give Nature's forms, and please the eye of TASTE.

Of cuts on Sampson § don't be sparing,
 Between two garden-rollers staring,
 Shown by the lovely Dalilah foul play!
 To atoms tear that || Frenchman's trash,
 Then bountifully deal the lash
 On *such as dar'd* to dub him an R. A."

* A Picture by Mr. West. † Another Picture by West.

‡ In the Apotheosis, a Picture by West.

§ A Picture by Mrs. Colway.

|| Rigaud.

Thus Satire to the gentle Poet cry'd—
And *thus*, with lamb-like sweetness, I reply'd :---

“ Dear Satire ! pray consult my life and ease ;
Were I to write whatever you desire,
The fat would all be fairly in the fire,---

R. A.'s surround me like a swarm of bees,
Or like a flock of small birds round a fowl
Of *solemn speculation*, call'd an OWL.”

Quoth I, “ O Satire, I'm a simple youth,
Must make my fortune, therefore not speak truth
Altho' as sterling as the holy bible,---

Truth makes it (Mansfield says) the more a libel.
I shall not sleep in peace within my hutch ;
Like Doctor Johnson*, I have wrote too much.

* The story goes, that Sam, before his *political conversion*, replied to his present Majesty, in the Library at Buckingham-House, on being asked by the Monarch, ‘ Why he did not write more ?’—“ Please your Majesty, I have written *too much*.” So candid a declaration, of which the sturdy Moralist did not believe one syllable, procured him a pension, and a muzzle.

When

When Mount Vesuvius* pour'd his flames,
 And frighten'd all the Naples dames,
 What did the Ladies of the city do?
 Why, order'd a fat Cardinal to go
 With old St. Januarius's head,
 And shake it at the MOUNTAIN 'midst his riot,
 To try to keep the *Bully* quiet :

 The Parson went, and shook the jowl, and sped ;
 Snug was the word—the flames at once kept house,
 The bellowing Mountain was as mute's a mouse.

Thus, should Lord Mansfield from his bench agree
 To shake his lion mane-like wig at *me*,
 And bid his grim-look'd Myrmidons assail :---
 With heads Medusan, and with hearts of 'bone ;
 Who, if they did not *turn* me into *stone*,
 Would *turn* my limbs *so gentle*, into *jail*.

Read, read this Ode, just come to hand,
 Giving the Muse to understand,
 That cruelty and scandal swell her song,
 And that 'twere better far she held her tongue.

* See Sir William Hamilton's account.

To PETER PINDAR, Esq. &c.

A Thousand frogs, upon a summer's day,
 Were sporting 'midst the sunny ray,
 In a large pool, reflecting every face;---
 They show'd their gold-lac'd cloaths with pride,
 In harmless fallies, frequent vied,
 And gambol'd through the water with a *grace*.

It happen'd that a band of boys,
 Observant of their harmless joys,
 Thoughtless, resolv'd to spoil their happy sport;
 One frenzy seiz'd both GREAT and SMALL,
 On the poor frogs, the rogues began to fall,
 Meaning to *splash* them, not to do them *hurt*.

As Milton quaintly sings, ' the stones 'gan pour,'
 Indeed, an Otaheite show'r!
 The consequence was *dreadful*, let me tell ye;
 ONE's eye was beat out of his head,---
 This limp'd away, that lay for dead,---
 Here mourn'd a broken back, and there a belly.

Amongst

Amongst the *smitten*, it was found,
 Their beauteous Queen receiv'd a wound;
 'The blow gave ev'ry heart a sigh,
 And drew a tear from ev'ry eye:---
 At length King CROAK got up, and thus begun---
 " My lads, you think this very pretty FUN!

" Your pebbles round us fly as thick as hops,---
 Have *warmly* complimented all our chops;---
 To *you*, I guess that these are *pleasant stones!*
 And so they might be to *us Frogs*,
 You damn'd, young, good-for-nothing dogs!
 But that they are so *hard*,—they break our bones."

PETER! thou mark'ft the meaning of this fable---
 So put thy Pegafus into the stable;
 Nor wanton, thus with cruel pride,
 Mad, Jehu-like, o'er harmless people ride.

To drop the metaphor,—the FAIR*,
 Whose works thy Muse forbore to spare,
 Is blest with talents *Envy* must approve;
 And didst thou know her heart, thou'dst say---
 " PERDITION catch the IDLE LAY!"
 Then strike thy Lyre to INNOCENCE and LOVE.

* Mrs. Cofway.

" Poh! poh!" cry'd Satire, with a smile,
 " Where is the glorious freedom of our Isle,
 If not permitted to call names?
 Methought the argument had weight---
 Was *logical, conclusive, neat*;---
 So once more forth, volcanic Peter flames!

O D E II.

The Poet corrects the Muse's imprudent warmth, who begins with little less than calling names---Hints at some Academic Giants---And concludes with a pair of apt and elegant Similes.

" TAGRAGS and Bobtails of the sacred Brush!"---
 For Heaven's sake, Muse, be prudent:---Hush!
 hush! hush!
 The Ode with too much violence begins:
 The great R. A.'s, so jealous of their fame,
 Will all declare, of *them*, we make a game,
 And then, the Lord have mercy on our skins!

Think

Think what a formidable phalanx, Muse,
Strengthen'd by Messieurs Garvay and Rigaud,
and Co.

How *dangerous* such a body to abuse!

Then there's among the Academic crew,
A MAN*, that made the President look blue;
Brandish'd his weapon with a whirlwind's forces,---
Tore by the roots his flourishing discourses;---
And swore his own sweet Irish howl could pour
A half a dozen such, in half an hour.

Be prudent, Muse!—once more I pray---
In vain I preach! th' advice is thrown away:
Ev'n now you turn your nose up with a sneer,
And cry—"Lord! Reynolds hath no cause to fear:
When Barry dares the President to fly on,
'Tis like a Mouse, that, work'd into a rage,
Daring most dreadful war to wage,
Nibbles the tail of the Nemæan Lion.

Or like a Louse of mettle full,
Nurs'd in some Giant's skull---
Because Goliath scratch'd him as he fed,
Employs with vehemence his angry claws,
And gaping, grinning, formidable jaws,
To *carry off* the GIANT'S HEAD!

* Mr. Barry.

O D E III.

The Poet addresses Sir William Chambers, a Gentleman of consequence in the Election of R. A.'s.---He accuses the Knight of a partial and ridiculous distribution of the Academic Honours---Threatens him with Rhime---Advises a Reformation.

ONE minute, gentle Irony, retire---
Behold! I'm now as grave's a *mustard-pot*;
The Muse's bile now waxes hot as fire,
 Could call *fool, puppy, blockhead*, and what not?
As brother Horace has it—*tumet jecur* :---
Nor in her angry progress, will I check her.

I'm told, that Satan hath been long at work
 To bring th' Academy into disgrace;
Oh! may that Member's b—ck—de feel his fork,
 Who dares to violate the sacred place!
 Who dares the devil join
 In so nefarious a design?
Yet, lo! what dolts the honours claim!
I leave their WORKS to tell their name.

Th'

Th'Academy is like a microscope---
 For by its magnifying power, are seen
 Objects, that for *attention* ne'er could hope ;
 No more, alas ! than if they ne'er had *been*.

So rare a building, and so grac'd
 With monuments of ancient taste,
 Statues and Busts, Relievos and Intaglios ;
 For *such poor things* to watch the treasure,
 Is laughable beyond all measure,---
 'Tis just like Eunuchs put to guard Seraglios.

Think not, Sir William, I'm in jest---
 By Heaven ! I will not let thee rest :
 Yet thou may'st bluster like bull beef so big ;
 And of thy own importance full,
 Exclaim—"Great *cry*, and little *wool* !"
 As Satan halloo'd, when he shav'd the Pig.

Yes, thou shalt feel my tomahawk of satire,
 And find that *scalping* is a serious matter :
 Shock'd at th' abuse, how rage inflames my veins !
 Who can help *swearing*, when such wights he sees
 Crept to th' Academy by ways and means,
 Like mites and skippers in a Cheshire cheese ?

What beings will the next year's choice disclose,
 The Academic list to grace?
 Some *skeletons of art*, I do suppose,
 That ought to blush to show their face.

Sir William! tremble at the Muse's tongue;
 Parnassus boasts a formidable throng!
 All people recollect poor Marfyas' fate,
 Except such as are drunk, dead, or asleep;
 Apollo tied the culprit to a gate,
 And flay'd him as a butcher flays a sheep.
 And why?—Lord! not as history rehearſes,
 Because he scorn'd his *pipiug*,—but his *verſes*.
 In vain, like a poor pilloried punk, he bawl'd,
 And kick'd and writh'd, and ſaid his pray'rs, and ſpawl'd;
 'Twas all in vain---the God purſu'd his ſport,
 And pull'd his *hide* off,---as you'd pull your *ſhirt*!
 Then bid not rage the Muſe's ſoul inflame,
 Whoſe thund'ring voice *damnation* makes, or *fame*.

You'll aſk me, perhaps, “ Good Maſter Peter, pray
 What right have *you* to ſpeak ?”---then pertly ſmile:
 I'll tell you, Sir---My pocket help'd to pay
 For building that expenſive pile,
 A pile, that credit to the nation gains,
 And does *ſome* honour to your worſhip's brains.

It

It made a tax on candles and shoe-leather,
 Of monstrous use in dark and dirty weather ;
 It made a tax on butchers shops,
 So spreads its influence o'er *poetic chops* ;
 A most alarming tax to ev'ry Poet,
 Whose poor lank greyhound ribs with sorrow show it.

Therefore, Sir Knight, pray mend your manners,
 And don't chuse cobblers, blacksmiths, tinkers, tanners :
 Some people love the converse of low folks,
 To get broad grins for good-for-nothing jokes---
 Tho' *thou*, 'midst dulness, may'ft be pleas'd to *shine*,—
REYNOLDS shall not sit cheek-by-jowl with SWINE.

O D E IV.

*The Poet again pays his respects to Sir William Chambers
—Complains of his illiberality in his choice of R. A.s---
Advises him to keep company with Prudence, whom he
describes most naturally---He threatens the Knight—And
concludes with a beautiful Simile.*

THE Muse is in the fidgets—can't fit still---
She must have t'other talk with you, Sir Will.
Since her last Ode, with sorrow hath she heard
 You want not men with heavenly *genius* blest,
But wish the title of R. A. conferr'd
 On such as catch the bugs, and sweep the spiders best,
Wash òf the larger statues best, the faces,
And clean the dirty linen of the GRACES ;
Scour best the skins of the young marble brats,---
Trap mice, and clear th' Academy from rats.

You look for men whose heads are rather *tubbish*,
 Or, drum-like, better form'd for found than sense;---
 Pleas'd with the fine Arabian, to dispense,
You want the *big-bon'd Dray-horse* for your *rubbish*.

Raise

Raise not the Muse's anger, I desire ;
 High-born, she's hotter than the lightning's fire,
 And proud ! (believe the Poet's word)
 Proud, as the Lady of a new-made Lord ;
 Proud, as in all her gorgeous trappings drest,
 Fat Lady Mayorefs at a City feast ;
 Whose spouse makes wigs, or some such glorious thing,
 Shoes, loaves, hats, night-caps, breeches for the King !

PRUDENCE, Sir William, is a jewel,---
 Is cloaths, and meat, and drink, and fuel !
 PRUDENCE ! for man the very best of *wives*,
 Whom BARDS have *seldom* met with in their lives ;
 Which, certes, doth account for, in some measure,
 Their grievous want of worldly treasure,
 On which the *greatest blockheads* make their *brags* ;
 And showeth why we see, instead of lace
 About the Poet's back ; with little grace,
 Those fluttering, *French-like* followers,—call'd RAGS.

PRUDENCE ! a sweet, obliging, curtsying lass,
Fit through this hypocritic world to *pass* !
 Who kept at first a little pedling shop,
 Swept her own room, twirl'd her own mop,
 Wash'd her own smocks, caught her own fleas,
 And rose to fame and fortune by degrees ;
 Who, when she enter'd other people's houses,
 'Till spoke to, was as silent as a mouse is ;
 And of opinions, though possess'd a store,
 She left them with her pattens—at the door.

Sir William, you're a *bound!* and hunting FAME;---
 Undoubtedly the *woman* is fair game:
 But, *Nimrod*, mind—my Muse is WHIPPER-IN!
 So that if ever you disgrace,
 By turning *cur*, your noble race,
 The Lord have mercy on your *curship's* skin!

O D E V.

The Poet opens his account of the Exhibitors at the Academy---Praises Reynolds---Half damns Mr. West--- Completely damns Mr. Wright of Derby---Likes Fuseli ---Compliments the Cornish Rembrandt.

MUSE, sing the wonders of the present year!---
 Declare what works of sterling worth appear.
 REYNOLDS, his heads divine, as usual, gives
 Where Guido's, Rubens', Titian's genius lives!
 Works! I'm afraid, like beauty of *rare quality*,
 Born soon to fade!—too subject to mortality!

WEST

WEST most judiciously my counsel takes,
 Paints by the acre—witness Parson PETER*:
 For garbs, he very pretty blankets makes,
 Deserving praises in the sweetest metre.

The flesh of Peter's audience is not *good*,---
 Too much like ivory, and stone, and wood;
 Nor of the figures, can I praise th'*expression*,
 With *some folks*, thought a *trifle of transgression*.

WEST, your *Last Supper* is a *hungry* piece;---
 Your Tyburn Saints will not your fame increase:
 With looks so thievish, with such skins of copper!
 Were they for sale, as Heaven's my judge,
 To give five farthings for them I should grudge,
 Nay, ev'n my old tobacco-stopper.

Candour must own, that frequently thy paints
 Have play'd the *devil* with the *Saints*:
 For *me!* I fancy them like *doves* and *throftles!*
 But *thou*, if we believe *thy* art,
 Enough to make us pious Christians *start*,
 Hast very scurvy notions of *Apostles*.

* Peter preaching, by West.

What of thy landscape shall I say,
 Holding the old white sow, and sucking litter?
 Curs'd be the moment, curs'd the day,
 Thou gav'st the Muse such reason to be bitter!
 But, Muse, be *soft*, and *gently, gently* sigh—
 “More damned stuff was never seen by eye.”

Yet mind! thy *Landscape* equals DERBY WRIGHT'S*,
 Whose pencil triumphs in his fav'rite nights:
 O'er *woollen* hills, where *gold* and *silver* moons,
 Now mount like *Sixpences*, and now *Balloons*;
 Where curling wild, in different directions,
 Nice *vermicelli* represents *reflections*!
 In short, where ev'ry thing, we see appear,
 Seems to exclaim—“What business have we here?”

FUSELI resumes the brush to please the FEW;
 He deems the MILLION, senseless, arrant crew---
 For *ridicule*;—just *fit* to make a *feast*---
 A Caliban—a great unjudging beast!
 FUSELI! I guess this sentiment is *thine*;
 If *not*—I'll tell thee honestly 'tis *mine*.

OPIE this year (so say his forms and faces)
 Hath deign'd to pick acquaintance with the GRACE.
 But where are all his old Heads flown?
 Pray, Master OPIE, leave your tricks,
 And let our eyes sometimes on pictures fix
 That REMBRANDT had been *proud* to own.

* A Painter of Moon-lights.

O D E VI.

The Poet addresses Majesty---Pleads the cause of poor starving Poetry---He acknowledges in a former Ode the kindnesses of Fame, yet throws out a hint to his Majesty that his finances may be improved---He relates a marvellous Story of a Jesuit---Recommends something similar to his Sovereign.

AN'T please your Majesty, I'm overjoy'd
 To find your family so fond of Painting;
 I wish her sifter POETRY employ'd---
 Poor, dear, neglected girl! with hunger fainting.
 Your Royal Grandfire, (trust me, I'm no fibber)
 Was most exceeding fond of Colley Cibber.

For subjects, how his Majesty would hunt!
 And if a battle grac'd the Rhine, or Weser,
 He'd cry—" Mine Poet sal make Ode upon't!"
 Then forth there came a flaming Ode to CÆSAR.

Dread Sire, pray recollect a bit,
 Some glorious action of your life ;
 And then your humble Poet's wit,
 As sharp's a razor, or a new-ground knife,
 Shall mount you on her glorious Balloon Odes,
 Like Rome's great CÆSAR, to th' immortal GODS*.

A Naples Jesuit, HISTORY declares,
 On slips of paper, scribbled prayers,
 Which show'd of wisdom great profundity ;
 And fold them to the country-folks,
 To give their turkies, hens, and ducks,
 To bring increase of fowl-fecundity :

It answer'd---On their turkies, ducks, and hens,
 The country people all were full of brags—
 Whose little bums, in barns, and mows, and fens,
 Squat down, and laid like conjuration bags..

I wish this *sage* experiment were try'd
 Upon the Muse, my gentle bride ;
 And slips of paper given her, with this *pray'r*—
 “ Pay to the bearer fifty pounds at fight.”
 Her sweet, prolific pow'rs, 'twould so *delight*;
 She'd breed like a *tame rabbit*, or a *hare* !

* Divisum Imperium, cum Jove, Cæsar habet.

O D E VII.

Peter's account of wonderful Reliques in France, with the devotion paid to them---The sensible application to Painters and Painting, by way of Simile.

IN France some years ago---some twenty-three,
At a fam'd Church, where hundreds daily jostle;
I wisely paid a Priest six fous, to see
The *thumb* of Thomas the Apostle.

Gaping upon Tom's thumb, with *me*, in wonder;
The rabble rais'd its eyes---like ducks in thunder;
Because in virtues it was vastly rich,
Had cur'd possess'd of devils, and the itch;
Work'd various wonders on a scabby pate---
Made little sucking children strait,
 Though crook'd, like rams-horns, by the rickets;
Made people see, though blind as moles,---
And made your sad, hysteric souls,
 As gay as grasshoppers and crickets;
 Brought noses back again to faces,
 Long stol'n by *Venus* and her *Graces*;
 And eyes to fill their parent sockets,
 Of which sad Love had pick'd their pockets:
And had the Priest *permitted*, with their kisses,
The mob had smack'd the holy thumb to pieces.

F*

Though

Though, Reader, 'twas not the Apostle's thumb,---
 But mum!---

It play'd as well of *miracles* the trick,
 Although a *painted* piece of *stick*!

For six fous more, behold! to view, was bolted
 A *feather* of the Angel Gabriel's wing!
 Whether 'twas pluck'd by force, or calmly molted,
 No holy legends tell, nor Poets sing.
 But *was* it Gabriel's feather, heavenly Muses?
 It was *not* Gabriel's feather, but—a *Goose's*!
 But stay! from truth we would not wish to wander,
 For, possibly, the owner was a *Gander*.

Painters! you take me right:—The Muse supposes
 You make your *coup-de-mâitre* dashes,
 Christen them eyes, and cheeks, and lips, and noses,
 Beards, chins, and whiskers, and eye-lashes;
 As like, prhaps, as a *horse* is like a *plumb*,
 Or the aforefaid *stick* th'Apostle's thumb.

With purer eyes the British vulgar sees;
 We are no *Craw-thumpers*, no *Devotees*;
 So that whene'er your figures are *mere wood*,
 Our eyes will never think 'em *flesh* and *blood*.

O D E VIII.

The generous Peter rescues the immortal Raphael from the obloquy of Michael Angelo---The Poet moralizeth---Tells a story not to the credit of Michael Angelo, and nobly defends Raphael's name against his invidious attack---Concludes with a most sage observation.

HOW difficult in Artists to allow
 To brother brush-men ev'n a grain of merit!
 Wishing to tear the laurels from their brow,
 They shew a sniv'ling diabolic spirit.

So 'tis! however moralists may chatter---
 What's worse still—nature will be always nature.
 We can't brew Burgundy from four small-beer,
 Nor make a filken purse of a sow's ear.

Sweet is the voice of *Praise!*—from eve to morn;
 From blushing morn, to darkling eve again,
 My Muse, the brows of Merit, could adorn,
 And iark-like swell the panegyric strain.

PRAISE, like the balm that evening's dewy star
 Sheds on the drooping herb and fainting flower,
 Lifts modest, pining Merit from despair,
 And gives her clouded eye, a golden hour.

P—x take me if I ever read the story
 Of *Angelo* the painter without swearing;
 'Tis such a slice cut off from *Michael's* glory,
 He surely had been brandying it, or beering:
 That is, in plainer English, he was drunk,
 And Candour from the man with horreur shrunk.

Raphael did honour to the Roman school,
 Yet *Angelo* vouchsaf'd to call him *fool*;
 When working in the Vatican would stare,
 Throw down his brush, and stamp and swear,
 If e'er a porter let him in—he'd *stone* him,
 And if he Raphael caught—he'd *bone* him.
 He swore the world was a rank ass
 To pay a compliment to Raphael's *stuff*;
 And that he knew the fellow well enough,
 And that his paltry metal would not *pass*.

Such was the language of this false Italian;
 One time he christened Raphael a Pygmalion,
 Whose madams were compos'd of stone;
 Swore his expressions were like owls so tame,
 His drawings, like the lamest cripple, lame;
 And as for composition, he had none.

Young

Young Artists! these assertions I deny;—
 'Twas vile ill manners---not to say, a *lie*:
 RAPHAEL did *real* excellence inherit,
 And if you ever chance to paint as well,
 I *bona fide* do foretel,
 You'll *certainly* be men of *merit*.

O D E IX.

*The entertaining Peter tells a strange Story, and true though
 strange;---Seems to entertain no very elevated opinions of
 the wisdom of Kings---Hints at the narrow escape of Sir
 Joshua Reynolds---Mr. Ramfay's Riches----A Recom-
 mendation of Flattery as a Specific in Fortune-making.*

I'M told, and I believe the story,
 That a fam'd Queen of Northern brutes,
 A GENTLEWOMAN of *prodigious* glory,
 Whom *ev'ry sort* of epithet well suits;
 Whose husband *dear* just happening to *provoke* her,
 Was shov'd to Heaven upon a *red-hot poker*!
 Sent to a *fartin* KING, not King of *France*---
 Desiring by SIR JOSHUA's hand his PHIZ---
 What did the Royal Quiz?
 Why, *damn'd genteelly*, sat to Mr. DANCE!
 Then sent it to the courteous Northern Queen---
 As sweet a bit of *wood* as e'er was seen!
 And, *therefore*, most *unlike* the SCEPTRED HEAD---
 He might as well have sent a PIG OF LEAD.

Down ev'ry throat the piece was cramm'd
 As done by REYNOLDS, and deserv'dly damn'd;
 For as to Master Dance's art,
 It ne'er was worth a fingle -----!
 Reader, I BLUSH!---*am delicate this time!*
 So let *thy* IMPUDENCE supply the RHIME.

Thank God! that Kings cannot our tastes controul,
 And make each subject's poor, submissive soul
 Admire the TASTE, that JUDGMENT oft cries fie on:
 Had *things been so*, poor Reynolds we had seen
 Painting a BARBER's POLE,---an ALE-HOUSE
 QUEEN,
 The CAT and GRIDIRON, or the OLD RED LION!
 At * Plympton, perhaps, for some grave Doctor Slop,
 Painting the pots and bottles of the shop;
 Or in the DRAMA, to get meat to munch,
 His brush divine had pictur'd scenes for PUNCH!
 Whilst WEST was whelping 'midst his paints,
 Moses and Aaron, and *all sorts* of Saints!
 Adams and Eves, and Snakes and Apples,
 And Devils, for beautifying *certain* CHAPELS:
 But Reynolds is no *favourite*, that's the *matter*---
 He † hath not learnt the *noble* art---to *flatter*.

* Sir Joshua's native spot, in Devonshire.

† This Ode was composed before Sir Joshua was dubbed King's Painter. Possibly the great Artist *dreamt* of my BEAUTIFUL LYRIC, and *pursued* its advice.

Thrice

Thrice happy times, when MONARCHS find them
hard things
 To teach us *what* to view with *admiration* ;
 And like their heads on *halfpence* and *brass farthings*,
 Make their OPINIONS *current* through the nation!

I've heard that RAMSAY * when he died,
 Left just nine rooms well stuff'd with Queens and
 Kings ;
 From *whence* all nations might have been supplied
 That *long'd* for *valuable things*.
 Viceroys, Ambassadors, and Plenipos.
 Bought them to join their raree-shows.
 In foreign parts,
 And show the PROGRESS of the BRITISH ARTS.

Whether they purchas'd by the *pound* or *yard*,
 I cannot *tell*, because I never *heard*.
 But *this* I *know*, his *shop* was like a *fair*,
 And dealt most *largely* in the ROYAL WARE.

See what it is to gain a Monarch's smile!
 And hast thou mis'd it, Reynolds, all this while?
 How stupid! prithee, seek the COURTIER'S SCHOOL,
 And learn to manufacture OIL of FOOL.

* Late Painter to his Majesty.

FLATTERY's the turnpike-road to FORTUNE's door---
Truth is a *narrow lane*, all full of quags,
 Leading to broken heads, abuse, and rags,
 And work-houfes,---sad refuge for the poor!---
 FLATTERY's a MOUNTEBANK fo *spruce*---gets
 riches;
 TRUTH, a plain SIMON PURE, a QUAKER
 PREACHER,
 A *Moral Mender*, a disgusting *Teacher*,
 That never got a sixpence by her SPEECHES!

O D E X.

*The lofty Peter begins with an original Simile---Displays
 a deep knowledge of Homer and modern Dutcheffes---
 Concludes with a Prophecy about his Sovereign.*

PAINTERS who figure in the Exhibition,
 Are pretty nearly in the same condition
 With cocks on Shrove-tide, which the season gathers;
 Flung at by ev'ry lubber, ev'ry brat,
 That hath the sense to throw a bat,
 To break their bones, and knock about their feathers.

This

This little difference, however, lies
 Between the *Painter* and the *Fowl* I find -----
 The Artist for the post of danger *tries* -----
 The Fowl is fast'ned much against his *mind* ;
 Who willingly his sentence, would annul it ---
 Sue out his *habeas corpus*, and instead
 Of being beat with bats about the head,
 Make handsome love to a smart pullet.

And yet the Painter, like a booby, groans,
 That courts the very bats that break his bones.
 But *who* from scandal is exempt?
Who doth not meet, at times, contempt?

Great Jove, the God of Gods, in *figures* rich,
 Oft call'd his bosom Queen a *saucy bitch* ;
 * Achilles call'd great Agamemnon *hog*,
 An impudent, deceitful, dirty *dog* !

Behold our lofty Dutcheffes pull caps,
 And give each other's, reputations raps,
 As *freely* as the drabs of Drury's-school ;
 And who, pray, knows that GEORGE our gracious King,
 (Said by his courtiers to know *every* thing)
 May not, by *future times*, be call'd a Fool !

* Vid. HOMER.

O D E XI.

The Bard sensibly reproveth the young Artists for their propensity to Abuse---Most wittily compares them to Horse-leaches, Game-cocks, and Curs.

THE mean, the ranc'rous jealousies that swell
 In some sad Artists souls, I do despise;
 Instead of nobly *striving* to excel,
 You *strive* to pick out one the other's eyes.
 To be a PAINTER, was Corregio's glory---
 His speech should flame in gold---"SONO PITTORE."

But what, if truth were spoke, would be *your* speeches?
 This---"We're a set of fame-sucking horse-leaches,
 Without a *blush*, the *poorest* scandal speaking,---
 Like cocks, for ever at each other beaking;
 As if the globe we dwell on were *so small*,
 There really was not *room enough* for ALL."

Young

Young men !----

I do presume that *one* of you in *ten*,
 Hath kept a dog or two, and hath remark'd,
 That when you have been comfortably feeding,
 The curs without one atom of court-breeding,
 With watery jaws, have whin'd, and paw'd, and bark'd ;
 Show'd anxiousness about the mutton bone,
 And, 'stead of *your* mouth, wish'd it in their *own* :
 And if you gave this bone to one or t'other,
 Heavens ! what a snarling, quarrelling, and pother !
 This, perhaps, hath often touch'd you to the quick,
 And made you teach *good manners* by a *kick* ;
 And if the tumult was beyond all bearing,
 A little bit of *sweet* emphatic swearing,
 An eloquence of wondrous use in wars,
 Amongst Sea-captains and the brave Jack Tars.

Now tell me honestly --- pray don't you find,
 Somewhat in Christians, just of the same kind
 That you experienc'd in the curs,
 Causing your anger and demurs ?
 As, for example, when your mistress, FAME,
 Wishing to celebrate a worthy name,
 Takes up her trump to give the just applause,
 How have you, puppy-like, paw'd, wish'd, and
 whin'd ;
 And growl'd, and curs'd, and swore, and pin'd,
 And long'd to tear the trumpet from her jaws !
 The dogs deserv'd *their* kicking to be sure ;
 But *you* ! O fie, boys ! go and sin no *more*.

ODE

O D E XII.

*The compassionate Peter laments the Death of Mr. HONE,
an R. A. Recommends him to Oblivion, the great Pa-
tron of a number of Geniuses.*

THERE'S one R. A. more dead! stiff is poor HONE!
His works be with him under the same stone:
I think the sacred Art will not bemoan 'em;
But, Muse!---*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*---
As to his host a *traveller*, with a sneer,
Said of his DEAD *Small-beer*.

Go then, poor HONE! and join a numerous train
Sunk in OBLIVION's wide pacific ocean;
And may its *whale-like* stomach feel no motion
To cast thee, like a JONAH, up again.

O D E XIII.

The Poet exhibits the Inconstancy of the World, by a most elegant Comparison of a Flock of Starlings.

YOUNG Artists, it may so fall out,
 That folks shall make a grievous rout:
 Follow you,---praise your painting to the skies;
 When, perhaps, a ribbon, (sic upon it!)
 A feather, or a tawdry bonnet,
 Caught by its glare, their wonder-spying eyes.

Therefore, don't *thence* suppose that you inherit
Mountains of unexampled merit;
 That *always* you shall be pursu'd,
 And like a *wond'rous* Beauty woo'd.

Great is the world's inconstancy, God knows!—
 Fame, like the ocean, *ebbs*, as well as *flows*;
 Next year the million pitches on a Ruff,
 A Balloon Cap,—a Shawl,---a Muff;---
 For *you*, no longer cares a single rush,
 Following *some other* brother of the Brush.

To raise to nobler flights the Muse's wing,
 A Simile's a very pretty thing;
 To whose sweet aid I'm oft a humble debtor,
 T' illustrate with more force the thing I mean;---
 And if the Simile be neat and clean,
Tant mieux—that is—*so much the better*.

Therefore, young folks, as there's a great deal in't,
 Accept one just imported from the mint.

You've seen a flock of Starlings, to be sure,
 A hundred thousand in a *mess* or more;
 Who fortunately having found,
 A lump of horse-litter upon the ground,
 Down drops the chattering cloud upon the dung;
 Then, Lord, what *doings!* Heavens, what *admiration!*
 What *joy*, what *transport* 'midst the speckled nation!

How busy ev'ry *beak*, and ev'ry *tongue!*
 All talking, gabbling, but none list'ning,
 Just like a groupe of gossips at a christ'ning;---
 Let but a *cow-dab* show its grass-green face,
 They're *up*, without so much as saying grace;
 And, lo! the busy flock, around it pitches!

Just as upon the lump before,
 They gabble, wonder, and adore!
 And equal *brother* MARTYN's * speeches.
 These starlings show the world, with great propriety,
 Mad as March Hares, or Curlews for VARIETY.

* A much admired Speaker in the House of Commons, who *nem. con.* was baptized the *Starling* MARTYN.

O D E XIV.

The Great Peter despiseth Frenchmen.

I BEG it as a favour, my young folks,
 You will not copy, monkey-like, the French,
 Whose pictures, justly, are all standing jokes,
 Whether they represent a man or wench.
 If Monsieur paints a man of fashion,
 Making an *obeisance* well bred,
 The Gentleman's a *ram-cat* in a passion,
 His back all crumpled o'er his head:
 Or, if he paints a wretch upon the wheel,
 And bone-breaking's no *trifling thing*, G--d knows!
 Amidst his pains the fellow's so *genteel*!
 He *feels* with such *decorum* all the blows.
 Or if a culprit's going to the *devil*,
 Which some folks also deem a serious *evil*,
 So *degagé* you see the man advance,
 His arms, hands, shoulders, turn'd out toes,
 Madona-lifted eyes and cock'd-up nose,
 Proclaim the pretty puppy in a dance.

E'en

E'en an old woman yielding up her breath
 By means of colic, stone, or gravel;
 How smirking she enjoys the pangs of death!
 With what a *grace* her soul prepares to *travel*!

A Frenchman's Angel is an OPERA PUNK,---
 His Virgin Marys---milleners half drunk;
 Our blest Redeemer, a rank *petit maitre*,
 In every attitude and feature;
 The humble Joseph, so *genteelly* made,
 Poor gentleman---as if above his trade;
 And only fit to *compliment* his wife,---
 So *delicate!* as if he scarcely knew
 Oak from deal board---a gimblet from a screw;
 And never made a MOUSE-TRAP in his life.

Think not I wantonly attack those people:---
 In prejudice, that I'm as stiff's a steeple;
 No!---yet, I own, I hate the shrugging dogs---
 I've liv'd amongst them, eat their frogs,
 And vomited them up, thank God, again;
 So that I'm able now to say,
 I carried nought of *theirs* away,
 Which otherwise had made the puppies, *vain*.

O D E XV.

The conceited Peter turns an arrant Egotist--- Mentions a number of fine Folks---This minute condemns Will. Whitehead's Verses, and the next, exculpates the Laureat, by clapping the right saddle on the right horse.

NO Giant more rejoiceth in his course,
 Not Count O'Kelly in a winning horse;
 Not Mrs. Hobart * to preserve a box,
 Not George the Third to triumph o'er Charles Fox;
 Not Spain's *wife* Monarch to bombard Algiers---
 Not Pillories, order'd by the Law's stern voice,
 Can more rejoice
 To hold Kitt Atkinson's two ears;
 Not more rejoiceth patriotic Pitt
 By patriotic Grocers to be fed,
 Not Mother Windsor † in a fair young Tit,
 Nor gaping Deans, to hear a Bishop's dead;---
 Not more reform'd John Wilkes to *court* the Crown,
 Nor Boydel in his Aldermanic gown,
 Nor Common Councilmen on turtle, feeding:

* The contest between Mrs. Hobart and Lady Salisbury, with their *Seconds*, about a Box at the Opera, is a SUBJECT for the most *sublime* Epic!

† A Priestess of the Cyprian Goddess.

Not more rejoice old envious Maids, so stale,
 To hear of weeping Beauty a *sad tale*,
 And tell the world a reigning Toast is *breeding* :---
 Than I, the Poet, in a lucky Ode,
 That catches at a hop the Cynic face ;
 Kills by a laugh its grave Bubonic grace,
 And tears, in spite of him, his jaws abroad.

And are there such grave Dons that read my rhimes ?
 All gracious Heav'n forgive their crimes !
 Oh ! be their lot to have *wife-talking* wives ;
 And if in *reading* they delight,
 To read, ye Gods ! from morn to night,
 * *Will. Whitehead's* Birth-day Sonnets all their lives.

Perhaps, reader, thou'rt a tinker, or a tanner,
 And mendest kettles in a pretty manner ;
 Or tanneft hides of bulls, and cows, and calves :
 But if the sauce-pan or the kettle,
Originally be bad metal,
 Thou'lt say, it only can be done by *halves* ;
 Or if by *nature* bad the bullocks skins,
 They'll make vile shoes and boots for peoples *shins*.

* This Ode was written before the late Laureat resign'd his *earthly* crown for a *heavenly* one. May Mr. Tom Warton be more successful in his Pindaric adulations, and not verify the Latin adage---*Ex nihilo, nihil fit*.

Then

Then wherefore do I thus abuse
 Will. Whitehead's *hard-driv'n* Muse ?
 Who merits rather *Pity's* tend'rest sigh :
 For what the devil can he do,
 When forc'd to praise---*the Lord knows who !*
 Verse *must* be dull on subjects so damn'd dry.

O D E XVI.

The classic Peter adviseth Painters to cultivate Taste--Lasheth some of the Ignorant---Accuseth Painters of an affection for vulgarity, whom he horse-whippeth---Recommendeth a charming subject---Telleth the secret of his Love, and giveth a die-away Sonnet of former days--Persecuteth Teniers's Devils, but applaudeth the Execution.

PAINTERS, improve your education,
 That surely stands in need of reformation.
 I've heard that some can neither write nor read,
 Which does no honour to the hand or head.

Many, I know, would rather paint a *bear*,
 Or *monkey* playing his quaint tricks,
 Than some sweet damsel, whom all hearts revere,
 Whose charms, the eye of admiration fix :---
 Would rather see a *stump* with strength express'd,
 Than all the snowy fullness of her Breast,
 Or **LIP**, that Innocence so sweetly moves,
 Or **SMILE**, the fond Elysium of the Loves..

This

This brings those days to mem'ry when my tongue,
 To Cynthia's Beauty pour'd my soul in song ;
 When on the margin of the murmuring stream,
 My fancy frequent form'd the golden dream
 Of Cynthia's grace---of Cynthia's smiles divine,
 And made those smiles and peerless beauty *mine*.

It brings to memory, too, those dismal times,
 When nought my sighs avail'd, and nought my rhimes ;
 When at the silent, solemn close of day,
 My penfive steps would court the darkling grove,
 To hear in Philomela's lonely lay,
 The fainting echoes of my luckless love ;
 Till night's increasing shades around me stole,
 And mingled with the gloom that wrapp'd my soul.

Reader---Do'ft chuse a sonnet of those days?
 Take it---and say not I'm a foe to PRAISE.

To C Y N T H I A.

O Thou! whose love-inspiring air
 Delights, yet gives a thousand woes ;
 My day declines in dark despair,
 And night hath lost her sweet repose ;

Yet

Yet who, alas! like me was blest,
 To *others*, e'er thy charms were known;
 When Fancy told my raptur'd breast,
 That Cynthia smil'd on *me* alone.

Nymph of my soul! forgive my sighs,
 Forgive the jealous fires I feel;
 Nor blame the trembling wretch, who dies
 When others to thy beauties kneel.

Lo! theirs, is ev'ry winning art,
 With Fortune's gifts,---unknown to *me!*
 I only boast a simple heart,
 In love with INNOCENCE and THEE.

Build not, alas! your popularity
 On that beast's back, yclep'd *Vulgarity*;
 A beast, that many a booby takes a pride in,—
 A beast, beneath the noble Peter's riding.

How should the man who loves to be *unchaste*,
 To feed on carrion dread, his hound-like paunch;
 Judge of an Ortolan's delicious taste,
 Or feel the flavour of a fine fat haunch?
 Or, *us'd* with bitter Purl to wet his clay,
 How should *he* judge of Claret or Tokay?

Teniers's Devils, Witches, Monkeys, Toads,
 That make me shudder, as I pen these Odes,
 Most *truly painted*, to be sure, you'll find:---
 How greater far the excellence, to paint
 With heaven-directed eye, the beauteous SAINT,
 And mark th' emotions of her angel-mind?
 Envy not *such* as have in DIRT surpass ye;---
 'Tis *very, very easy* to be NASTY!

O D E XVII.

*The moralizing Bard exposeth the unfairness of mankind
 in the article of laughing—Descanteth upon Wit---
 Disclaimeth pretension to it---Maketh love to Candour,
 and modestly concludeth.*

HOW dearly mortals love to laugh and grin!
 Just as they love to stuff themselves to *chin*
 With other people's meat---good saving sense!
 Because at other folks' expence;
 But turn the laugh on *them*—how chang'd their notes!
 “O damn 'em! this is *serious*—cut their throats!”

WIT, says an author, that I do not know,
Is like TIME's scythe---cuts down both friend and foe;---
Ready each object, tyger-like to *leap on!*

“ Lord! what a butcher this fame *wit!* thank God!
(A critic cries) in Master Pindar's Ode,
We spy th' effect of no such *dangerous weapon.*”

No Sir---'tis dove-ey'd CANDOUR's charms,
I woo to these desiring arms;
She is my GODDESS---to her shrine I bend:
NYMPH of the voice, that beats the morning lark,
Sweet as the dulcet note of either Park*,
Be thou my soft companion and my friend.

Thy lovely hand, my Pegasus shall guide,
And teach thy *modest* pupil how to ride:
Thus shall I hurt not any *groupe-composers*,
From Sarah Benwell's *brush*, to Mary Mozer's †.

* Two brothers of the most distinguished merit on the Oboe.

† The last of those Ladies, an R. A. by means of a *sublime* picture of a plate of GOOSEBERRIES---the other in *hopes* of Academic honours, through an *equal* degree of merit.

O D E XVIII.

The judicious Peter giveth most wholesome Advice to Landscape Painters.

W HATE'ER your wish, in Landscape to excel,
 London's the very place to mar it;
 Believe the *oracles* I tell,
 There's very little Landscape in a *Garret*.
 Whate'er the flocks of *Fleas* you keep,
 'Tis badly copying *them* for *Goats* and *Sheep*;
 And, if you'll take the Poet's honest word,
 A BUG must make a miserable BIRD.

A *Russet-light* winking in a bottle's neck,
 Ill represents the glorious ORB of MORN;
 Nay, tho' it were a Candle with a *wick*,
 'Twould be a *representative* forlorn.

I think too, that a man would be a fool,
 For *Trees*, to copy legs of a *Joint-stool*;
 Or ev'n by *them* to represent a *Stump*:
 As also *Broom-sticks*,---which tho' well he rig
 Each with an old *fox-colour'd Wig*,
 Must make a very poor *Autumnal Clump*.

You'll

You'll say---“ Yet *such ones*, oft a person sees
 In many an Artift's Trees ;
 And in some Paintings, we have all behe'd ;
 Green Bays hath surely fat for a green Field ;
 Bolsters for Mountains, Hills, and wheaten Mows ;
 Cats for Ram-goats ;---and Curs, for Bulls, and Cows.”

All this, my Lads, I freely grant ;---
 But better things from You, I want.
 AS SHAKESPEARE says, (a Bard I much *approve*)
 ‘ *List, list, Ob! list,*’---if thou dost PAINTING love.

CLAUDE painted in the open air!---
 Therefore to Wales at once repair ;
 Where scenes of *true* magnificence you'll find :
 Besides this great advantage---if in debt,
 You'll have with creditors no *tête-à-tête* :
 So leave the bull-dog Bailiffs all *behind* ;
 Who, *bunt* you, with what nose they may,
 Must hunt for *needles* in a *stack of hay*.

O D E XIX.

The Poet hinteth to Artists the value of Time.

THE Man condemn'd on Tyburn tree to *swing*,
 Deems such a show, a very *dullish* thing;
 He'd rather a SPECTATOR be, I ween,
 Than the sad ACTOR in the scene.

He blames the LAW's too rigid resolution,---
 If with a beef-steak stomach,---in his prime,
 Lord, with what *reverence* he looks on time!

And, most of all---*the hour of execution!*
 And as the cart doth to the tree advance,
 How *wond'rous willing* to postpone the DANCE!

Believe me, Time's of monstrous use;
 But, ah! how subject to abuse!
 It seems that with him, folks were often *cloy'd*;
 I do pronounce it, Time's a *public good*,
 Just like a youthful Beauty---to be *woo'd*,
 Made *much* of, and be *properly* enjoy'd.

Time's sand is wonderfully small:

It slips between the fingers in a hurry;
 Therefore, on each young Artist let me call,
 To prize it as an Indian does his *Curry**;
 Whether his next rare *Exhibition* be
 Amidst the great R. A.'s,---or on a TREE.

* An universal food in the East Indies.

O D E XX.

*The unfortunate Peter lamenteth the loss of an important
Ode by Rats—He prayeth devoutly for the Rats.*

HIATUS *maxime deslendus!*

I've lost an ODE of charming praise;
From like misfortune, Heav'n defend us!

The sweetest of my Lyric Lays!
Where many a youthful artist shone with fame,
Like his own pictures in a fine gilt frame.

Perdition catch the roguish rats!
Their trembling limbs should fill the maws of cats,
Were I to be their sole Adviser:

Vermin! like trunk-makers and pastry-cooks,
Dealing in legions of delightful books,
Yet with the *learning*, not a whit the *wiser*.
Thank G—d! the Ode unto MYSELF, they *spar'd*,
And, lo! the lucky labour of the Bard.

O D E XXI.

To MYSELF.

The exalted Peter wisheth to make the gaping world acquainted with the place of his nativity;—but before he can get an answer from himself, he most sublimely bursts forth into an address to Mennygizzy and Mousehole, two fishing towns in Cornwall---the first celebrated for Pilchards, the last for giving birth to Dolly Pen-treath—The Poet praiseth the Honourable Daines Barrington, and Pilchards—Forgetteth the place of his nativity, and, like his great ancestor of Thebes, leaveth his readers in the dark.

○ THOU! whose daring works sublime
 Defy the rudest rage of time,
 Say!—for the world is with conjecture dizzy,
 Did Mousehole give thee birth, or Mennygizzy?

HAIL Mennygizzy! what a town of note!
 Where boats, and men, and stinks, and trade are
 stirring;
 Where pilchards come in myriads to be caught;
 Pilchard! a thousand times as good's a herring.
 Pilchard!

Pilchard! the idol of the Popish nation!

Hail little instrument of vast salvation!

Pilchard, I ween, a most soul-saving fish,

On which the Catholicks in Lent are *cramm'd*;

Who, had they not, poor souls, this lucky dish,

Would *flesh* eat, and be consequently *damn'd*.

Pilchards! whose bodies yield the fragrant oil,

^{Heat} And make the London lamps at midnight smile;

Which lamps, wide-spreading salutary light,

Beam on the wandering BEAUTIES of the night,

And show each gentle youth, their cheek's deep roses,

And tell him whether they have eyes and noses.

Hail Moushole! birth-place of old Doll. Pentreath*,

The *last* who jabber'd Cornish---so says Daines,

Who bat-like haunted ruins, lane, and heath,

With Will o' Wisp, to brighten up his brains.

Daines! who a thousand miles, unwearied trots

For bones, brags farthings, ashes, and old pots,

To prove that folks of old, like *us*, were made

With heads, eyes, hands, and toes, to drive a trade.

* A very old woman of Moushole, supposed (*falsely* however) to have been the *last* who spoke the Cornish language. The honourable Antiquarian, Daines Barrington, Esq. journeyed, some years since, from London, to the Land's-end, to converse with this wrinkled, yet delicious *morçeau*. He entered Moushole in a kind of triumph, and peeping into her hut, exclaimed, with all the fire of an enraptured Lover, in the language of the famous Greek Philosopher,—“EUREKA!” The coupled kissed—Doll. soon after, *gabbled*—Daines listened with admiration—committed her speeches to paper, not venturing to trust his memory with *so much treasure*. The transaction was announced to the Society—the Journals were *enriched* with their Dialogues—the old Lady's picture was ordered to be taken by the most eminent Artist, and the honourable Member to be publicly thanked for the DISCOVERY!

O D E XXII.

*Peter concludes his Odes---Seems hungry---Expostulates
with the Reader---And gets the start of the World,
by first praising his own Works.*

TOM Southern to John Dryden went one day,
To buy a head and tail-piece for his Play:---
“Thomas,” quoth John, “I’ve sold my goods *too cheap*,
So, if you please, my price shall take a *leap*.”

O Reader, look me gravely in the face;---
Isn’t that with *me* and *thee* the case?
For this Year’s Odes I charge thee half-a-crown;
So, without grumbling put thy money down:
For things are desperately ris’n, good Lord!
Fish, flesh, coals, candles, window-lights and board.
Why should not charming POETRY then rise?
That comes so dev’lish far too---from the *skies*!
And, lo! the verses that adorn *this* page,
Beam, comet-like, alas! but *once* an age.

F I N I S.

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M,DCC,LXXXVI.

LYRIC ODES.

ODE I.

PETER talks of resigning the Laureatship—He propheseth the Triumph of the ARTISTS on his Resignation—The ARTISTS also prophesy, to PETER's disadvantage—PETER's last Comforts, should their prophesy be fulfilled.

PETER, like fam'd CHRISTINA, Queen of Sweden,

Who thought a *wicked* Court was not an *Eden*,

This year, resigns the laurel crown for ever!

What, all the fam'd ACADEMICIANS wish;

No more on painted fowl, and flesh, and fish,

He shows the world his carving skill so clever.

Brass, iron, woodwork, stone, in peace shall rest—

“ Thank God ! ” exclaim the works of Mr. WEST.

“ Thank God ! ” the works of Louthembourg exclaim—

For guns of critics, no ignoble game—

“ No longer now afraid of rhiming praters,

“ Shall we be christ'ned *tea-boards*, *varnish'd waiters* :

“ No verse shall swear that ours are *paste-board* rocks,

“ Our trees, *brass wigs* ; and *mops*, our fleecy flocks.

“ Thank Heav'n ! ” exclaims RIGAUD, with sparkling eyes—

“ Then shall my pictures in importance rise,

“ And fill each gaping mouth and eye with wonder.”

Monfieur Rigaud,

It may be so,

To think thy stars have made so strange a blunder,

That bred to *paint*,—the genius of a glazier :

That spoil'd, to make a *Dauber*, a good brazier.

None but thy partial tongue (believe my lays)
 Can dare stand forth the herald of thy praise :
 Could FAME applaud, whose voice my verse reveres,
 JUSTICE should break her trump about her ears.

“ Thank Heav’n!” cries Mr. GARVY; and “ Thank God!”
 Cries Mr. COPLEY, “ that this man of ode,
 “ No more, Barbarian-like, shall o’er us ride :
 “ No more like beads, in nasty order strung,
 “ And round the waist of this vile MOHAWK hung,
 “ Shall *Academic scalps* indulge his pride.

“ No more hung up in this dread fellow’s rhyme,
 “ Which he most impudently calls *sublime*,
 “ Shall we, poor inoffensive souls,
 “ Appear just like so many moles,
 “ Trapp’d in an orchard, garden, or a field ;
 “ Which MOLE-CATCHERS suspend on trees,
 “ To show their titles to their fees,
 “ Like DOCTORS, paid too often for the *kill’d*.”

Pleas'd that no more my verses shall annoy :

Glad that my blister odes shall cease their stinging ;

Each wooden figure's mouth expands with joy—

Hark ! how they all break forth in singing !

In boastful sounds the grinning ARTISTS cry,

“ LO ! PETER'S hour of insolence is o'er :

“ His muse is dead—his lyric pump is dry—

“ His odes, like stinking fish, not worth a groat a score :

“ Art thou, then, weak, like us, thou snarling sniv'ler ?

“ Art thou like one of us, thou lyric driv'ler ?

“ Our Kings and Queens in glory now shall lie ;

“ Each unmolested, sleeping in his frame ;

“ Our ponds, our lakes, our oceans, earth, and sky,

“ No longer scouted, shall be put to shame :

“ No poet's rage shall root our stumps and stumplings,

“ And swear our clouds are flying apple-dumplings :

“ Fame shall proclaim how well our plumbtrees bud,

“ And sound the merits of our marle and mud.

out
 Our oaks, brushwood, and our lofty elms,
 No jingling tyrant's wicked rage o'erwhelms,

Now this vile FELLER is laid low :

In peace shall our stone-hedges sleep,

Our huts, our barns, our pigs and sheep,

And wild-fowl, from the eagle to the crow.

They who shall see this PETER in the street,

With fearless eye his front shall meet,

And cry, " Is this the man of keen remark ?

,, Is this the wight ?" shall be their taunting speech ;

" A dog ! who dar'd to snap each artiff's breech,

" And bite Academicians like a shark ?

" He whose broad cleaver chopp'd the fons of paint :

" Crush'd like a marrowbone each lovely faint ;

" Spar'd not the very clothes about their backs :

" The little duck-wing'd cherubims abus'd,

" That could not more inhumanly be us'd,

" Poor lambkins ! had they fall'n amongst the BLACKS.

- “ *He*, once so furious, soon shall want relief,
 “ Stak’d through the body, like a paltry thief.

 “ How art thou fall’n, O Cherokee !” they cry ;
 “ How art thou fall’n !” the joyful roofs resound ;
 “ Hell, shall thy body, for a rogue, surround,
 “ And there, for ever roasting, may’st thou lie :
 “ Like Dives may’st thou stretch in fires along,
 “ Refus’d one drop of drink to cool thy tongue.”

Ye goodly gentlemen, repress your yell,
 Your hearty wishes for my *health* restrain ;
 For if our *works* can put us into hell,
 Kind Sirs ! we certainly shall meet again :
 Nay, what is worse, I really don’t know whether
 We must not lodge in the *same* room together.

O D E II.

PETER *flogs Academicians and Dinner*—*Pities the PRINCE OF WALES—DUKE OF ORLEANS, DUKE FITZJAMES, COUNT LAUZUN, LORDS CAERMARTHEN and BESBOROUGH, &c.—and praises Mr. WELTJIE—Exculpates the PRESIDENT—Condemns SIR W. CHAMBERS and the COMMITTEE for their bad Management—PETER talks of visiting the FRENCH KING and the DUKE OF ORLEANS.*

WHENE'ER ACADEMICIANS run astray,
Such should the moral PETER's song reclaim—
 Of *paint*, this ode shall nothing sing or say,
 My eagle satire darts at *diff'rent* game—
 Against *decorum*—I abhor a *sinner* ;
 And therefore lash the Academic dinner.

Th' ACADEMY, tho' marvellously poor,

Can once a year afford to *eat* :

By means of kind donations at the door,

The members make a comfortable treat.

Like *Gipsies* in a barn, around their KING,

That annual meet, to eat, and dance, and sing.

A feast was made of flesh, fish, tarts, creams, jellies,

To suit the various qualities of bellies :

Mine grumbl'd to be ask'd, and be delighted ;

But *wicked* PETER's paunch was not invited.

Yet tho' no message waited on the *bard*,

With compliments from Academic names ;

The PRINCE OF WALES received a civil card,

His GRACE OF ORLEANS too, and DUKE FITZJAMES ;

Count de Lauzun, and Count Conflan,

A near relation to the man,

In whose poor sides old HAWKE once fix'd his claws,
 Were welcom'd by the Academic Lords,
 Either by writing, or by words,
 To come and try the vigour of their jaws.

Unfortunately for the modest DUKES,
 The nimble artists, all with greyhound looks,
 Fell on the meat, with teeth prodigious able;
 Seiz'd, of the *Synagogue*, the *highest* places,
 And left the poor *forlorn*, their GALLIC GRACES,
 To nibble *at the bottom of the table!*

There sat, too, my good Lord Caermarthen,
 As one of the *Canaille*, not worth a farthing!
 But what can *titles, virtues*, at a feast,
 Where *glory* waits upon the *greatest beast?*

To see a stone-cutter and mason
 High mounted o'er those men of quality;
 By no means can our annals blazon
 For feats of *courtly* hospitality.

I've heard, however, one or two were *tanners*:

Granted—it doth not much *improve* the manners.

They probably, in answer, may declare,

They thought the feast just like a *hunt*;

In which, as soon as ever starts the hare,

Each *Nimrod* tries to be first in upon't:

As he's the *greatest*, 'midst the *howling fufs*,

Who *first* can triumph o'er poor dying PUSS.

* PETERS most justly rais'd his eyes of wonder,

And wanted decently to give them *grace*;

But bent on *ven'son* and on *turbot-plunder*,

A clattering peal of knives and forks took place:

Spoons, plates, and dishes, ratling round the table,

Produc'd a *new* edition of *old* Babel.

* A respectable Clergyman, and one of the Academicians.

They had no *stomach*, o'er a *Grace*, to nod;
 Nor *time enough* to offer thanks to GOD:
 That might be done, they wisely knew,
 When they had nothing else to *do*.

His HIGHNESS entering somewhat rather late,
 Could scarcely find a knife, or fork; or plate:
 But not one single *maiden* dish,
 Poor gentleman! of flesh or fish.
 Most woefully the *pastry* had been *paw'd*,
 And trembling jellies barbarously *claw'd*.
 In short, my gentle readers, to *amaze*,
 His HIGHNESS pick'd the bones of the R. As.

O * Weltjie, had thy lofty form been there,
 And seen thy PRINCE so serv'd with scrap and flop,
 Thou surely wou'dst have brought him better fare—
 A warm beef steake, perchance, or mutton chop.

* The Prince's German Cook,

Thou would'st have said, “ *De PRENCE OF WALES, by Got,*

“ *Do too musb honour to be at der feast ;*

“ *Vere he can't heb von beet of meat dat's hot,*

“ *But treated vid de bones just like a beast.*

“ *De PRENCE, he vas too great to sit and eat*

“ *De bones and leafings of de meat ;*

“ *And munsh vat dirty low-lif'd rogues refuse,*

“ *By Got ! not fit to vipe de PRENCE'S shoes !”*

Great Besborough's Earl, too, came off *second best* ;

His murmuring stomach had not *half* a feast ;

And therefore it was natural to *mutter* :

To rectify the fault, with joyless looks,

His Lordship bore his belly off to BROOKES,

Who filled the grumbler up with bread and butter.

Sirs ! those manœuvres were extremely coarse—

This really was the essence of ill-breeding :

Not for your souls could you have treated worse,

Bum-bailiffs, by this dog-like mode of feeding.

Grant, you eclips'd a pack of hounds, with glee
 Pursuing, in full cry, the fainting game—
 Surpass'd them, too, in gobbling down the prey :
 Still, *Great R. As.*, I tell you 'twas a *shame* :

Grant, each of you the wond'rous man excell'd,
 Who beat a butcher's dog in eating tripe ;
 And that each paunch with gutling was so *swell'd*,
 Not one bit more could pass your swallow-pipe :

Grant, that you dar'd such *stuffing feats* display,
 That not a soul of you could walk away :
 Still, 'midst the triumphs of your gobbling fame,
 I tell you, *Great R. As.*, it was a *shame*.

Grant, you were greas'd up to the nose and eyes,
 Your cheeks all shining like a lantern's horn,
 With tearing hams and fowls, and giblet pies,
 And ducks, and geese, and pigeons newly born :

Tho' great, in your opinion, be your fame,
I tell you, *Great R. As.*, it was a *shame*.

This, let me own—the candour-loving MUSE
Most willingly SIR JOSHUA, can excuse,

Who tries the nation's glory to increafe;
Whose genius rare, is very feldom nodding,
But deep, on painting subjects, plodding
To rival Italy and Greece.

But pray, *SIR WILLIAM, what have *you* to fay?
No fuch impediment is in *your* way:

Genius can't hurt *your etiquette* attention;
And Messieurs Tyler, Wilton, and Rigaud,
Have *you* a genius to impede you?—No!

Nor many a one besides that I could mention.

This year (God willing) I shall visit FRANCE,

And taste of LOUIS, GRAND MONARQUE! the prog:

HIS GRACE OF ORLEANS, fo kind, *perchance*,

May ask me to his house to pick a frog:

* Sir W. Chambers.

And yet, what right have *I* to visit *there*?
To see a man so vilely treated *here*.

Ye ROYAL ARTISTS, at your *future* feasts,

I fear you'll make their GRACES downright DANIELS :
And as the PROPHET din'd amongst *wild beasts*,
The DUKES will join your *pointers* and your *spaniels*.

O D E III.

Peter giveth sage Advice to mercenary Artists, and telleth a most delectable Story of a Country Bumpkin and a Peripatetic Razor-seller.

FORBEAR, my friends, to sacrifice your fame

To fordid gain, unless that you are starving :

I own that hunger will indulgence claim

For hard stoneheads, and landscape carving,

In order to make haste to sell and eat ;

For there is certainly a charm in meat :

And in rebellious tones, will stomachs speak,

That have not tasted victuals for a week.

But yet there are a mercenary crew,

Who value fame no more than an old shoe ;

Provided for their daubs, they get a sale ;

Just like the man —— but stay —— I'll tell the tale.

A fellow in a market town,
 Most musical, cried razors up and down,
 And offer'd twelve for eighteen pence;
 Which certainly seem'd wondrous cheap,
 And for the money, quite a heap,
 As ev'ry man wou'd buy, with cash and sense.

A country bumpkin the great offer heard :
 Poor Hodge, who suffer'd by a broad black beard,
 That seem'd a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose ;
 With chearfulness the eighteen pence he paid,
 And proudly to himself, in whispers, said,
 “ This rascal stole the razors, I suppose.”

No matter if the fellow *be* a knave,
 Provided that the razors *shave* ;
 It certainly will be a monstrous prize :
 So home the clown, with his good fortune, went,
 Smiling in heart, and soul content,
 And quickly soap'd himself to ears and eyes.

Being well lather'd from a dish or tub,
 Hodge now began with grinning pain to grub,
 Just like a hedger cutting furze :
 'Twas a vile razor !—then the rest he try'd—
 All were impostors—“ Ah,” Hodge sigh'd !

“ I wish my eighteen pence within my purse.”

In vain to chace his beard, and bring the graces,
 He cut, and dug, and winc'd, and stamp'd, and swore ;
 Brought blood, and danc'd, blasphem'd, and made wry faces,
 And curs'd each razor's body o'er and o'er :

His MUZZLE, form'd of *opposition* stuff,
 Firm as a Foxite, would not lose its ruff ;
 So kept it—laughing at the steel and fuds :
 Hodge in a passion, stretch'd his angry jaws,
 Vowing the direst vengeance, with clench'd claws,
 On the vile CHEAT that sold the goods.

“ Razors !

“ Razors! a damn'd confounded dog,
Not fit to scrape a hog!”

Hodge fought the fellow—found him, and begun—

“ P'rhaps, Master Razor-rogue, to you 'tis fun,

That people flea themselves out of their lives :

You rascal!—for an hour have I been grubbing,

Giving my scoundrel whiskers here a scrubbing,

With razors just like oyster knives :

Sirrah! I tell you, you're a knave,

To cry up razors that can't *shave*.

“ Friend,” quoth the razor-man, “ I am no knave :

As for the razors you have bought,

Upon my soul I never thought

That they wou'd *shave*.

“ Not think they'd shave!” quoth Hodge, with wond'ring eyes,

And voice not much unlike an Indian yell;

“ What were they made for then, you dog?” he cries:

“ Made!” quoth the fellow, with a smile,—“ *to sell.*”

O D E

O D E IV.

Peter *observeth* the Lex Talionis.

WEST tells the world that PETER cannot *rhime*—

PETER declares *point blank*, that WEST can't *paint*—

WEST fwears I've not an atom of *sublime*—

I fwear, he hath no notion of a *saint* :

And that his cross-wing'd cherubims are fowls,

Baptiz'd by naturalists, *owls* :

Half of the meek apostles, gangs of robbers :

His angels, fets of brazen-headed lubbers.

The Holy Scripture says, “ All flesh is grass; ”—

With Mr. West, all flesh is brick and brass ;

Except his horse-flesh, that I fairly own

Is often of the choicest Portland stone,

I've said too, that this artist's faces

Ne'er paid a visit to the GRACES :

That on *Expression*, he can never brag :

Yet for this article hath he been studying ;

But in it, never could surpass a pudding—

No, gentle reader, nor a *pudding bag*.

I dare not say that Mr. WEST

Cannot sound criticism impart :

I'm told the man with *technicals* is blest,

That he can talk a deal, upon the art :

Yes, he can talk, I do not doubt it—

“ About it, goddess, and about it ! ”

Thus, then, is Mr. WEST deserving praise—

And let my justice the fair *Laud* afford :

For, lo ! this far-fam'd artist cuts *both ways* ;

Exactly like the ANGEL GABRIEL's *sword* :

The beauties of the art, his *converse* shows :

His *canvass*, almost ev'ry thing that's *bad* !

Thus at th' ACADEMY, we must suppose

A man more *useful*, never could be had :

Who in himself, a *host*, so much can *do* ;

Who is both *precept* and *example* too !

O D E V.

Great Advice is given to Gentlemen Authors—To Mr. Webb and Mr. H. Walpole particularly—PETER taketh the Part of Lady Lucan—Showeth wonderful Knowledge in the Art of Painting—Administreth Oil of Fool, vulgarly called Praise, to the Squire of Strawberry Hill.

ASTRONOMERS should treat of stars and comets,
 Physicians of the bark and vomits :
 Of apoplexies those light troops of DEATH,
 That use no ceremony with our breath ;
 Ague and dropfy, jaundice and catarrh,
 The grim-look Tyrant's heavy horse of war.

Farriers should write on farcys and the glanders :

 Bug-Doctors only upon bed-disorders :

Farmers on land, ploughs, pigs, ducks, geese and ganders :

 Nightmen alone, on aromatic *ordures* :

The Artists should on painting solely write :
 Like David, then they may ' good thinks indite.'
 But when the mob of *gentlemen*,
 Break on their province and take up the pen,
 The Lord have mercy on the art!
 I'm sure their goose-quills can no light impart.
 This verse be thine, * Squire Webb—it is thy due.
 Pray, Mr. Horace † Walpole, what think *you* ?

HORACE, thou art a man of taste and sense,
 Then don't, of *folly*, be at such expence :
 Do not to ‡ LADY LUCAN pay such court—
 Her wisdom surely will not thank thee for't—

* Author of a Treatise on Painting, who seems to display more erudition than science.

† A gentleman well known in the literary world, an *amateur* in the Graphic line.

‡ A Lady of great ingenuity in the miniature department.

Ah! don't endeavour *thus* to dupe her,
By swearing that she equals *COOPER.

So gross the flattery, it seems to show
That verily thou dost not know

The pow'rs requir'd for copying a *picture*,
And those for copying *Dame Nature* :
Alas! a much more arduous matter!

So don't expose thyself, but mind my stricture.

Thoul't say it was mere compliment :
That nothing else was thy intent,

Altho' it might disgrace a boy at school :
I grant the fact, and think that no man
Says or writes fillier things to woman ;
But still 'tis making each of you, a fool.

Yet, HORACE, think not that I write
Through spite :

* A famous miniature painter in the time of Cromwell.

Think not I read thy works with jealous pain :
Lord ! no, thou art a favourite with *me* :
I think thee one of *us, un bel esprit*—
By heav'ns ! I like the windmill of thy brain :
It is a pretty and ingenious mill :
Long may it grind on Strawb'rry Hill.

ODE

O D E VI.

PETER *still continueth to give great Advice, and to exhibit deep Reflection—He telleth a miraculous Story.*

THERE is a *knack* in doing many a thing,
Which *labour* cannot to perfection bring :
Therefore, however great in your own eyes,
Pray do not hints from other folks, despise :

A *fool* on something great, at times, may stumble,
And consequently be a good adviser :
On which, for ever, your *wise men* may fumble,
And never be a whit the wiser.

Yes! I advise you, for there's wisdom in't,
Never to be superior to a hint—

The genius of each man, with keenest view—
 A *spark*, from this, or t'other, caught,
 May kindle, quick as thought,
 A glorious *bonfire* up, in you.

A question of you, let me beg—
 Of fam'd Columbus and his egg,
 Pray, have you heard? “Yes.”—O, then if you *please*,
 I'll give you the two Pilgrims and the Peas.

H

The

The PILGRIMS and the PEAS.

A true Story.

A Brace of finners for no *good*,
 Were ordered to the Virgin Mary's shrine,
 Who at Loretto, dwelt in wax, stone, wood,
 And in a fair white wig, look'd wond'rous fine.

Fifty long miles had those sad rogues to travel
 With something in their shoes, much worse than *gravel*:
 In short, their toes so gentle, to *amuse*;
 The PRIEST had ordered peas into their shoes:

A *nostrum* famous in old Popish times
 For purifying souls, that stunk of crimes:
 A sort of apostolic salt,
 That Popish parsons for its powers exalt

For keeping souls of finners, *sweet*,
 Just as our kitchen salt keeps *meat*.

The knaves fat off on the same day,
 Peas in their shoes, to go and pray :

But very diff'rent was their speed, I wot :
 One of the finners gallop'd on,
 Light as a bullet from a gun ;

The other limp'd, as if he had been *shot*.

ONE saw the VIRGIN soon—*peccavi* cried—

Had his foul whitewash'd all so clever ;
 Then home again he nimbly hied,
 Made fit, with faints above, to live *for ever*.

In coming back, however, let me say,
 He met his brother rogue, about half way—
 Hobling with outstretch'd bum and bending knees ;
 Damning the souls and bodies of the peas :

His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brows in sweat,
Deep sympathizing with his groaning feet.

“ How now,” the light-toed, whitewash’d pilgrim, broke—

“ You lazy lubber !”

“ Ods curse it,” cried the other, “ ’tis no *joke*—

“ My feet, once hard, as any rock,

“ Are now as soft as *blubber*.

“ Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear—

“ As for Loretto I shall not get there ;

“ No ! to the Dev’l my sinful soul must go,

“ For damme if I ha’nt lost ev’ry toe.

“ But, brother finner, do explain

“ How ’tis that you are not in pain :

“ What Pow’r hath work’d a wonder for *your* toes :

“ Whilst *I*, just like a snail, am crawling,

“ Now swearing, now on Saints devoutly bawling,

“ Whilst not a rascal comes to ease my woes ?”

“ How is't that *you* can like a greyhound *go*,

“ Merry, as if that nought had happen'd, burn ye !”

“ Why,” cried the other grinning, “ you must *know*,

“ That just before I ventur'd on my journey,

“ To walk a little more at ease,

“ I took the liberty to boil *my* peas.”

O D E VII.

P E T E R *grinnetb.*

YOUNG men, be cautious of each critic word,
That blasphemous may much offence afford—

I mean, that wounds an ancient master's fame :
At Titian, Guido, Julio, Veronese,
Your length'ning phiz, let admiration seize,
And throw up both your eyes at Raphael's name.

Ev'n by a printshop should you chance to pass,
Revere their effigy inside the glass :

Just as with Papists, the religious care is
In churches, lanes, to bend their marrow-bones
To bees-wax faints, bon-dieux of stones,
And beech, or deal, or wainscot Virgin Marys.

Whate'er their errors, they no more remain,
 For Time, like Fuller's earth, takes out each stain :
 Nay more—on faults, that *modern works* wou'd tarnish,
 TIME spreads a sacred coat of varnish.

Spare not on brother artists backs, the lash ;
 Put a good wire in't—let it *flash* ;
 Since ev'ry stroke with int'rest is repaid :
 For though you cannot kill the *man*, outright ;
 Yet by this effort of your rival spite,
 Fifty to one, if you don't spoil his *trade*.
 His ruins may be feathers for your nest—
 The maxim's not amiss—*probatum est*.

O D E VIII.

*The Poet enquires into the State of the EXHIBITION — Lashes
 Father TIME for making great Geniuses, and destroying
 them — Praises REYNOLDS — Fancies a very curious Dia-
 logue between KING ALEXANDER, and the Deer the
 Subject of Mr. WEST's Picture — Turns to Mr. WEST's
 Resurrection.*

WELL, Muse! what is there in the Exhibition?

How thrive the beauties of the Graphic art?

Whose racing genius, seems in best condition

For GLORY's plate, to start?

Say what sly rogues old Fame cajole?

Speak,—who hath brib'd her trumpet, or who stole?

For much is *prais'd* that ought in fires to mourn—

Nay, what would ev'n *disgrace* a fire to burn.

What artist boasts a work sublime,
That mocks the teeth of raging TIME?

Old fool! who after he hath form'd with pains,

A genius rare,

To make folks *stare*,

Knocks out his brains:

Like children, *dolls* creating with high brags:

Then tearing all their handy works, to rags.

LO! REYNOLDS shines with *undiminish'd* ray!

Keeps, like the BIRD of JOVE, his distant way—

Yet, simple portrait strikes too oft our eyes,

Whilst HIST'RY, anxious for his pencil, sighs:

We don't desire to see on canvass live,

The *copy* of a jowl of lead;

When for th' *original* we wou'd not give,

A small pin's head.

This year, of picture, Mr. WEST

Is quite a Patagonian maker—

He knows that *bulk* is not a *jest*;

So gives us painting by the *acre* :

But ah ! this ARTIST'S brush can never brag

Upon KING ALEXANDER and the STAG :

For as they play'd at loggerheads, a rubber ;

We surely ought to see a handsome battle,

Between the MONARCH and the PIECE OF CATTLE :

Whereas, each keeps his distance, like a lubber.

His MAJESTY upon his breech laid low,

Seems *preaching* to his horned foe ;

Observing what a very wicked thing

To hurt the sacred person of a KING :

And seems, about his business, to intreat him

To *march*, for fear the hounds should eat *him*.

The STAG appears to say in plaintive note,

“ I OWN KING ALEXANDER, my offence :

“ True! I’ve not show’d my loyalty, nor sense ;

“ So bid your huntsman come and cut my throat.”

The cavalry adorn’d with fair stone bodies,

Seem on the dialogue with wonder, staring ;

And on their flinty backs, a set of NODDIES

Not one brass farthing for their MASTER, *caring*.

Behold! *one* fellow lifts his mighty spear

To save the owner of the Scottish Crown ;

Which harmless hanging o’er the gaping deer,

Seems in no mighty hurry to come down.

Another on a *Pegasus*, comes flying !

His phiz, *his errand*, *much belying* ;

For if he means to *baste* the beast so cruel,

God knows, ’tis with a face of *water-gruel*.

So then, sweet Muse, the picture boasts no merit—

As flat as dish-water, or dead small-beer—

Or what the mark, is tolerably near ;

As heads of Aldermen, devoid of spirit.

Well then ! turn round—view t'other side the room,

And see his SAVIOUR mounting from the tomb :

Is *this* piece too with painting fins so cramm'd—

Born to increase the number of the *damn'd* ?

My sentiments by no means I refuse—

Was our REDEEMER like that *wretched thing*,

I do not wonder that the cunning Jews

Scorn'd to acknowledge him for KING.

O D E IX.

PETER *moraliseth, and giveth good Advice.*

ENVY and JEALOUSY, that pair of devils,
 Stuff'd like PANDORA'S box with wond'rous evils,
 I hate, abhor, abominate, detest:
 Like CIRCE turning *man* into a *beast*.

Beneath their cankering breath, no bud can blow:
 Their blackning pow'r resembles *smut* in corn,
 Which kills the rising ears that should *adorn*,
 And bid the vales with golden plenty, glow.

Yet fierce in yonder dome, each demon reigns:
 Their poison swells too many an artist's veins:
 Draws from each lab'ring heart, the fearful sigh,
 And casts a sullen gloom on ev'ry eye.

BRUSHMEN! accept the counsel PETER sends,
 Who scorns th' acquaintance of this brace of fiends:

Should any, with *uncommon* talents tow'r:
 To any, is *superior* science giv'n—
 O, let the *weaker* feel their happy pow'r:
 Like plants, that triumph in the dews of Heav'n.

Be pleas'd like REYNOLDS to direct the blind:

Who aids the feeble fault'ring feet of youth:
 Unfolds the ample volume of his mind

With genius stor'd and NATURE's simple truth:

Who tho' a SUN, resembles not his *brother*,

Whose beams so full of jealousy conspire,

Whene'er admitted to the *room*—to *smother*

The humble *kitchen*, or the *parlour fire*.

O D E X.

PETER *speaketh* figuratively — *Accommodateth himself* to vulgar Readers — *Lasheth* Pretenders to Fame — *Concludeth merrily.*

A *Mcdest* love of praise, I do not blame—
 But I abhor a *Rape* on MISTRESS FAME—
 Altho' the Lady is exceeding *chaste*;
 Young forward bullies feize her round the waift,
 Swear *volens, volens* that she shall be *kiss'd*;
 And tho' she vows, she does not *like 'em*,
 Nay threatens, for their impudence to *strike 'em*,
 The faucy rascals still *persist*.

Reader!—of images, here's no confusion—
 Thou therefore understand't the bard's allusion;

But

But *possibly* thou hast a *thickish* head:

And therefore no *vast* quantities of brain—

Why then, my precious PIG of LEAD,

'Tis necessary to *explain*.

SOME ARTISTS, if I *so* may call 'em,

So ignorant (the foul fiend, *maul* 'em!)

Mere drivlers in the charming art;

Are vastly fond of being *prais'd*:

Wish to the stars, like Blanchard, to be rais'd:

And rais'd they should be, reader—from a *cart*.

If disappointed in some STENTOR's tongue;

Upon *themselves*, they pour forth prose or song;

Or *buy* it in some venal paper,

And then *heroically*, vapour.

What *prigs* to *immortality*, aspire,

Who stick their trash around the room!—

Trash meriting a very *diff'rent* doom,—

I mean the warmer regions of the *fire*!

Heav'n knows, that I am anger'd to the foul,

To find some blockheads of their works, *so vain—*
So proud to see them hanging, *cheek by jowl,*

With * *his*, whose pow'rs, the ART'S high fame, sustain :

To wond'rous merit, their pretension

On such *vicinity—suspension* ;

Brings to my mind, a *not unpleasant* story,

Which, gentle readers, let me lay before ye.

A *shabby* FELLOW chanc'd, one day, to meet

The BRITISH ROSCIUS in the street :

GARRICK, on whom our nation justly brags—

The fellow hugg'd him with a kind embrace—

“ Good Sir, I do not recollect your face,”

Quoth Garrick—“ No ?” replied the man of rags.

* The President.

“ The boards of Drury, *you* and *I* have trod

“ Full many a time together, I am sure—

“ When ?” with an oath, cried GARRICK—“ for by G—

“ I never saw that face of *yours*, before!—

“ What characters, I pray,

“ Did *you* and *I* together play ?”

“ Lord !” quoth the fellow, “ think not that I *mock*—

“ When *you* play'd HAMLET, Sir,—*I* play'd the *Cock.”

* In the Ghost Scene.

O D E XI.

PETER *talketh sensibly, and knowingly — recommendeth it to ARTISTS to prefer Pictures for their Merit — Discovereth musical Knowledge, and showeth, that he not only hath kept Company with Fid-lers, but Fiddle-makers — He satirizeth the Pseudo-Cognoscenti — Praiseth his ingenious Neighbour SIR JOSHUA.*

BE not impos'd on by a *name*;

But bid your eye the picture's *merit* trace:

POUSSIN at times in outline may be *lame*,

And GUIDO's angels destitute of *grace*.

Yet lo! a picture of some famous school:

A warranted *old Daub* of reputation,

Where charming PAINTING's *almost ev'ry* rule

Hath suffer'd *almost* every violation;

Oft hath been gaz'd at, by devouring eyes,
Where NATURE banish'd from the picture, sighs.

So some old DUTCHESS as a badger grey :
Her snags, by TIME *sure* DENTIST, *snatch'd away*,
 With long, lank, flannel cheeks ;
 Where AGE in ev'ry wrinkled feature,
 Unto the poor weak fhaking creature,
 Of death, unwelcome tidings, speaks ;
Draws from the gaping mob, the *envying* look,
Because her OWNER chanc'd to be a DUKE.

How many *pasteboard* rocks, and *iron* seas :
 How many torrents *wild*, of *still stone* water :
How many *brooms*, and *broomsticks* meant for *trees*,
 Because the *fancied* labours of * SALVATOR ;
Whose pencil, too, most grossly may have blunder'd,
Have brought the blest *possessor* many a hundred ?

* Salvator Rosa.

Thus prove a *crowd*, a * STAINER, or † AMATI ;

No matter for the fiddle's *sound* :

The fortunate POSSESSOR shall not bate ye

A doit, of fifty, nay a hundred pounds :

And tho', what's vulgarly baptiz'd a *rep*,

Shall in a hundred pounds be deem'd *dog-cheap*.

It tickles one exceffively to hear

Wife prating pedants the *old Masters*, praise :

Damning by wholesale, with farcaftic sneer,

The *wretched* works of *modern* days :

Making at *living* wights, fuch fatal pufhes,

As if not good enough to *wipe their brushes*.

And yet on each wife *cognofcenté* afs,

Who fhall for hours, on paint, and fculpture din ye ;

A perfon with facility may pafs,

RIGAUD for RAPHAEL—BACON for BERNINI :

* A German fiddle-maker.

† A maker of the fiddles called Cremonas.

Or *little* as an OVEN to VESUVIUS,
WILL TYLER for PALLADIO or VITRUVIUS!

One wou'd imagine by the mad'ning fools,
Who talk of *nothing* but the *ancient* schools,
And vilify the works of *modern* brains ;
They think poor MOTHER NATURE'S art is fled,
That now she cannot make a head,

Who took with old Italian nob's such pains :
Nay, to a *driv'ler* turn'd, her pow'r so funk is,
Tame soul! that nothing now, she makes, but *monkies* :

“ Look at your fav'rite REYNOLDS,” is their strain,—

“ Allow'd by all, the *first* in EUROPE'S eye :

“ One atom of repute, can Reynolds gain,

“ When TITIAN, RUBENS, and VANDYKE, are nigh?

“ Can REYNOLDS live near RAPHAEL'S matchless line?”

Yes, blinkards! and with *equal* lustre, shine!

O D E XII.

PETER *increaseth in Wisdom, and adviseth wisely* — *Seemeth angry at the Illiberality of Nature in the Affair of his good Acquaintance the LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR of ENGLAND and Mr. PEPPER ARDEN* — PETER *treateth his Readers with Love-Verses of past Times.*

COPY not NATURE'S forms, *too closely,*
 Whene'er she treats your SITTER, *grossly* :
 For when she gives deformity for *grace,*
 Pray show a little mercy to the face.
 Indeed 'twould be but *charity* to flatter
 Some dreadful works, of *seeming drunken Nature.*
 As for example,—let us now suppose
 THURLOW'S *black scowl,* and PEPPER ARDEN'S *nose* :

But

But when your pencil's powers are bid to trace
 The smiles of DEVONSHIRE—DUNCANNON's grace—
 To bid the blush of beauteous CAMPBELL rise,
 And wake the radiance of * AUGUSTA's eyes,
 (Gad! Muse, thou art beginning to grow *loyal*)
 And paint the graces of the PRINCESS ROYAL :
 Try all your art—and when your toils are done,
 You show a *slimsy meteor*, for a SUN.

Or should your skill attempt *her* face and air,
 Who fir'd my heart, and fix'd my roving eye—
 The LOVES who robb'd a *world* to make her *fair*,
 Would quickly triumph, and your art defy.

Sweet NYMPH! but reader, take the song
 Which CYNTHIA's charms alone, inspir'd:
 That left of yore, the poet's tongue,
 When LOVE, his raptur'd fancy fir'd.

* Second daughter of the King.

S O N G:

FROM *her*, alas! whose smile was *love*,

I wander to some lonely cell :

My sighs *too weak* the maid to move,

I bid the *flatterer*, HOPE, farewell.

Be all her Siren arts, forgot,

That fill'd my bosom with alarms :

Ah! let her crime—a *little* spot,

Be lost amidst her *blaze* of charms.

As, on I wander slow, my sighs,

At ev'ry step for Cynthia mourn :

My anxious HEART within me dies,

And sinking, whispers, "Oh, return."

Deluded heart! thy folly know—

Nor fondly nurse the fatal flame—

By *absence*, thou shalt lose thy woe ;

And *only flutter at her name*.

Readers! I own the song of *love* is *sweet* :

Most pleasing to the soul of *gentle* PETER :

Your eyes then, with *another*, let me *treat*,

O *gentle* Sirs, and in the same sweet metre.

SONG.

SONG to DELIA.

SAY, lonely MAID, with down-cast eye —

O DELIA, say, with cheek so *pale*;

What gives thy heart the length'ned sigh,

That tells the world a *mournful* tale?

Thy tears that thus each other chace,

Bespeak a bosom swell'd with woe:

Thy sighs, a storm that wrecks thy peace,

Which souls like *thine* should never know.

O tell me, doth some favour'd youth,

With virtue tir'd, thy beauty flight;

And leave those thrones of love and truth,

That lip, and bosom of delight?

Perhaps to NYMPHS of other shades,

He feigns the soft impassioned tear,

With songs their easy faith, invades,

That treach'rous won *thy* witlefs ear.

Let not *those* MAIDS, thy envy move ;

For whom his heart may seem to pine—

That HEART can ne'er be blest by LOVE ;

Whose *guilt*, could force a pang from *thine*.

O D E

O D E XIII.

*Pious PETER acknowledgeth great Obligations to the Reverend
Mr. MARTYN LUTHER — Yet lamenteth the Effects of this
Parson's Reformation, on Painting.*

WE PROTESTANTS OWE much to MARTYN LUTHER

Who found to Heav'n, a *shorter* way and *smoother* ;

And shall not soon repay the obligation :—

MARTYN against the PAPISTS, got the laugh ;

WHO, as the butchers bleed and bang a CALF

To whiteness—bled and bang'd unto *salvation* :

As if such drubbings could expel their sins :

As if that POW'R, whose works, with awe, we view ;

Grac'd all our backs with sets of *comely* skins,

Then order'd us to beat them *black* and *blue*.

Well then! we must confess for certain,
 That much we owe to Mr. Martyn
 Who altered for the better, our religion—
 Yet, by it, glorious PAINTING *much* did lose—
 Was pluck'd, poor GODDESS! like a *goose*;
 Or, for the rhyme-fake, like a *pigeon*.

Mad at the WHORE OF BABYLON, and BULL;
 Down from the churches, men began to pull
 Pictures, that long had held a lofty station—
 Pictures of SAINTS, of pious reputation,
 For curing by a *miracle* the ills
 That now so stubborn yield not to *devotions*,
 But unto blisters, bolusses, and potions,
 That make such handsome 'pothecaries bills.

Down tumbled ANTHONY who preach'd to SPRATS—
 And * HE who held discourses with a HOG,
 That grunting after him, so us'd to jog;
 Came down by *favour* of long sticks and bats.

* Commonly known by the name of PIG ANTHONY.

The SAINTS who grinn'd on spits like ven'son, roasting,

Broiling on gridir'ns—baking in an oven ;

Or on a fork, like cheese of Cheshire, *toasting*,

Or kick'd to death, by Satan's hoof so cloven,

All humbled, to the ground were forc'd to fall—

Spits, forks, and gridir'ns, ovens, dev'l and all.

Ev'n Saints of poor old England's *breeding* :

In wonders, many *foreign ones*, exceeding ;

Our hot REFORMERS did as *roughly* handle :

In troth, poor harmless souls ! they met no quarter ;

But down were tumbled, MIRACLE and MARTYR :

Put up in *lots*, and sold by inch of candle.

Had we been Papists—Lord ! we still had seen

Devils and Devil's mates, young pimping lyars,

Tempting the *blushing* NUNS of frail fifteen,

With gangs of ogling, rosy, wanton FRIARS :

Which NUNS so pure, no love-speech could cajole—

Who *starv'd* the body, to *preserve* the soul.

Then

Then had we seen St. DENNIS with his head
 Fresh in his hand, and with affection, *kissing* ;
 As if the nob, that from his shoulders fled,
 By knife or broad-sword, never had been *missing* :
 Then had we seen, upon their friendly *coating*,
 SAINTS on the waves like gulls and wigeons, floating.

I've seen a SAINT on board a ship,
 To whom, for a fair wind, the Papists pray ;
 Well flogg'd from stem to stern, by birch and whip,
 Poor wooden fellow ! twenty times a day :

Pull'd by the nose, and kick'd—call'd lubber, owl ;
 To make him turn a wind, to *fair* from *foul* !
 And often, *this* hath brought a prosp'rous gale,
 When pray'rs and curses, have been found to *fail*.
This, had we Papists been, had grac'd our churches,
 Saint, seamen, nose-pulling, kicks, whips and birches.

O D E XIV.

PETER *attacketh* the Exotic R. As.

Y E ROYAL SIRs! *before* I bid *adieu*,—

Let me inform you, *some* deserve my praise:

But trust me, gentle Squires, ye are but few

Whose names would not *disgrace* my lays:

You'll say, with grinning sharp *sarcastic face*,

We must be *bad indeed*, if that's the case—

Why if the truth I must declare;

So, gentle squires, you really are.

I'm greatly pleas'd, I must allow,

To see the *Foreigners* beat *hollow*;

Who stole into that dome the Lord knows how:

I hope to God no more will follow:

Who curs'd with a poor sniv'ling spirit,

Were never known to vote for *merit*—

Poor narrow-minded imps,
 Hanging together just like shrimps.
 I own, (so little they have merited)

That from yon noble dome,
 Made almost an Italian and French home,
 I long to see the vermin ferreted.

Yet where's the house, however watch'd by cats,
 That can get rid of all its rats?

Or, if a prettier simile may please,
 Where is the bed that hath not fleas?

Or if a *prettier still*---what London rugs,
 Have not at times been visited by *bugs*?

O D E XV.

PETER *taketh leave* — *Displayeth wonderful Learning* —
Seemeth sorry to part with his Readers — *Administereth*
Crumbs of Comfort.

MY dearest readers! 'tis with grief I tell,
 That now, for ever, I must bid farewell!—

Glad, if an ode of mine, with *grins*, can treat *ye*,

Valete:

And if you like the Lyric PETER's *oddity*;

Plaudite.

Rich as a Jew am I in *Latian lore*—

So, classic readers, take a sentence *more*:

Pulchrum est monstrari digito et dici hic est!

Says JUVENAL, who lov'd a bit of fame—

In English—Ah! 'tis sweet amongst the thickest

To be found out, and pointed at by *name*.

To hear the *shrinking* GREAT exclaim, " that's PETER,
 " Who makes much immortality by *metre* :
 " Who nobly dares indulge the tuneful whim,
 " And cares no more for KINGS than KINGS for *him* !"

Yet one word more, before we part—

Should any take it grievously to heart :

Look melancholy, pale, and wan, and thin,

Like a poor pullet that hath eat a pin :

Put on a poor desponding face and pine,

Because that PETER the *Divine*,

Resolves to give up painting odes :—

By all the rhyming GODDESSES and GODS,

I here, upon a poet's word, protest,

That if, it is the world's request,

That I again in Lyrics should appear :

Lo ! rather than be guilty of the sin

Of losing GEORGE THE THIRD, *one SUBJECT's skin*,

My LYRIC BAGPIPE shall be tun'd *next year*.

from the Author

THE
L O U I S I A D:

A N
HEROI-COMIC POEM.

C A N T O I.

BY P E T E R P I N D A R, E S Q.

Prima Syracosio, dignata est ludere Versu
Nostra, nec erubuit Sylvas habitare Thalia ;
Cum Canerem Reges et Prælia, Cynthus Aurem
Vellit et admonuit—

VIRGIL.

I, who so lately in my lyric Lays,
Sung to the Praise and Glory of R— A—s ;
And sweetly tun'd to Love the melting Line,
With *Ovid's* Art, and *Sappho's* Warmth divine ;
Said (nobly daring !) " MUSE exalt thy Wings,
" LOVE, and the SONS OF CANVAS, quit for K—Gs."
APOLLO, laughing at my Powers of Song,
Cry'd, " PETER PINDAR, prithee hold thy Tongue."
But I, like *Poets*, *self-sufficient* grown,
Reply'd " APOLLO, prithee hold thy own."

A N E W E D I T I O N,
WITH CONSIDERABLE ADDITIONS.

L O N D O N:

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MDCCLXXXVI.

(PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.)



To the READER.

GENTLE READER,

IT is necessary to inform thee, that his M——y actually discovered, some time ago, as he sat at table, a LOUSE on his plate. The emotion occasioned by the unexpected appearance of *such a guest*, can be better *imagined* than *described*.

An edict was, in consequence, pass'd for shaving the Cooks and Scullions, and the unfortunate Louse condemned to DIE.

Such is the foundation of the LOUSIAD.—With what degree of merit the Poem is executed, the *uncritical* as well as *critical* Reader will decide.

The *ingenious* AUTHOR, who ought to be allowed to know *something* of the matter, hath been heard *privately* to declare, that in *his* opinion the *Batrachomyomachia* of Homer, the *Secchia Rapita* of Taffoni, the *Lutrin* of Boileau, the *Dispensary* of Garth, and the *Rape of the Lock* of Pope, are not to be *compared* to it,—and to exclaim at the same time, with all the *modest assurance* of an AUTHOR——

Cedite Scriptores Romani, cedite Graeci—
Nil ortum in terris, *Lousiada*, melius.

which, for the sake of the *mere* English Reader, is thus beautifully translated.—

Roman and Grecian Authors, great and small,
The Author of the LOUSIAD beats you ALL.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE Author takes this opportunity of expressing his acknowledgements to Mr. WIGSTEAD for the very humorous exertion of his well-known abilities, in furnishing the Plate which accompanies this Edition.

THE
L O U S I A D.

C A N T O I.

THE LOUSE, I sing, that from some head unknown,
Yet born and educated near a throne,
Dropp'd down,—(so will'd the dread decrees of Fate,)
With legs wide sprawling on the M——ch's plate :
Far from the raptures of a WIFE's embrace :
Far from the gambols of a tender RACE,
Whose little legs, he taught with anxious care,
To rove the wide dominions of the HAIR ;
Led them to daily food, with fond delight,
And taught the tiny trav'lers *where* to bite ;

To hide, to run, advance, or turn their tails,
 When hostile combs attack'd, or vengeful nails :
 Far from those pleasing scenes, ordain'd to roam,
 Like wife Ulyffes from his native home ;
 Yet like that SAGE, tho' forc'd to roam and mourn—
 Like *him*, alas ! not fated to *return* ;
 Who full of rags and glory, faw his Boy *
 And † WIFE again, and DOG ‡ that dy'd for joy.
 Down dropp'd the lucklefs LOUSE with fear appall'd,
 And wept his wife and children, as he fprawl'd.
 Thus, on a promontory's mifty brow,
 The POET's eye with sorrow, faw a Cow
 Take leave abrupt of bullocks, goats, and fheep,
 By tumbling headlong down the dizzy fteep ;
 No more to reign a Queen amongst the cattle,
 And urge her rival beaux, the bulls to battle ;

* Telemachus.

† Penelope.

‡ Argus, for whose hiftory, fee the Odyffey.

* She fell, rememb'ring ev'ry roaring lover,
 With all her wild *courants* in fields of clover.
 Now on his legs, amidst a thousand woes,
 The LOUSE, with judge-like gravity, arose:
 He wanted not a *motive* to *intreat* him,
Befide the horror, that the K*** might *eat* him—
 The dread of gasping on the fatal fork,
 Stuck with a piece of mutton, beef, or pork;
 Or drowning 'midst the fauce in dismal dumps,
 Was full enough to make him stir his stumps.
 Vain hope! of stealing unperceiv'd away!
 He might as well have tarried where he lay.
 Seen was this LOUSE, as with the Royal brood,
 Our hungry K*** amus'd himself with food;
 Which proves (tho' scarce believ'd by one in ten)
 That Kings have appetites like common men;

* ————— moriens dulces reminiscitur Argos.

And that, like London Aldermen and Mayor,
 They feed on more substantial stuff than *air*.
 Paint, heav'nly Muse, the look, the *very* look,
 That of the S——n's face, possession took,
 When first he saw the LOUSE, in solemn state,
 Grave as a Spaniard, march across the plate!
 Yet, could a LOUSE, a British King surprize,
 And, like a pair of faucers, stretch his eyes?
 The little tenant of a *mortal* HEAD,
 Shake the great RULER of three realms with DREAD?
 Good Lord! (as Somebody sublimely sings,)
 What great effects arise from *little things*!
 As many a loving swain and nymph can tell,
 Who, following Nature's law, have *lov'd too well*!

Not with more *horror* did his eyes behold,
 Charles Fox, that cunning enemy of old,

When

When Triumph hung upon his plotting brains,
 And dear PREROGATIVE was just in chains :
 Not with more *horror* did his eye-balls work
 Convulsive on the patriotic Burke,
 When guilty of œconomy, the *crime!*
 Edmund wide wander'd from the *true sublime*,
 And, cat-like, watchful of the flesh and fish,
 Cribb'd from the R-y-l table many a dish—
 Saw ev'ry flice of bread and butter cut,
 Each apple told, and number'd ev'ry nut ;
 And gaug'd (compos'd upon no sneaking scale)
 The Monarch's belly like a cask of ale ;
 Convinc'd that (in his scheme of state-salvation)
 To *starve** the PALACE, was to *save* the NATION :

* His M——y was really reduced some time since to a most mortifying dilemma : The apples at dinner-time having been, by too great a liberality to the children, *expended*, the K—g ordered a supply, but was informed that the BOARD OF GREEN CLOTH would *positively allow no more*. Enraged at the unexpected and *unroyal* disappointment, he furiously put his hand in his pocket, took out sixpence, sent a PAGE for two pennyworth of pippins, and received the *change*.

Not more *agbaf* he look'd, when 'midft the courfe,
 He tumbled in a ftag-chace from his horfe,
 Where all his Nobles deem'd their M——ch dead,
 But luckily he pitch'd upon his HEAD !

Not VENISON EATERS at the vanifh'd FAT,
 With ftomachs wider than a Quaker's hat ;
 Not with more *horror* Mr. Serjeant Pliant
 Looks down upon an empty-handed client ;
 Not with more *horror* ftares the rural MAID,
 By hopes, by fortune-tellers, dreams, betray'd,
 Who fees her ticket a *dire blank* arife,
 Too fondly thought the twenty thoufand prize,
 With which the fimple damfel meant, no doubt,
 To blefs her faithful fav'rite COLIN CLOUT :

Not with more *horror* ftares each lengthen'd feature
 Of fome fine fluttering, mincing *Petit-maitre*,
 When of a wanton chimney-fweeping wag,
 The Beau's white vefiment feels the footy bag :

Not with more *horror* did the Devil look,
 When Dunstan by the nose the dæmon took,
 (As gravely say our legendary songs)
 And led him with a pair of red-hot tongs ;
 Not Lady Worsley, chaste as *many* a nun,
 Look'd with more *horror* at Sir Richard's fun,
 When rais'd on high to view her naked charms,
 He held the peeping Captain in his arms ;
 Like David, that most amorous little dragon,
 Ogling sweet Bethsheba without a rag on :

Not more the great * *SAM HOUSE* with *horror* star'd,
 By mob affronted to the very beard ;
 Whose impudence (enough to damn a jail)
 Snatch'd from his waving hand his Fox's tail,
 And stuff'd it, 'midst his thunders of applause,
 Full in the centre of Sam's gaping jaws,

* In Westminster Hall, where the *sense* (the Author was just about to say *non-sense*) of the people was to be taken on an election.

That forcing down his patriotic throat,*

Of Fox and Freedom stopp'd the glorious note.

Not with more *horror* BILLY RAMUS* star'd,

When PUFF†, the P—ce's hair-dresser, appear'd

Amidst their eating room, with dread design,

To *fit* with PAGES, and with PAGES *dine!*

Not with more *horror*, GLOSTER'S DUTCHESS star'd,

When (blest in Metaphor!) the K*** declar'd,

That not of all her *mongrel breed, one whelp*

Should in the royal kennel, ever *yelp*:

* Billy Ramus—emphatically and constantly called by his M——y *Billy Ramus*. One of the Pages who shaves the S——n, airs his shirt, reads to him, writes for him, and collects anecdotes.

† Puff, his R-y-l H—gh—els's hair-dresser, who attending him at Windsor, the P—ce, with his usual good-nature, ordered him to dine with the PAGES. The pride of the Pages immediately took fire, and a petition was dispatched to the K— and P—ce, to be relieved from the distressful circumstance of dining with a *hair-dresser*. The petition was treated with the *proper* contempt, and the Pages commanded to receive Mr. Puff into their mess, or quit the table. With unspeakable mortification Mr. Ramus and his brethren *submitted*, but, like the poor Gentoos who have lost their *Cast*, have not held up their heads *since*.

Not more, that man so *sweet*, so *unprepar'd*,
 The *gentle* SQUIRE of * LEATHERHEAD, was *scar'd*,
 When after prayers so *good*, and *rare* a sermon,
 He found his FRONT attack'd by Harriet Vernon ;
 Who meant (Thalestris-like, disdain'g fear !)
 To pour her FOOT, in thunder on his REAR ;
 Who, in † GOD'S house, without one grain of grace,
 Spit, like a VIXEN in his WORSHIP'S face,
 Then shook her nails, as sharp's a taylor's shears,
 That itch'd to scrape acquaintance with his ears.
 Not Atkinson ‡ with stronger terror started
 (Somewhat afraid, perchance, of being carted)

* Kynaston is the name of the gentleman assailed by this furious Maid of Honour, for his disapprobation of the lady as an acquaintance for his wife.

† Verily in the HOUSE of the LORD, on the Lord's Day, in the year of our Lord 1785, in the village of Leatherhead, in the county of Surry, did this profane *salival* assault take place on the phiz of Squire Kynaston, to the disgrace of his family, the wonder of the parson, the horror of the clerk, and the stupefaction of the congregation.

‡ Mr. Christopher Atkinson's airing on the pillory, is sufficiently known to the public.

When Justice, a fly dame, one day thought fit
 To pay her serious compliments to KIT,
 Ask'd him a few short questions about *corn*,
 And whisper'd, she believ'd he was *forsworn*,
 Then hinted that he probably would find,
 That tho' she sometimes *wink'd*, she was not *blin'd*.

Not more Asturias' † Princess *look'd affright*,
 At breakfast, when her spouse, the *unpolite*,
 Hurl'd, *madly* heedless both of time and place,
 A cup of boiling coffee in her face ;
 Because the fair-one eat a butter'd roll,
 On which the *selfish Prince* had fix'd his soul :
 Not more *astonish'd* look'd that Prince to find
 His royal father to his face unkind ;
 Who to the cause of injur'd beauty won,
 Seiz'd on the proud Proboscis of his son,

† This quarrel between the Prince of Asturias and his Princess, with the interference of the Spanish Monarch, as described here, is not a poetic fiction, but an absolute fact, that happened not many months ago.

(Just like a TYGER of the Lybian shade,
 Whose furious claws the helpless deer invade,)

And led him, till *that* SON its durance freed,
 By asking pardon for the brutal deed ;

Led him thrice round the room (the story goes)
 Who follow'd with great gravity his nose,

Resolv'd at first (for Spaniards are *stiff* stuff)
 To ask *no* pardon, tho' the SNOUT came *off* :

Not more *astonish'd* look'd *that* Spanish* King,
 Whene'er he miss'd a snipe upon the wing :

Not more *astonish'd* look'd *that* King of Spain,
 To see his gun-boats blazing on the main ;

Nor Doctor Johnson more, to hear the tale
 Of vile Piozzi's marrying Mrs. Thrale ;

* His Most Catholic Majesty's shooting merits are universally acknowledged. Though far advanced in years, he is still the admiration of his subjects, and the envy of his brother Kings, as a SHOT ; and it is well known, that even on those days, when the Royal Robes are obliged to be worn, his breeches pockets are stuffed with gun flints, screws, hammers, and other implements necessary for the destruction of snipes, partridges, and wild pigs.

Nor Doctor Wilfon, child of am'rous folly,
 When young Mac Glyfter bore off Kit M'Auley.

What dire emotions fhook the M——ch's foul!
 Juft like two billiard balls his eyes 'gan roll,
 Whilst anger all his royal HEART poffeft,
 That fwelling, wildly bump'd againft his breast,
 Bounc'd at his ribs with all its might fo stout,
 As refolutely bent on jumping out,
 T'avenge with all its powers the dire difgrace,
 And nobly fpit in the offender's face.

Thus a large dumpling to its cell confin'd,
 (A very apt allufion to my mind)

Lies snug, until the water waxeth hot,
 Then buftles 'midft the tempeft of the pot:
 In vain!—the lid keeps down the child of dough,
 That bouncing, tumbling, fwearing, rolls below.

“ O deareft partner of my throne !” (he cries,
 Lifting to pitying Heav'n his piteous eyes)

“ Thou brightest gem of G---ge’s Royal House,

“ Look there, and tell me if that’s not a LOUSE !”

The Q—— look’d down, and then exclaim’d, “ Good la !”

And with a smile the dappled STRANGER saw.

Each P---cess strain’d her lovely neck to see,

And with another smile exclaim’d, “ Good me !”

“ O la ! Good me ! is that all you can say ?”

(Our gracious M——ch cry’d with huge dismay.)

“ Heav’ns ! can a filly vacant smile take place

“ Upon your M——y’s and Children’s face,

“ Whilst that vile Louse (ah ! soon to be unjointed !)

“ Affronts the presence of the LORD’s ANOINTED ?”

Dash’d, as if tax’d with Hell’s most deadly sins,

The Q—— and P——ffes drew in their chins,

Look’d prim, and gave each exclamation o’er,

And very prudent, ‘ *word spake never more.*’

Sweet MAIDS ! the beauteous boast of Britain’s isle—

Speak—were those peerless LIPS forbid to smile ?

LIPS ! that the foul of simple Nature moves—
Form'd by the bounteous hands of all the LOVES !

LIPS OF DELIGHT ! unstain'd by Satire's gall !

LIPS ! that I never *kiss'd*—and *never shall*.

Now, to each trembling Page as mute's a mouse,

The *pious* M——CH cry'd, “ is this *your* Loufe ?

“ Ah ! Sire,” (reply'd each Page with pig-like whine)

“ An't please your M——y, it is not *mine*.”

“ *Not thine ?*” (the hafty Monarch cry'd agen)

“ What ? what ? what ? what ? what ? who the devil's then ?”

Now at this sad event, the S——n fore,

Unhappy, could not eat a mouthful more ;

His *wifer* Q——n, her gracious stomach studying,

Stuck most devoutly to the beef and pudding ;

For GERMANS are a very *bearty* SORT,

Whether begot in HOG-STYES or a COURT,

Who bear (which shews their hearts are not of *stone*)

The ills of *others* better than *their own*.

Grim TERROR seiz'd the souls of all the Pages,
 Of different sizes, and of different ages ;
 Frighten'd about their pensions or their bones,
 They on each other gap'd, like Jacob's sons !

Now to a PAGE, but *which*, we can't determine,
 The growling M——ch gave the plate and vermin :
 “ Watch well that blackguard animal, (he cries)
 “ That soon or late, to glut my vengeance, *dies* !
 “ Watch, like a CAT, that vile marauding LOUSE,
 “ Or G——GE shall play the devil in the House.
 “ Some SPIRIT whispers, that to *Cooks* I owe
 “ The *precious* VISITOR that crawls below ;
 “ By Heav'n ! the *whiff'ring* SPIRIT tells me true,
 “ And soon dire vengeance shall their locks pursue.
 “ Cooks, scourers, scullions too, with tails of pig,
 “ Shall lose their coxcomb curls, and wear a wig.”
 Thus roar'd the K——G,—not Hercules so BIG ;
 And all the Palace echo'd—“ WEAR A WIG !”

FEAR, like an ague, struck the pale-nos'd Cooks—
 And dash'd the beef and ven'son from their looks ;
 Whilst from each cheek, OLD PORT withdrew his RED,
 And PITY blubber'd o'er each menac'd head.

But lo ! the great COOK-MAJOR comes ! his eyes
 Fierce as the redd'ning flame that *roasts* and *fries* :
 His cheeks like BLADDERS, with high passion glowing,
 Or like a fat DUTCH TRUMPETER's, when *blowing*.
 A neat white APRON his huge corps embrac'd,
 Tied by two comely frings about his waist :
 AN APRON ! that he purchas'd with his riches,
 To guard from hostile greafe his velvet breeches—
 AN APRON ! that in Monmouth-street, high hung,
 Oft to the winds with *sweet deportment* swung.

“ Ye sons of Dripping, on your MAJOR look !”
 (In founds of deep-ton'd thunder cry'd the Cook)
 “ By this white APRON, that no more can hope
 “ To join the piece in Mr. INKLE's shop ;

- “ That oft hath held the best of Palace meat,
 “ And from this forehead wip’d the briny sweat ;
 “ I swear, *this* HEAD *disdains* to lose its locks,
 “ And *those* that do not, tell them they are BLOCKS.
 “ *Whose* head, my Cooks, such vile disgrace endures ?
 “ Will it be *yours*, or *yours*, or *yours*, or *yours* ?
 “ Ten thousand crawlers *in that* HEAD *be hatch’d*,
 “ For ever *itching*, but be never *scratch’d*.
 “ Oh ! may the charming perquisite of grease,
 “ The Mammon of your pocket, ne’er *increase*,—
 “ GREASE ! that so frequently hath brought you coin,
 “ FROM VEAL, PORK, MUTTON, and the GREAT SIR LOIN.
 “ O brothers of the spit, be firm as rocks——
 “ Lo ! to *no* KING on earth I yield these locks:
 “ Few are my hairs *behind*, by age endear’d !—
 “ But *few* or *many*, they shall not be *shear’d*.

- “ Sooner shall Madam Schwellenberg* the jade
 “ Yield up her fav’rite perquisites of trade,
 “ Give up her sacred Majesty’s old GOWNS,
 “ CAPS, PETTICOATS, and APRONS, without FROWNS :
 “ SHE ! who for ever studies MISCHIEF---SHE,
 “ Who soon will be as busy as a bee,
 “ To get the liberty of locks *enslav’d*,
 “ And every harmless Cook and Scullion *shav’d* :—
 “ SHE, if by chance a BRITISH SERVANT MAID,
 “ By some insinuating tongue betray’d,
 “ Induc’d the fair forbidden fruit to taste,
 “ Grows, (luckless) somewhat *bigger in the waist* ;
 “ Rants, storms, swears, turns the penitent to door,
 “ Grac’d with the pretty names of B--ch and W——,
 “ To range a prostitute upon the town,
 “ Or, if the weeping wretch think better, *drown* :
 “ But, if a GERMAN SPIDER-BRUSHER *fails*,
 “ Whose *Nose* grows *sharper*, and whose *Shape*, *tells tales* ;

* Mistress of the Robes to her Majesty.

- “ *Husb’d* is th’ affair!---the Q—, and SHE, *good* Dame,
 “ Both club their wits, to hide the growing flame,
 “ To wed her, get some fool---I mean some *wife* man;
 “ Then dub the prudent Cuckold an Exciseman.
 “ SHE! who hath got more insolence and pride,
 “ God mend her heart! than half the world beside:
 “ SHE! who, of guttling fond, stuffs down more meat,
 “ Heav’n help her stomach! than ten men can eat!
 “ *Ten men!* ay more than *ten* the *hungry* HAG,
 “ Why, zounds! the WOMAN’S Stomach’s like a BAG.
 “ SHE! who will swell the uproar of the house,
 “ And tell the K--g damn’d lies about the LOUSE,
 “ When probably that Louse (a vile old trull!)
 “ Was born and nourish’d in her own grey scull.
 “ Sooner the room shall buxom NANNY * *quit*,
 “ Where oft she charms her master with her *wit*---

* Buxom Nanny—a female servant of the Palace, who *constantly* attends the K—g when he reads the dispatches.

- “ Tells tales of ev’ry *body*, ev’ry *thing*,
 “ From honest courtiers to the thieves who *swing---*
 “ Waits on her S——n while he reads *Dispatches*,
 “ And wisely *winds* up STATE AFFAIRS OR WATCHES :
 “ Sooner the PRINCE (may Heav’n his income mend !)
 “ Shall quit his bottle, mistress, and his friend--
 “ Laugh at the drop on MISERY’S languid eye,
 “ And hear her sinking voice, without a sigh !
 “ Break for the wealth of REALMS, his sacred word,
 “ And let the world write *Coward* on his sword ;
 “ Sooner shall ham from fowl and turkey part !
 “ And STUFFING leave a calf’s or bullock’s heart !
 “ Sooner shall toasted cheese take leave of mustard !
 “ And from the codlin tart be torn the custard !
 “ Sooner these hands the glorious haunch shall spoil,
 “ And all our melted butter turn to oil !
 “ Sooner our pious K--g, with pious face,
 “ Sit down to dinner without saying grace,

“ And ev’ry night, falvation pray’rs put forth,

“ For Portland, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, and North!

“ Sooner shall fashion order frogs and snails,

“ And dish-clouts flick eternal to our tails.

“ Let G---GE view MINISTERS with *furly* LOOKS,

“ *Abuse* ’em, *kick* ’em——but *revere* his COOKS!”

“ What, loose our locks!” (reply’d the roasting CREW)

“ To Barbers yield ’em?——Damme if we *do*!

“ Be *shav’d* like *foreign* DOGS, one daily meets,

“ Naked and blue, and shiv’ring in the streets?

“ And from the Palace be *asham’d* to *range*;

“ For fear the world should think we had the *mange*;

“ By taunting boys made weary of our lives,

“ Broad-grinning wh--es, and ridiculing wives!”

“ Rouze, OPPOSITION!” (roar’d a *tipsy* COOK

With hands *a kimbo*, and bubonic look)

“ ’Tis SHE alone, our noble curls can keep—

“ Without HER, MINISTERS would fall asleep:

- “ 'Tis SHE who makes great men—our FOXES, PITTS,
 “ And sharpens, whetstone-like, the NATION's Wits :
 “ Knocks off your knaves and fools however great,
 “ And broom-like sweeps the COBWEBS of the STATE :
 “ Like sulphur in a cask, expels *bad air*,
 “ And makes like thunder-claps, *foul weather fair* ;
 “ Or, like a gun that fir'd at gather'd foot,
 “ Preserves the chimney and the house to boot :
 “ Or, like a school-boy's WHIP, that keeps up TOPS ;
 “ The sinking Realm, by FLAGELLATION, props.
 “ Our M——ch must not be indulg'd *too far*,
 “ Besides ! I love a little bit of war.
 “ Whither to crop our curls, he boasts a right
 “ Or not, I do not care the Loufe's bite——
 “ But then, *no Force-work ! no ! no Force*, by heav'n !
 “ COOKS ! YEOMENS ! SCOURERS ! we will not be *driv'n*.
 “ Try but to force a PIG *against his will*,
 “ Behold ! the *sturdy GENTLEMAN stands still !*

“ Or, perhaps (his pow’r to let the driver know)
 “ Gallops the *very* road, he should not go—
 “ *No Force*, for *me!* the FRENCH, the fawning dogs,
 “ E’en let *them* lose their *freedom*, and eat frogs---
 “ Dammee! I hate each pale *foupe-meagre* thief--
 “ Give me, my darling LIBERTY and BEEF.”

He spoke---and from his jaw, a lump he flid,
 And swearing, manful flung to earth the QUID.
 Yet swelling PRIDE forbad his tongue to rest,
 Whilst wild emotions laboured in his breast--.
 Now founds confus’d, his ANGER made him utter,
 And when he thought on *shaving*, curses, sputter.
 Such is the found (the simile’s not weak)
 Form’d by what mortals, * BUBBLE, call, and SQUEAK,

* The modest Author of the LOUSIAD, must do himself the justice to declare here, that his simile of the Bubble and Squeak is vastly more natural and more sublime, than Homer’s black pudding on a gridiron, illustrating the *motions* and *emotions* of his Hero ULYSSES. (Vid. ODYSSEY.

“ Be

When 'midst the FRYING-PAN, in accents savage,
 The BEEF *so furly*, quarrels with the CABBAGE.
 “ Be shav'd” a SCULLION loud began to bellow,
 Loud as a PARISH BULL, or poor OTHELLO,
 Plac'd by that *rogue* IAGO upon thorns,
 With all the horrors of a pair of HORNS :
 Loud as th' * EXCISEMAN, struggling for his life,
 And panting in a most inglorious strife ;
 When, on his face, the *smuggling Princess* sprung,
 And cat-like clawing, to his visage clung.

“ Be shav'd like *pigs*” rejoin'd the Scullion's mate,
 His dishclout flaking, and his POT-crown'd PATE—

* This affair happened a few years since—An Exciseman seizing some smuggled goods belonging to a Princess, a relation of the Great Frederic, her HIGHNESS fell upon the poor *Rat de Cave*, and almost scratch'd his eyes out—the Exciseman made a *formal* complaint to the King, begging to be relieved from the *disgracc*.—The gallant Monarch returned for answer, that he gave up the duties to his Cousin the Princess, but could not conceive how the hand of a FAIR LADY could dishonour the face of an Exciseman.

“ What

“ What BARBER dares it, let him watch his NOSE,
 “ And, curse me ! dread the rage of these ten toes.”

So saying, with an oath to *raise* one's hair,

He kick'd with threatening foot, the yielding air—

Thus have I seen an ASS (baptiz'd a JACK)

Grac'd by a CHIMNEY-SWEEPER on his back,

Prance, snort, and fling his heels with liberality,

In imitation of a HORSE of QUALITY :

“ Be shav'd !” (an understrapper TURNBROCHE cried,

In all the foaming energy of pride)

“ Zounds ! let *us* take his M——r in hand !——

The K . . . shall find he lives at *our* command :

Yes ! let him know, with all his wond'rous state,

His teeth, and stomach on *our wills*, shall wait :

We rule the platters, *we command* the spit,

And G shall have his *meats*, when *we* think fit ;

Stay 'till *ourselves* shall condescend to eat,

And then, if *we think proper*, have his *meat*.”

Thus, having fed on venison rather coarse;

A COLT, or CROCODILE, or DISH OF HORSE,

The TARTAR quits his smoaky hut with SCORN,

Sounds to the kingdoms of the world his horn;

And treating MONARCHS like his slaves or swine,

Informs them, they have *liberty to dine*.

“ Heav’ns !” (cried a YEOMAN, with much learning grac’d—

In *Books* as well as *meat*, a man of *taste*,

Who read with *vast* applause, the daily NEWS,

And kept a *close* acquaintance with the MUSE;

Conundrum, Rebus, made—Acrostic, Riddle,

And sung his dying Sonnets to his Fiddle,

When LOVE, with cruel dart, the murd’ring THIEF,

His heart had spitted, like a piece of BEEF.

“ Are these (he said) of KINGS, the whims, and jokes ?

“ Then KINGS can be as *mad* as *common-folks*:

“ DAME NATURE, when a PRINCE’S head, she makes,

“ No more concern, about the *Inside*, takes,

- “ Than of the *Inside* of a Bug’s or Bat’s,
 “ A Flea’s, a Grafshopper’s, a Cur’s, a Cat’s!
 “ As carelefs as the ARTIST, *trunks*, designing,
 “ About the trifling circumstance of LINING ;
 “ Whether, of Cumberland he ufe the Plays,
 “ Mifs Burney’s Novels, or Mifs Seward’s Lays ;
 “ Or facred Drama’s of Mifs Hannah More,
 “ Where all the NINE with little MOSES, ñnore ;
 “ Or good SQUIRE PINDAR’s odes, or Wharton’s ftick,
 “ Or Horace Walpole’s doubts upon King Dick,
 “ Who furious drives at times, his old goofe-quill,
 “ On *Strawb’rry*, (Reader !) not th’ *Aonian Hill* ;
 “ Whether he doom, the ROYAL SPEECH to cling,
 “ Or *thofe* of Lords and Commons to the King .
 “ Where ONE begs money, and the OTHERS grant
 “ So *easy, freely, friendly, complaisant,*

“ As.

- “ As if the *Casb* were really all *their own*;
 “ To purchase * *Knick-nacks*, that disgrace a throne.
 “ Ah, me ! did people know what *trifling things*,
 “ Compose those idols of the Earth, call’d *K——s!*”
 “ Those counterparts of that *important fellow*;
 “ The Childrēns wonder—SIGNOR PUNCHINELLO ;
 “ Who struts upon the stage his hour away ;
 “ His *outside*, gold,—his *inside*, rags, and liay ;
 “ No more, as God’s Vicegerents would they shine,
 “ Nor make the world cut throats for RIGHT DIVINE.
 “ Those LORDS of Earth, at dinner, we have seen,
 “ Sunk, by the mereft trifles, with the spleen---
 “ Oft for an ill-drest egg, have heard them groan,
 “ And seen them quarrel for a mutton bone :

* The Civil List, we are inclined to think, feels deficiencies from *Toys*—For an instance we will appeal to Mr. Cummings’s non-descript of a Time-Piece at the Queen’s House, which cost nearly two thousand pounds.—The same artist is also allowed 200l. per annum to keep the *Bauble* in repair.

- “ At falt or vinegar, with passion, fume,
 “ And kick dogs, chairs, and pages round the room *.
 “ Alas! how often have we heard them grunt,
 “ Whene’er the rushing rain hath spoil’d a HUNT!
 “ Their sanguine wishes cross’d, their spirits clogg’d,
 “ Mere RIDING DISH-CLOUTS, homeward have they jogg’d;
 “ Poor imps! the sport (with all their pride and pow’r)
 “ OF NATURE’S diuretic stream—a SHOW’R!
 “ *This*, we the ACTORS in the *Farce*, perceive;
 “ But *this*, the *distant* world will ne’er believe—
 “ Who fancy K—GS to all the *Virtues*, born:
 “ Ne’er by the vulgar storms of PASSION, torn;
 “ But blest with souls so calm! like Summer seas,
 “ That smile to Heav’n, unruffled by a breeze:

* This is partly a picture of the *last* reign as well as the PRESENT. The passions of George the Second, were of the most impetuous kind—his hat and his favourite Minister, Sir Robert Walpole, were too frequently the foot-balls of his ill-humours—nay, poor Queen Caroline came in for a share of his foot-benevolence,—but he was a Prince of virtues—ubi plura nitent, non ego paucis offendar maculis.

- “ Who think that K—GS on wisdom, always fed,
 “ Speak *sentences*, like BACON’s brazen HEAD ;
 “ Hear from their lips, the *vilest* nonsense fall,
 “ Yet think some HEAVENLY SPIRIT, dictates *all*,
 “ Conceive their bodies of cœlestial clay,
 “ And tho’ all *ailment*, *sacred* from decay ;
 “ To nods and smiles, their *gaping* homage bring,
 “ And thank their GOD, their eyes have seen a KING !
 “ Lord ! in the circle when our ROYAL MASTER,
 “ Pours out his words as fast as hail, or faster,
 “ To COUNTRY SQUIRES, and *wives* of COUNTRY SQUIRES ;
 “ Like STUCK PIGS, staring, how each Oaf *admires* !
 “ Lo ! ev’ry syllable becomes a GEM !
 “ And if by chance the M——h *cough*, or *hem* ;
 “ Seiz’d with the symptoms of a deep surprize,
 “ Their joints with *rev’rence* tremble, and their eyes
 “ Roll wonder first, then shrinking back with fear,
 “ Would *hide* behind the *brains*, were any *there*.

“ How

- “ How taken, is this *idle* WORLD by *show* !
- “ BIRTH, RICHES, are the BAALS to whom we bow ;
- “ Preferring (ev'n with soul as black as foot)
- “ A ROGUE on *horseback*, to a SAINT on *foot*.
- “ See FRANCE, see PORTUGAL, SICILIA, SPAIN,
- “ And mark the *Defart* of each DESPOT's brain ;
- “ Whose tongues should never treat with taunts, a FOOL ;
- “ Who *prove* that *nothing* is too mean to *rule*.
- “ What could the PRINCE, high tow'ring like a steeple,
- “ Without the MAJESTY of *Us* the PEOPLE ?
- “ Go, like the * King of Babylon, to grafs,
- “ Or wander, like a beggar, with a PASS !
- “ However *modern* KINGS may COOKS despise,
- “ WARRIORS and KINGS were COOKS, or HIST'RY *lies*—
- “ PATROCLUS broil'd *beef-steaks* to quell his hunger :
- “ The MIGHTY AGAMEMNON potted CONGER !——

* Nebuchadnezzar.

“ And Charles of Sweden, ’midst his guns and drums,
 “ Spread his own bread and butter with his thumbs.
 “ *Be shar’d!*—no!—fooner, pill’ries, jails, the stocks;
 “ Shall pinch this corps, than BARBER’s snatch my locks.”
 “ Well hast thou said, a SCOWRER bold rejoin’d—
 “ Dammee! I love the man who speaks his mind.”
 Then in his arms the ORATOR he took,
 And swore he was an ANGEL of a COOK!
 Awhile he held him with a CORNISH hūg;
 Then seiz’d, with glorious grasp, a PEWTER MUG,
 Whose ample womb, nor cyder held, nor ale,
 But nectar, fit for JOVE, and brew’d by THRALE.
 “ A health to COOKS, (he cry’d, and wav’d the pot)
 “ And he who fights for TITLES, is a *fo*t—
 “ Let DUKES and LORDS the world in wealth surpass—
 “ Yet many a LION’s skin conceals an Ass.
 “ Lo! this is one amongst my golden rules,
 “ To think the GREATEST MEN the GREATEST FOOLS:

“ The GREAT are judges of an opera song—
 “ And fly a BRITON’S, for a EUNUCH’S tongue,
 “ Can starve their families for *smooth* BABINI’S,
 “ Gaunt PACCHAROTTI’S, *fat-rump’d squab* RAUZZINI’S ;
 “ Thus idly squand’ring for a *squawl* their riches,—
 “ To *faint* with rapture, at those CATS IN BREECHES.
 “ Accept this truth from *me*, my lads—the man
 “ Who first a SPIT found out, or FRYING-PAN,
 “ Did ten times more towards the PUBLIC GOOD,
 “ Than all the *tawdry* TITLES since the flood :
 “ TITLES ! that KINGS may grant to ASSES, MULES,
 “ The scorn of SAGES, and the boast of FOOLS.”

He ended—All the COOKS exclaim’d, “ *divine !*”

Then whisper’d one another, ’twas “ *damn’d fine !*”

Thus spoke the SCOWRER, like a MAN *inspir’d*,

Whose speech, the HEROES of the kitchen, fir’d ;

GROOMS, MASTER SCOWRERS, SCULLIONS, SCULLION’S MATES,

With all the OVERSEERS of knives and plates,

Felt their brave souls, like FRISKY CYDER, work,
 Whizzing in opposition to the CORK :
 Earth's POTENTATES appear'd *ignoble things*,
 And COOKS of greater consequence than KINGS ;
Such is the pow'r of words, where TRUTH unites,
 And *such*, the rage that injur'd WORTH excites !
 The SCOWRER's speech, indeed, with reason, blest,
 Inflam'd with godlike ardour all the rest :
 Thus if a BARN, Heav'n's vengeful lightning, draw,
 The flame ætherial, strikes the kindling straw,
 Doors, rafters, beams, owls, weazels, mice, and rats,
 And (if unfortunately mousing) cats,
 All feel the wide—devouring fire in turn,
 And mingling in one conflagration, burn.

“ SONS of the SPIT,” (the Major cry'd again)

“ Your noble speeches, prove you blest with BRAIN,
 “ BRAIN ! that DAME NATURE gives not *ev'ry* head,
 “ But fills the vast vacuity with lead !——

“ Yet

- “ Yet ere for OPPOSITION we prepare,
 “ And fight the GLORIOUS CAUSE of HEADS of HAIR,
 “ Methinks, ’twould be but *decent* to *petition*,
 “ And tell the K—g, with *firmness*, our CONDITION:
 “ Soon as our *sad* complaint, he hears us utter,
 “ His gracious heart may melt away like butter;
 “ Fair MERCY shine amidst our gloomy house,
 “ And anger’d M——y forget the LOUSE.”

END OF CANTO I.

E R R A T A.

Page 1, line 7.

For—Whose little legs he taught, with anxious care,

To rove the wide dominion of the HAIR,

Read—Whose little feet he taught, with care, to tread

Amidst the wide dominions of the HEAD.

Page 26, line 7.

For—Or, &c.—*Read*—Acts, &c.

THE
L O U I S I A N A D.

AN
HEROI-COMIC POEM.

CANTO II.

WITH AN ENGRAVING BY AN EMINENT ARTIST.

BY PETER PINDAR, Esq.

“ — *Qualis ab Incepto.* ” HORACE.

“ As it was in the *beginning*, is *now*, and *ever shall* be, World without End.”

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M.DCC.LXXXVII.

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T H E

L O U I S I A N A D.

C A N T O T H E S E C O N D.

NYMPHS of the sacred fount, around whose brink
Bards rush in droves, like cart horses, to drink ;
Dip their dark beards amidst your streams so clear,
And whilst they gulp it, with it ale or beer ;
Far more delighted to possess, I ween,
Old Calvert's brewhouse for their Hippocrene ;
And blest with beef, their ghostly forms to fill,
Make Dolly's chophouse their Aonian hill,
More pleas'd to hear knives, forks, in concert join,
Than all the tinkling cymbals of the NINE,

B

Assist

Assist me—ye who themes sublime pursue,
 With scarce a shift, a stocking, or a shoe,
 Such pow'r have satires, epigrams, and odes,
 As make ev'n bankrupts of the born of gods
 As well as mortal bards, who oft bewail
 Their unsuccessful madrigals in jail,
 Where penn'd, like hapless cuckows, in a cage,
 The ragged warblers pour their tuneful rage ;
 Deck the damp walls with verse of various quality,
 And, from their prisons, mount to immortality.

Ah ! tell me, where is now thy blush, O SHAME !
 Shall bards through *jails* explore the road to Fame ;
 Like souls of Papists in their way to glory,
 Doom'd at the half-way house, call'd Purgatory,
 To burn, before they reach the realms of light,
 Like old tobacco pipes, from black to white ?

Yet

Yet let me say again, that pow'rful rhyme
 Hath lifted poets to a state sublime ;
 To lofty pill'ries rais'd their sacred cars
 High o'er the heads of marvelling compeers,
 Whose eggs, potatoes, turnips, and their tops,
 Paid flying homage to their tuneful chops :
 Blest State ! that gives each fair exalted mien,
 To grace in print each monthly magazine ;
 And deck the shops with sweet engravings drest,
 'Midst angels, finners, faints of Mr. WEST ;
 Where brave King ALEXANDER and the DEER,
 A noble, buffling hodge-podge shall appear
 From that fam'd * picture which our wonder drew,
 And pour'd its brazen splendors on the view ;
 Bright as the pictures that with glorious glare,
 On penthouse high, in Piccadilly stare,

* A whole acre of canvass so daub'd by colour as to give it the appearance of a brass foundery.

Where lions seem to roar, and tygers growl,
 Hyenas whine, and wolves in concert howl ;
 And by their gogling eyes and furious grin,
 Inform what shaggy devils lodge within.

Ye NYMPHS who, fond of fun, full many a time,
 Mount on a jack-ass many a child of rhyme,
 And make him think, astride his braying hack,
 He moves sublime on Pegafus's back :
 Ye MUSES, oft by brainless poets fought
 To bid the stanza chime and swell with thought ;
 Who, whelping for OBLIVION, fain would save
 Their whining puppies from the fullen wave ;
 Assist me ! — ye who visit towns and hovels,
 To teach our girls in bibs to eke out novels,
 And treat with scorn (far nobler knowledge studying)
 The humble art of making pye or pudding :

Who

Who make our Sapphos of their verses vain,
 And fancy all Parnassus in their brain ;
 And 'midst the bustle of their lucubrations,
 Take downright madness for your inspirations ;
 Charm'd with the cadence of a lucky line,
 Who taste a rapture equal, GEORGE, to thine ;
 When blest at DATCHET, through thy HERSHELL'S glafs,
 That brings from distant worlds a horse, an ass,
 A tree, a windmill, to the curious eye,
 Shirts, stockings, blankets, that on hedges dry ;
 Thine eyes, at evenings late and mornings soon,
 Unfated feast on wonders in the moon ;
 Where Hershell on volcanos, mountains, pores,
 And happy Nature's true sublime explores ;
 Whilst thou so modest (wonderful to tell !)
 On LUNAR *trifles* art content to dwell,
 Flies, grasshoppers, grubs, cobwebs, cuckow spittle,
 In short, delighted with the world of *little*,

Which West shall paint, and grave Sir Joseph Banks
 Receive from thy historic mouth with thanks ;
 Then bid the vermin on the journals* crawl,
 Hop, jump, and flutter, to amuse us all.

And thou, great PATRON † of the double quill,
 That flays by rhyme, and murders by a pill,
 A pretty kind of double-barrell'd gun,
 More giv'n to tragedy than comic fun :
 Auspicious PATRON of the paunch, and backs
 Of those all-daring rascals christ'ned quacks,
 To whom our purse and lives are legal plunder,
 Who, hawk-like, keep the human species under :

GOD of those gentlemen of gingling brains,
 Who, for *their own amusement*, print their strains,
 O aid, as lofty Homer says, my *nous*,
 To sing sublime the Monarch and the Louse !

* Of the Royal Society.

† Apollo.

NYMPHS, PHOEBUS, in my *first* heroic chapter
 I should have pray'd for crumbs of tuneful rapture :
 Thus to forget my friends was not so clever ;
 But, says the proverb, " better *late* than *never* . "

Well! since I'm in the invocation trade,
 To *Conscience* let my compliments be paid——

CONSCIENCE, a terrifying little sprite,
 That, bat-like, winks by day and wakes by night ;
 Hunts through the heart's dark holes each lurking vice,
 As sharp as weasels hunting eggs or mice ;—
 Who, when the light'nings flash, and thunders crack,
 Makes our hair bristle like a hedge-hog's back ;
 Shakes, ague-like, our hearts with wild commotion ;
 Uplifts our faint-like eyes with dread devotion :
 Bids the poor trembling tongue make terms with Heav'n,
 And promise miracles to be forgiv'n :
 Bids spectres rise, not very like the Graces,
 With gogling eyes, black beards, and Tyburn faces ;

With

With scenes of fires of glowing brimstone scares,
 Spits, forks, and proper culinary wares
 For roasting, broiling, frying, fricasseeing,
 The SOUL, that sad offending little *Being* :
 That stubborn stuff of salamander make,
 Proof to the fury of the burning lake.

O CONSCIENCE! thou strait jacket of the soul,
 The madding fallies of the bard control ;
 Who, when inclin'd, like brother bards, to lie,
 Bring TRUTH's neglected form before his eye,
 Fair MAID! to towns and courts a stranger grown,
 And now to rural swains almost unknown,
 Whose company was once their prudent choice ;
 Who once delighted, list'ned to her voice ;
 When in their hearts the *gentler* passion strove,
 And CONSTANCY went hand in hand with LOVE.
 Sweet TRUTH, who steals through lonely shades along,
 And mingles with the turtle's note her song ;

Whilst

Whilst FALSEHOOD, rais'd by fycophantic tricks,
Unblushing flaunts it in a coach and fix.

CONSCIENCE, who bid't our Monarch from the nation,
Send sons to Gottingen for education,
Since hapless CAM and ISIS, lost to knowledge,
Are ideots to this Hanoverian college,
Where simple Science beams with orient ray ;
The great, the glorious ATHENS of the day !
So says the RULER of us English fools,
Who cannot judge like *him* of WISDOM's schools.

Dear attic Gottingen ! to thee I bow,
Of Knowledge, O most wonderful milch cow !
From whom huge pails the royal boys shall bring,
And give, we hope, a little to the ——
Through *Thee*, besides the knowledge they may reap,
The lads shall get their board and lodging cheap ;

And learn, like their good parents, to subsist
 Within the limits of the Civil List;
 Who seldom bid a Minister implore
 A little farther pittance for the *poor*.

CONSCIENCE! who to the wonder of his SIRE,
 Bad'ft from his wonted ftate a PRINCE retire,
 And, like a fubject, humbly feek the fhade,
 That not a tradefman might remain unpaid:
 An action that the foul of ENVY ftings—
 A deed unmention'd in the book of KINGS:

CONSCIENCE! who mad'ft a Monarch by thy pow'r,
 Send pris'ner the fam'd * Di'mond to the Tow'r;
 So witchingly that look'd him in the face,
 And impudently fought to bribe his GRACE:
 Where too the cradle and the bed fhall reft,
 That on the fame damn'd errand left the Eaft—

* Such is the ftory of the late fly Bulfe that ftole into St. James's.

Thus fall of gems and pearl, the treas'nous tribe,
 And beds and cradles that would MONARCHS bribe!

CONSCIENCE! who mak'st our King (how very strange!)
 Keep a fair drawer of halfpence to give change:
 Resolv'd, (so strictly in his dealings true)
 That none shall keep from CÆSAR, CÆSAR'S due.

CONSCIENCE! who now can'st, like a cart horse, draw,
 Now lifeless sinking, scarcely lift a straw:
 So different are thy pow'rs at diff'rent times,
 'Thou dear companion of the man of rhymes!
 Thou! who at times can'st like a lion roar.
 For one poor fixpence, yet, like NORTH, can'st snore,
 Tho' rapine, murder, try to ope thine eyes,
 And raging Hell with all his horrors rise:
 Whose eye on petty frauds can fiercely flame,
 Yet wink at full-blown crimes that *blast* a name.

O CONSCIENCE! who didst bid to madness work,
 (So great thy pow'r) the brain of hapless YORKE,
 And mad'st him cut from ear to ear his throat,
 That luckless spoil'd his patriotic note ;
 Yet wanted'st strength to force from *his* hard eye
 One drop—who *help'd* him to yon spangled sky ;
 Whose damned pray'rs, feign'd tears, and tongue of art,
 Won on the weakness of his honest heart !
 POOR YORKE! without a stone, whose reliques lie,
 Tho' VIRTUE mark'd the murder with a sigh !

O CONSCIENCE! who to CLIVE did'st give the knife
 That, desp'rate plunging, took his forfeit life ;
 Who, lawless plund'rer, in his wild career,
 Whelm'd ASIA's eye with woe, and heart with fear ;
 Whose wheels on carnage roll'd, and drench'd with blood,
 From gasping Nature forc'd the blushing flood ;
 Whilst HAVOCK, panting with triumphant breath,
 Nerv'd his red arm, and hail'd the hills of death.

And

And now to thee, O lovely FAME, I bend ;
 Let all thy trumpets this great work commend :
 Give one a piece to all the learn'd Reviews,
 And bid them sound the labours of the Muse :
 Give to the magazines á trumpet each,
 And let the swelling note to doomsday reach :
 To daily newspapers a trumpet give :
 Thus shall my epic strain for ever live :
 Thus shall my book descend to distant times,
 And rapt posterity resound my rhymes.
 By future BEAUTIES shall each tome be prest,
 And, like their lapdogs, live a parlour guest.

Thee, dearest FAME, some mercenaries hail,
 Merely to gain their labours a good sale ;
 Or rise to fair preferment by thy tongue,
 Tho' deaf as adders to thy charms of song :
 Just as the hypocrites say pray'rs, sing psalms,
 Bestow upon the blind, and cripple, alms ;

Yield glory to the Pow'ꝛ who rules above,
 Not from a principle of heav'nly love,
 But, sneaking rascals, to obtain—when dead—
 A comfortable lodging over head,
 When forc'd by age, or doctors, or their spouses,
 The vagrants quit their sublunary houses.

With tiresome invocation having done,
 At length our glorious Epic may go on---
 Lo! Madam SWELLENBERG, inclin'd to *cram*,
 Was wond'rous busy o'er a plate of ham:
 A ham that once adorn'd a German pig,
 Rough as a bear, and as a jack-ass big;
 In woods of *Westphaly* by hunters smitten,
 And sent a present to the Queen of Britain.

But ere we farther march, ye Muses, say
 Somewhat of Madam SWELLENBERG, I pray:
 If antient poets mention but a horse,
 We read his genealogy of course:

O say,

O say, shall horses boast the deathless line,
 And o'er a *Lady's* lineage sleep the Nine ?

By virtue of her father and her mother,
 This woman saw the light without much pother ;
 That is—no grand commotions shook our earth——
 Apollo danc'd no hornpipe at her birth,
 To say to what perfection she was born :
 What wit, what wisdom should the nymph adorn :
 No bees around her lips in clusters hung,
 To tell the future sweetness of her tongue :
 Around her cradle perch'd no cooing dove,
 To mark the soul of innocence and love :
 No smiling Cupids round her cradle play'd,
 To show the future conquests of the maid ;
 Whose charms would make the jealous sex her foes,
 And with their light'nings blast a thousand beaus.
 Indeed, the Muse must own a trifling pother
 Sprung up between the father and the mother ;

For, after taking methods how to gain her,
They knew not how the devil to maintain her.

Heav'ns! what no prodigy attend *her* birth,
Who awes the greatest palace upon earth?
Yes!---a black cat around the bantling squawl'd,
Join'd its young cries, and all the house appall'd:
Now here, now there, he sprung with visage wild,
And made a bold attempt to kiss the child:
Bats pour'd in hideous hofts into the room,
And, imp-like, flitting, form'd a sudden gloom;
Then to the cradle rush'd the dark'ning throng,
And raptur'd shriek'd congratulating song;
Which song, in concert with the squawls of puss,
Seem'd, in plain German, "*Thou art one of us.*"
In Strelitz first this dame the light espy'd,
Born to a good inheritance of pride;
For howe'er paradoxical it be,
PRIDE pigs with people of a *low* degree,

As well as with your folks of fortune, fruits ;
 Like rats that live in palaces or huts ;
 Or bugs, an animal of pompous gait,
 That dwell in beds of straw, or beds of state ;
 Or monkees vile, whose tooth inglorious grapples,
 Now with Ananas, now with rotten apples.
 Hail PROTEUS PRIDE, whose various pow'rs of throat
 Can swell the trumpet's loud and faucy note ;
 And if a meaner air can serve thy turn,
 In panting, quiv'ring sounds of Jews-harps, mourn !
 Hail, PRIDE, companion of the great and little,
 So abject who can't lick a patron's spittle ;
 Whine like a sneaking puppy at his door,
 And turn the hind part of thy wig before ;
 Nay, if he orders, turn it inside out,
 And wear it, Merry Andrew like, about ;
 Heed not the grinning world a single rush,
 But bear its pointed scorn, without a blush.

Yet fain wou'dst thou the crouching world bestride;
 Just like the RHODIAN BULLY o'er the tide;
 The brazen wonder of the world of yore,
 That proudly stretch'd his legs from shore to shore,
 And saw of Greece the loftiest navy travel,
 In dread submission, underneath his navel.

So much for Pride---great, little, humble, vain;
 And now for Madam SWELLENBERG again.

Whether the Nymph could ever boast a grace,
 That deign'd to pay a visit to her face,
 The MUSE is ignorant, she must allow;
 Yet knows this truth, that not one sparkles *now*.
 If ever beauties, in delight excelling,
 Charm'd on her cheek, they long have left their dwelling.
 This Nymph, a mantuamaker, was, I ween,
 And priz'd for cheapness by our saving Queen,

Who (where's the mighty harm of loving money)
 Brought her to this fair land of milk and honey,
 And plac'd her in a most important sphere---
 INSPECTRESS GENERAL of the Royal geer.

Soon as this woman heard the Loufe's tale,
 At once she turn'd, like walls of plaster, pale.
 But first the ham of *Westphaly* she gobbled,
 And then to feck the LORD'S ANOINTED, hobbled,
 HIM full of wrath, like Peleus' son of yore,
 When Agamemnon took away his wh---,
 In all the bitterness of wrath, she found;
 The Queen and Royal children staring round.

“ O *Swelly*,” thus the madden'd Monarch roar'd,
 Whilst wild impatience wing'd the rapid word;
 For lo! the *solemn* Monarch, of graceful speech,
 The KING long since had bid to kiss his b----h,

The broken language that his mouth affords
 Are heads and tails, and legs and wings, of words,
 That give imagination's laughing eye
 A lively picture of a giblet pye.

- “ O *Swelly, Swelly,*” cry'd the furious King,
 “ What! what a dirty, filthy, nasty thing!
 “ That thus you come to ease my angry mind,
 “ Indeed is very, very, very, very kind.
 “ What's your opinion, hæ?” the Monarch rav'd---
 “ Yes, yes, the cooks shall ev'ry one be shav'd---
 “ What! what! hæ! hæ! now tell me, *Swelly,* pray---
 “ Shan't I be right in't---What! what! *Swelly,* hæ?
 “ Yes, yes, I'm sure on't, by the Loufe's looks,
 “ That he belong'd to some-one of the cooks---
 “ Speak, *Swelly*; shan't we shave each filthy jowl?---
 “ Yes, yes, and that we will, upon my soul.”

To whom the DAME, with elevated chin,
Wide staring eyes, and broad contemptuous grin :

- “ Yes, fure as dat my foul is to be fav’d,
 “ So fure de dirty rascals fal be shav’d---
 “ Shav’d to de quick be ev’ry moder’s son---
 “ And curse me if *I* do not see it done :
 “ De barbers soon der nasty locks fal fall on,
 “ Nor leave one standing for a Louse to crawl on.
 “ If on der skulls de razor do not shine,
 “ May gowns and petticoats no more be mine---
 “ Curls, clubs, and pigtails, all fal go to pot
 “ For fush curs’d nastiness, or I’ll be rot ;
 “ Or else to Strelitz let me quickly fly
 “ Dat dunghill, dat poor pighouse to de eye ;
 “ Where from his own mock trone de Prince so great,
 “ Can jomp into anoder Prince estate---
 “ Yes, by de God dat made dis cart and me,
 “ No sngle lousy rascal fal go free.”

Reader, thou raifest both thy marv'ling eyes,
 In all the staring wildness of surprife ;
 As if the poet did not truth revere,
 And fanciest *gentlewomen* could not swear :
 Go, fool, and seek the ladies of the mud,
 Queens of the lakes, or damsels of the flood ;
 Nymphs, Nereids, or what vulgar tongues call drabs,
 Who vend at Billingsgate their sprats and crabs ;
 Tell them their fish all stink, and thou wilt hear
 Whether that *gentlewomen* ever swear :
 Nay, visit many of our courtly dames,
 When wrath their dove-like gentleness inflames ;
 Lo ! thou shalt find, by many a naughty word,
 They use small ceremony with the Lord,
 In spite of all that godly books contain,
 That teach them not to take his name in vain.

“ Thanks, *Swelly*, thanks, thanks, thanks,” the KING replied,

“ Like me, you have not got a grain of pride.

“ Yes,

“ Yes, yes, if I am Master of this house ;

“ Yes, yes, the locks shall fall, and then the House.”

He spoke---and to confirm the dreadful doom,
His head he shook, that shook the dining room.
Thus Jove of old, the dread, the THUND’RING GOD,
Shook, when he swore, OLYMPUS with his nod.

“ Yes, (cry’d the KING)---Yes, yes, their curls shall quake ;
“ But tell me, where, where, where’s Sir FRANCIS DRAKE ?”

O, Reader, think not ’twas that DRAKE, Sir FRANCIS,
Whose wondrous actions seem almost romances ;
Who shone in sense profound, and bloodiest wars,
And rais’d the Nation’s glory to the stars :
Who first in triumph sail’d around the world,
And vengeance on the foes of Britain hurl’d :
But HE who sculks around the Royal kitchen,
Which, if he catch a neighbour’s dog or bitch in,

Lets fly, to strike the four-legg'd mumper dead,
A poker, or a clever, at his head.

Not *that* Sir FRANCIS DRAKE who, god-like, bore
Fair Freedom, Science to th' Atlantic shore :
To Pagans gave the Gospel's saving grace,
And planted Virtue 'midst a barb'rous race ;
Spread on the dark'ned realms the blaze of light—
But *he* who sees the spoons and plates are bright ;
Sees that the knives before the King and Queen
Are, like the pair of Royal stomachs, *keen* :
Not *he*, whose martial frown whole kingdoms shook,
But he whose low'ring visage shakes a cook :
Not he who pour'd on Mexico his tars,
But he, at *London*, who with *linen* wars :
Napkins and damask table cloths affails
With scissars, razors, knives, and teeth and nails ;
Who dares with Doylies desp'rate war to wage,
Such is *his* province and domestic rage,

If, like his predecessors, he hath grace,
 And calls his conquests, *perquisites of place*---
 'Twas not that DRAKE who bade his daring crew
 Run with their bayonets the Spaniards through ;
 But that important DRAKE, in office big,
 Instructing cooks to spit a goose or pig :
 Not *he* who took the Spaniards by the nose,
 And prisons fill'd with Britain's graceless foes ;
 But he who bids the geese, his pris'ners, die,
 And stuffs their legs and gizzards in a pie :
 He who, three times a week, a green-cloth Lord,
 Sits, Wisdom-fraught, at that important board
 With wise compeers, in Judge-like order studying,
 Whether the KING shall have a tart or pudding.
 'Twas *this* Sir FRANCIS, quite a diff'rent man
 From him who round the world with glory ran :
 Forbid it, Heav'n ! that e'er the MUSE untrue
 Should give to any man, another's due !

MUSE, leave we now the Monarch, vengeance brewing,
To take a peep at what the cooks were doing.

In that * snug room, the scene of shrewd remark,
Whose window stares upon the faunt'ring park ;
Where many a hungry bard, and gambling finner,
In chop-fall'n sadness, counts the trees for dinner :
In that snug room where any man of spunk
Would find it a hard matter to get † drunk ;
Where coy Tokay ne'er feels a cook's embraces,
Nor Port nor Claret show their rosy faces ;
But where old Adam's beverage flows with pride,
From wide-mouth'd pitchers, in a plenteous tide ;
Where veal, pork, mutton, beef, and fowl and fish,
All club their joints to make one *handsome* dish :

* The Larder.

† This will be deemed strange by my *country* readers—but it is nevertheless true.

Where

Where stew-pan covers serve for plates, I ween,
 And knives and forks and spoons are never seen :

Where pepper issues from a paper bag,
 And for a crewet stands a brandy cag :

Where Madam SWELLENBERG too often fits
 Like some old tabby in her mousing fits,
 Demurely squinting with majestic mien,
 To catch some fault to carry to the QUEEN :

In that snug room, like those immortal Greeks,
 Of whom, in book the thirteenth, OVID speaks---
 Around the table, all with fulky looks,
 Like culprits doom'd to Tyburn, sat the Cooks :
 At length with phiz that show'd the man of woes,
 The forrowing King of spits and stewpans rose ;
 Like PAUL at Athens, very justly fainted,
 And by the charming brush of Raphael painted,
 With outstretch'd hands, and energetic grace,
 He fearless thus harangues the ROASTING RACE ;

Whilst

Whilst gaping round, in mute attention fit

The poor forlorn disciples of the spit.

“ Cooks, scullions, hear me ev’ry mother’s son---

“ Know that I relish not this Royal fun:

“ GEORGE thinks us scarcely fit (’tis very clear)

“ To carry guts, my brethren, to a bear.”

“ Guts to a bear!” the cooks upspringing, cry’d---

“ Guts to a bear,” the Major loud replied.

“ Guts to the devil,” roar’d the cooks again,

And tofs’d their noses high in proud disdain:

The plain translation of whose pointed noses

The reader needeth not, the bard supposes:

But if the reason some dull reader looks,

’Tis this---whatever Kings may think of cooks,

Howe’er crown’d heads may deem them low-born things;

Cooks are possess’d of souls as well as *Kings*.

Yet are there some who think (but what a shame!)

Poor people’s souls like pence of Birmingham,

Adulterated

Adulterated brags---base stuff---abhorr'd---

That never can pass current with the LORD ;

And think, because of wealth they boast a store,

With ev'ry freedom they may treat the *poor* :

Witness the story that my Muse, with tears,

Relates, O Reader, to thy shrinking ears.

With feeble voice and deep desponding sighs,

With fallow cheek and pity-asking eyes,

A wretch by age and poverty decay'd,

For farthings lately to a NABOB pray'd :

The NABOB, turkey-like, began to swell,

And damn'd the beggar to the pit of hell.

“ Oh! Sir,” the Suppliant was heard to cry,

(The tear of mis'ry trickling from his eye)

“ Tho' I'm in rags, and wondrous, wondrous poor,

“ And *you* with gold and silver cover'd o'er,

“ There won't, in heav'n such difference take place,

“ When we before the LORD come face to face.

“ *You* face to face with *me* ?” the Nabob cry’d,
In all the insolence of upstart pride:

“ *You* face to face with *me*, you dog, appear ?

“ Damme I’ll kick you, if I catch you there.”

Oh, shocking blasphemy ! oh, horrid speech !

Where was the fellow born ? the wicked wretch !

So black an imp would pull, I do suppose,

A bulge of di’monds from a BEGUM’S nose ;

Or make, like DOULAH, careless of his soul,

A new edition of the old Black Hole.

“ What’s life,” the Major said, “ my brethren, pray,

“ If force must snatch our first delights away ?

“ Relentless shall the Royal mandate drag

“ The hairs that long have grac’d this filken bag ?

“ Hairs to a barber scarcely worth a fig,

“ Too few to make a foretop for a wig :

“ Must razors vile these locks so scanty shave,

“ Locks that I wish to carry to my grave ;

“ Hairs,

- “ Hairs, look my lads, so wonderfully thin---
 “ Old SWELLENBERG hath more upon her chin?”
 “ Yes, that she hath, (exclaim’d a Cook) by G-d,
 “ A damn’d old German good-for-nothing toad.
 “ Yes, yes, her mouth with beard divinely bristles---
 “ Curse me, I’d rather kiss a bunch of thistles.
 “ Oh! were it but His Majesty’s commands
 “ To give her gentle jawbones to these hands,
 “ I’d shave her, like a punish’d soldier, *dry*---
 “ No killing now should make a sweeter cry—
 “ I’d pay my compliments to Madam’s chin—
 “ I’ll answer for’t I’d make the devil grin—
 “ The razor most deliciously should work—
 “ I’d trim her muzzle—yes, I’d scrape her pork—
 “ I’d teach her to some purpose to behave,
 “ And show the witch the nature of a shave—
 “ Oh! woman, woman! whither lean or fat,
 “ In face an *angel*, but in soul a *cat*.”

He

He ended--when each mouth upon the stretch;
Crown'd with a loud horse-laugh the classic speech.

Too soon, alas! resentment seiz'd the hour,
And JOKE resign'd his grin-provoking pow'r;
RAGE dimm'd of mirth the sudden sunny sky,
And fill'd with gloomy oaths each scowling eye:
Whilst GRIEF returning took her turn to reign,
Sunk every heart, and sadden'd ev'ry mien:
Drew from their giddy heights the laughing graces—
For much is grief dispos'd to bring down faces.

“ Son of the spit,” the Major, strutting, cry'd,
“ I like thy spirit, and revere thy pride:
“ I'd rather hear thee than a Bishop preach,
“ For thou hast made a very pretty speech.
“ Such is the language that the gods should hear,
“ And such should thunder on the Royal ear.

“ Yet

“ Yet, son of dripping, tho’ thou speak’st my notions,

“ We must not be too nimble in our motions —

“ Awhile, heroic brothers, let us halt ;

“ Soft fires, the proverb tells us, make good malt.

“ And yet again I bid you stand like rocks,

“ And battle for the honour of your locks.

“ Lo! in these aged hairs is all my joy—

“ To shave them, is my *Being* to destroy.

“ What’s life, if life has not a bliss to give—

“ And if unhappy, who would wish to live?

“ CONTENT can visit the poor spider’d room,

“ Pleas’d with the coarse rush mat and birchen broom ;

“ Where parents, children, feast on oaten bread,

“ With cheeks as round as apples, and as red ;

“ Where health with vigour nerves their backs and hams,

“ Sweet souls, tho’ ragged as young colts or rams ;

“ Where calmly sleep the parents with their darlings,

“ Tho’ nibbled by the fleas as thick as starlings ;

“ Lull'd to their rest, beneath the coarsest rugs,

“ Dead to the bitings of a thousand bugs.

“ CONTENT, mild maid! delights in *simple* things,

“ And envies not the state of Queens or Kings :

“ Can dine on sheep's head, or a dish of broth,

“ Without a table, or a table cloth ;

“ Nor wishes with the fashionable groupe,

“ To visit HORTON'S shop for turtle soupe :

“ Can use a bit of packthread for a jack,

“ And sit upon a chair without a back :

“ Nay, wanting knives, can with her fingers work,

“ And use a wooden skewer for a fork.

“ Sweet maid! who thinks not shoes of leather shocking,

“ Nor feels the horrors in a worsted stocking :

“ Her temper mild, no huckaback can shock,

“ Tho' for her lovely limbs it forms a smock :

“ Pleas'd with the nat'ral curls her face that shade,

“ No graves are robb'd for hair to make a braid :

“ Her

- “ Her breast of native plumpness ne'er aspires
 “ To swelling *merry thoughts* of gauze and wires,
 “ To look like crops of ducks, (with labour born)
 “ Stretch'd by a superfluity of corn.
 “ With Nature's hips, she sighs not for *cork rumps*
 “ And scorns the pride of pinching stays or jumps ;
 “ But pleas'd from whalebone prisons to escape,
 “ She trusts to simple nature for a shape :
 “ Without a warmingpan can go to bed—
 “ And wrap her petticoat about her head ;
 “ Nor sigh for cobweb caps of Mecklin lace,
 “ That shade of quality the varnish'd face :
 “ Sweet nymph, like doves, she seeks her straw-built nest,
 “ And in a pair of minutes is undrest ;
 “ Whilst all the *fashionable* female clans,
 “ Undressing, seem unloading caravans.
 “ No matter from what source Contentment springs ;
 “ 'Tis just the same in Cooks as 'tis in Kings ;
 “ And

“ And if our souls are fet upon our hair,
 “ Let snip-snap barbers, nay, let *Kings*, beware,
 “ Nor tempt the dangerous rage of true John Bulls,
 “ And clap, like fools, the edge tool to our skulls.
 “ Tread on a worm, he shows his rage and pain,
 “ By turning on the wounding toe again :
 “ Nay, ev'n *inanimates* appear to feel——
 “ On the loose *stone*, if chance direct your heel,
 “ Lo! from its womb the sudden stream ascends,
 “ To prove the foot was not among its friends ;
 “ And calling in the aid of neighbour mud,
 “ O'er the fair stocking spouts the fable flood.”

So spoke the Major, with resentment fir'd---
 Spoke like a man---indeed like man *inspir'd* !
 Some critic cries, with sharp fastidious look,
 “ Bard, bard, this is not language for a cook.”---
 “ O snarler ! but I'll lay thee any wager,
 “ It is not too sublime for a *Cook Major*.”---

“ Behold !

“ Behold ! to remedy our sad condition,”
 The Major cry’d, “ I’ve cook’d up a Petition :
 “ This carries weight with it, or I’m mistaken :
 “ Shall shake the Monarch’s soul, and save our bacon---
 “ Then jumping on a barrel, thus aloud
 “ He read sonorous to the gaping croud.

Thus reads a parish clerk in church a brief,
 That begs for burnt-out wretches kind relief—
 Relief, alas ! that very rarely reaches.
 The poor petitioners, the ruin’d wretches :
 But (lost its way) unfortunately steers
 To fat churchwardens and fat overseers ;
 Improves each dish, augments the punch and ale,
 And adds new spirit to the smutty tale.

THE PETITION OF THE COOKS.

YOUR Majesty's firm friends and faithful cooks,
 Who in your Palace merry liv'd as grigs,
 Have heard, with heavy hearts and down-cast looks,
 That we must all be shav'd, and put on wigs:
You, SIRE, who with such honour wear your Crown,
 Should never bring on *ours* disgraces down.

Dread Sir! we really deem our heads our own,
 With ev'ry sprig of hair that on them springs—
 In France, where men like spaniels lick the Throne,
 And count it glory to be *cuff'd* by Kings,
Their locks belong unto the *Grand Monarque*,
 Who swallows privileges like a shark.

Be pleas'd to pardon what we now advance---

We dare your sacred Majesty assure,
That there's a difference 'twixt *us* and *France*;

And *long*, we hope, that *diff'rence* we'll endure.
We know KING LEWIS wou'd, with pow'r so dread,
Not only cut the *hair* off, but the *head*.

Oh! tell us, Sir, in loyalty so true,

What dire designing-raggamuffins said,
That we your Cooks are such a nasty crew,
Great Sir! as to have crawlers in our head?

My Liege, you can't find one through all our house—
Not if you'd give a guinea for a louse.

What creature 'twas you found upon your plate

We know not—if a louse, it was not ours—
To shave each Cook's poor unoffending pate,
Betrays too much of arbitrary pow'rs—

The act humanity and justice shocks—

Let him who *owns* the crawler lose his locks.

But

But grant upon your plate this louse so dread,

How can you say, Sir, it belongs to *us*? —

Maggots are found in many a princely head ;

And if a maggot, why then not a louse ?

Nay, grant the fact---with horror should you shrink ?

It could not eat your Majesty, we think.

Hunger, my Liege, hath oft been felt by Kings,

As well as people of *inferior state*----

Quarrels with Cooks are therefore dangerous things---

We cannot answer for your stomach's fate :

For by your size we frankly must declare---

You feed on more substantial stuff than *air*.

My Liege, a Universe hath been your foes :

The times have look'd most miserably black---

America hath *try'd* to pull your nose----

French, Dutch, and Spaniards, *try'd* to bang your back :

'Twould be a serious matter, we can tell ye,

Were *we* to buccaneer it on your *belly*.

You

You see the spirit of your Cooks then, Sire---

Determin'd nobly to support their locks :

And should your guards be order'd out to fire,

Their guns may be oppos'd by spits and crocks :

Knives, forks, and spoons, may fly, with plates a store,

And all the thunder of the kitchen roar.

Nat. Gardner, Yeoman of the mouth, declares

He'll join the standard of your injur'd cooks---

Each scullion, turnbroche, for redrefs prepares,

And puts on very formidable looks :

Your women too---*imprimis*, *Mrs. Dyer*,

Whose eggs are good as ever felt a fire :

Next Sweeper-general *Bickley*, *Mrs. Mary*,

With that fam'd bell-ringer call'd *Mrs. Loman*—

Ann Spencer, guardian of the Necessary—

That is to say, the necessary woman——

All these, an't please you, Sir, so fierce, determine

To join us in the cause of hair and vermine.

M

There's

There's Mistrefs *Stewart*—Mr. *Richard Day*,

Who find your Sacred Majesty in linen---

Are ready to support us in our fray---

You can't conceive the passion they have been in---

They swear so much your scheme of shaving hurts,

You shan't have pocket-handkerchiefs or shirts.

The grocers, *Clarke* and *Taylor*, curse the scheme,

And say whate'er we do, the world won't blame us---

So *Comber* says, who gives you milk and cream----

And thus your old friend, Mr. *Lewis Ramus*.

We think your sacred Majesty would mutter

At loss of sugar, milk, and cream, and butter.

Suppose, an't please you, Sir, that Mistrefs *Knutton*

And Mistrefs *Maisbfield*, fierce as tyger cats;

One Overseer of all the beef and mutton,

The other Lady President of sprats----

Suppose in opposition to your wish,

This locks away the flesh, and *that* the fish?

Suppose

Suppose *John Clarke* refuse supplies of mustard,

So necessary to your beef and bacon?

Will Roberts all the apple-pie and custard,

Your Majesty would growl, or we're mistaken——

Suppose that *Wells*, a stubborn temper, studying,

Should take the plums off from the Sunday pudding?

Suppose that *Rainsforth* with our *corps* unites?---

We mean the man who all the tallow handles---

Suppose he daring locks up all the lights---

How could your Majesty contrive for candles?

You'd be (excuse the freedom of remark)

Like *some* Administrations---in the *dark*.

We dare assure you that our grief is great---

And oft indeed our feelings it enrages,

To see your sacred Majesty beset

By such a graceless gang of idle pages---

And with submission to your judgement, Sire,

We think old Madam SWELLENBERG a liar.

Suppose,

Suppose, GREAT SIR, that by your cruel *fiat*,
 The barbers should attack our humble head,
 And that we should not chuse to breed a riot,
 Because we might not wish to lose our bread;
 Say, would the triumph o'er each harmless Cook
 Make GEORGE THE THIRD like ALEXANDER look?

Dread Sir, reflect on JOHNNY WILKES's fate,
 Supported chiefly by a paltry rabble---
 WILKES bade defiance to your frowns and state,
 And got the better in that famous squabble:
 Poor was the victory you wish'd to win,
 That sat the mouth of EUROPE on the *grin*.

O KING, our wives are in the kitchen, roaring,
 All ready in rebellion, ready now to rise---
 They mock our humble method of imploring,
 And bid us guard against a wig-surprise:
 "Yours is the hair (they cry) th' Almighty gave ye;
 "And not a King in Christendom should shave ye."

Lo!

Lo! on th' event the world impatient looks,

And thinks the joke is carried much too far---

Then pray, Sir, listen to your faithful Cooks,

Nor in the Palace breed a civil war :

Loud roars our band, and obstinate as pigs,

Cry, "Locks and liberty, and damn the wigs."

THE END.

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WITH THE CELEBRATED

Dr. J O H N S O N.

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By PETER PINDAR, Esq.

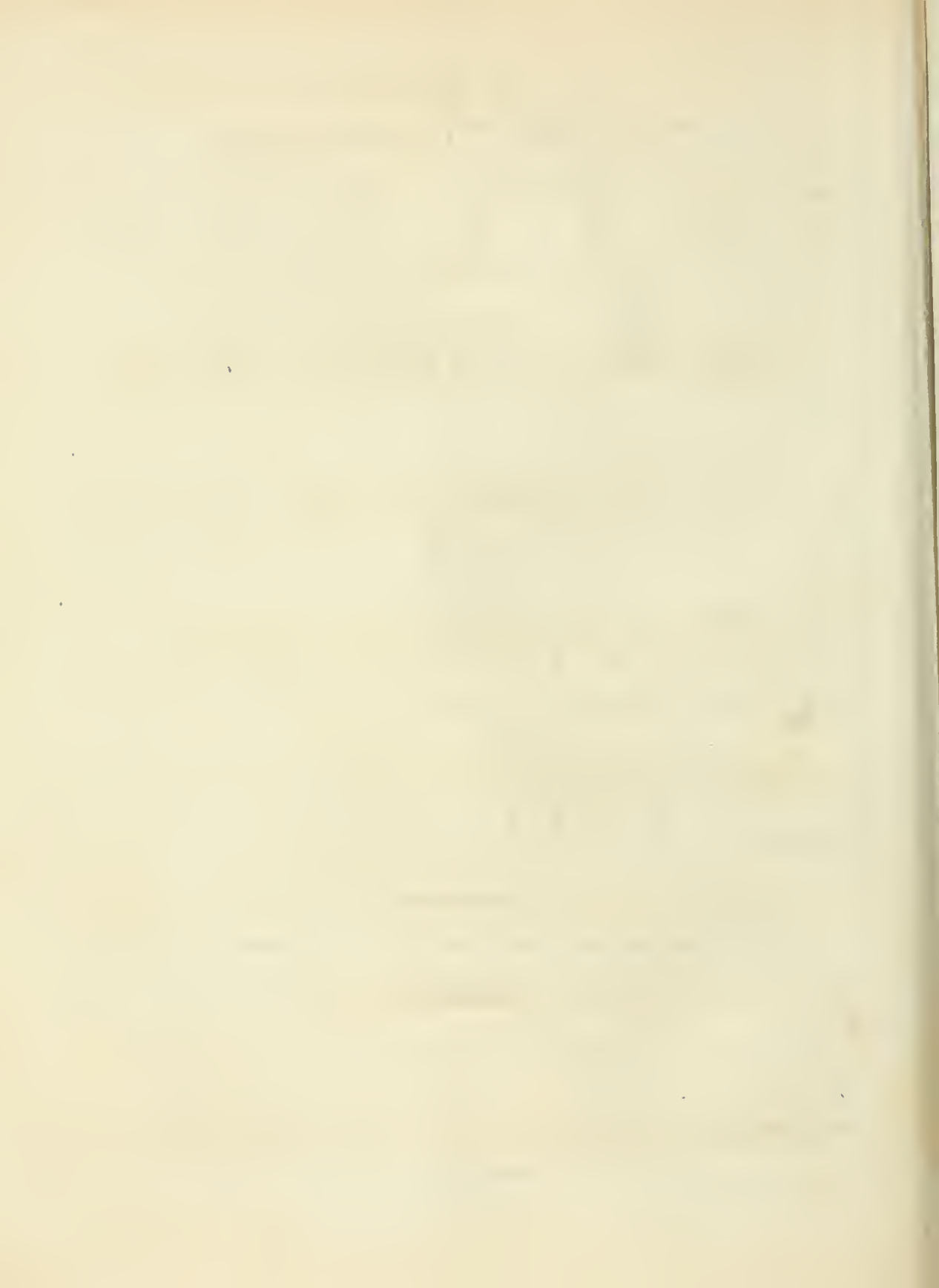
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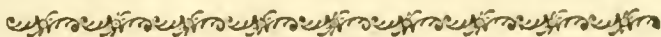
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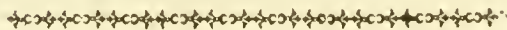
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A

POETICAL EPISTLE, &c.



O BOSWELL, Bozzy, Bruce, whate'er thy name,
Thou mighty shark for anecdote and fame;
Thou jackall, leading lyon Johnson forth
To eat M'Pherson* 'midst his native North;
To frighten grave professors with his roar,
And shake the Hebrides from shore to shore —

* Vide Note, page 16. The translator (but in Dr. Johnson's opinion the author) of the Poems attributed to OSSIAN, .

All hail! --- At length, ambitious Thane, thy rage

To give one spark to Fame's bespangled page

Is amply gratified --- a thousand eyes

Survey thy book with rapture and surprize!

Loud, of thy Tour, a thousand tongues have spoken,

And wonder'd that thy bones were never broken!

Triumphant, thou through Time's vast gulph shall sail,

The pilot of our literary whale;

Cloſe to the claſſic Rambler ſhalt thou cling,

Cloſe as a ſupple courtier to a king!

Fate ſhall not ſhake thee off with all its pow'r,

Stuck like a bat, to ſome old ivy'd tow'r.

Nay, though thy Johnſon ne'er had bleſſ'd thy eyes,

Paoli's deeds had rais'd thee to the ſkies!

Yes!

Yes! his broad wing had rais'd thee, (no bad hack)

A tom-tit twitt'ring on an eagle's back.

THOU, curious scrapmonger, shalt live in song
 When Death hath still'd the rattle of thy tongue;
 Ev'n future babes to lisp thy name shall learn,
 And Bozzy join with Wood, and Tommy Hearn,
 Who drove the spiders from much prose and rhyme,
 And snatch'd old stories from the jaws of Time.

Sweet is thy page,* I ween, that doth recite
 How Thou and Johnson, arm in arm, one night,
 March'd through fair Edinburgh's Pactolian show'rs,
 Which Cloacina bountifully pours;
 Those gracious show'rs that fraught with fragrance flow,
 And gild, like gingerbread, the world below.

How

How sweetly grumbled too was Sam's remark,

“ I smell you, Master Bozzy, in the dark.”

Alas! historians are confounded dull,

A dim Bœotia reigns in ev'ry skull ;

Mere beasts of burthen, broken-winded, slow,

Heavy as dromedaries, on they go ;

Whilst THOU, a Will-o'-wisp, art here, art there,

Wild darting coruscations ev'ry where.

What tasteless mouth can gape, what eye can close,

What head can nod o'er thy enlivening prose?

To other's works, the works of *thy* inditing

Are downright di'monds to the eyes of whiting.

Think not I flatter thee, my flippant friend ::

For well I know that flatt'ry would offend :

Yet honest praise, I'm sure, thou would'st not shun,
 Born with a STOMACH to digest a TUN!
 Who can refuse a smile that reads thy page,
 Where furly Sam, inflam'd with Tory rage,
 Nassau bescondrels, and with anger big,
 Swears WHIGS are *rogues*, and ev'ry ROGUE a *Whig*?
 Who will not too, thy pen's *minutiæ* blefs,
 That gives posterity the Rambler's* dress?
 Methinks I view his full, plain suit of brown,
 The large grey bushy wig that grac'd his crown,
 Black worsted stockings, little silver buckles,
 And shirt that had no ruffles for his knuckles,
 I mark the brown great-coat of cloth he wore,
 That two huge Patagonian pockets bore,

* Vide p. 9.

Which Patagonians wond'rous to unfold,
 Would fairly both his Dictionaries hold.

I see the Rambler* on a large bay mare,
 Just like a Centaur ev'ry danger dare,
 On a full gallop dash the yielding wind,
 The colt and Bozzy scamp'ring close behind.

Of Lady Lochbuy † with what glee we read,
 Who offer'd Sam for breakfast, cold sheep's head ;
 Who press'd and worried by this dame so civil,
 Wish'd the sheep's head and woman's at the devil.

I see you failing both in Buchan's ‡ pot —
 Now storming an old woman § and her cot,
 Who terrify'd at each tremendous shape,
 Deem'd you two demons ready for a rape.

I see all marv'ling at M'Leod's together
 On Sam's remarks* on whey, and tanning leather ;
 At Corrichatachin's,† the Lord knows how,
 I see thee, Bozzy, drunk as David's fow,
 And begging, with rais'd eyes and lengthned chin,
 Heav'n not to damn thee for the deadly sin.
 I see too, the stern moralist regale,
 And pen a Latin ode to Mrs. Thrale.‡
 I see, without a night-cap on his head,
 Rare sight ! bald Sam in the Pretender's|| bed.
 I hear (what's wonderful !) unfought by studying,
 His classic dissertation upon pudding.§
 Of PROVOST JOPP,¶ I mark the marv'ling face,
 Who gave the RAMBLER'S freedom with a *grace*.

I see

* P. 299. † P. 317. ‡ P. 177. § P. 216. || P. 440. ¶ P. 39.

I see too, trav'ling from the ISLE OF EGG,*

The humble fervant † of a horse's leg ;

And SNIP, the taylor, from the ISLE of MUCK, ‡

Who stitched in SKY with tolerable luck.

I see the horn that drunkards must adore ;

The horn, the mighty horn of Rorie More ; §

And bloody shields that guarded hearts in quarrels,

Now guard from rats the milk and butter barrels.

Methinks, the Caledonian dame I see

Familiar fitting on the RAMBLER'S knee,

Charming, with kisses sweet, the chuckling fage :

Melting with sweetest smiles the frost of age ;

Like SOL, who darts at times a chearful ray

O'er the wan visage of a winter's day.

* P. 275. † A Blacksmith. ‡ P. 275. § P. 254.

“ Do it again, my dear,” (I hear Sam cry)

“ See who first tires, my charmer, *you* or *I*.”

I see thee stuffing, with a hand uncouth,

An old dry'd whiting in thy Johnson's mouth,

And lo! I see, with all his might and main,

Thy Johnson spit the whiting out again.

Rare anecdotes! 'tis anecdotes like these,

That bring thee glory, and the million please!

On these, shall future times delighted stare,

Thou charming haberdasher of small ware!

STEWART and ROBERTSON, from *thee*, shall learn,

The simple charms of HIST'RY to discern:

To *thee*, fair HIST'RY'S palm, shall LIVY yield,

And TACITUS, to BOZZY, leave the field!

JOE MILLER'S self, whose page such fun, provokes,

Shall quit his shroud, to grin at Bozzy's jokes!

How are we all with rapture touch'd, to see

Where, when, and at what hour, you swallow'd tea!

How, *once*, to grace this Asiatic treat,

Came haddocks, which the RAMBLER could not eat.

Pleas'd, on thy book thy SOV'REIGN'S eye-balls roll,

Who loves a gossip's story from his soul!

Blest with the mem'ry of the Persian king,*

HE, *ev'ry body* knows, and *ev'ry thing*;

Who's dead, who's married, what poor girl beguil'd,

Hath *lost* a paramour, and *found* a child;

Which gard'ner hath most cabbages and peas,

And which old woman hath most hives of bees;

Which

* Xerxes,

Which farmer boasts the most prolific fows,
 Cocks, hens, geese, turkies, goats, sheep, bulls, and cows ;
 Which barber, best the ladies locks can curl ;
 Which house in Windsor, sells the finest purl ;
 Which CHIMNEY-SWEEP, best beats, in gold array,
 His brush, and shovel, on the first of May :
 Whose dancing dogs, in rigadoons excel ;
 And whose the puppet-shew, that bears the bell ;
 Which clever SMITH, the prettiest man-trap* makes,
 To save from thieves, the royal ducks and drakes ;
 The Guinea hens and peacocks with their eggs ;
 And catch his loving subjects by the legs.

* His M-----y hath planted a number of those trusty guardians around his park at Windsor, for the benefit of the public.

O! since the PRINCE OF GOSSIPS, reads thy book,

To what high honours may not Bozzy look ?

The sunshine of his smile, may soon be thine—

Perchance, in converse thou may'st hear him shine :

Perchance, to stamp thy merit through the nation,

He begs of Johnson's life, thy Dedication ;

Asks questions* of thee, O thou lucky elf,

And *kindly* answers ev'ry one, *himself*.

Blest with the classic learning † of a college,

Our K--g is not a *miser* in his knowledge :

* Just after Dr. Johnson had been honoured with an interview with a certain great personage, in the Queen's library at Buckingham House, he was interrogated by a friend concerning his reception, and his opinion of the r-y-l intellect.---His M-----y seems to be possessed of much good nature, and much curiosity; (replied the Doctor) as for his *ves*, it is far from contemptible.---His M-----y indeed was *multifarious* in his *questions*; but, thank God, he answered them all *himself*.

† This is a very extraordinary circumstance, as the late P-----s D-----R retained three parts of the money ordered for the education of her children. *The effect* of this absurd conduct was so conspicuous in her daughter M-----A, that the letters received from her during her residence at Denmark, were absolutely unintelligible.

Nought

Nought in the storehouse of his brain turns musty :

No razor-wit, for want of use, grows rusty.

Whate'er his head suggests, whate'er he knows,

Free as election beer from tubs, it flows !

Yet, ah ! superior far !---it boasts the merit

Of never *fuddling* people with the *spirit* !

Say Bozzy, *when*, to bless our anxious fight,

When shall thy volume* burst the gates of light ?

O, cloath'd in calf, ambitious brat be born ---

Our kitchens, parlours, libraries, adorn !

My Fancy's keen anticipating eye,

A thousand charming anecdotes can spy :

* The life of Dr. Johnson.

I read, I read of G---ge the *learn'd** display
 ON LOUTH'S and WARBURTON'S immortal fray :
 Of G---ge, whose brain, if right the mark I hit,
 Forms one huge Cyclopædia of wit :
 That holds the wisdom of a thousand ages,
 And frightens all his WORKMEN and his PAGES !
 O Bozzy, still, thy tell-tale plan pursue :
 The world is wond'rous fond of something *new* ;
 And, let but SCANDAL'S breath embalm the page,
 It lives a *welcome guest* from age to age.
 Not only say who *breathes* an arrant knave,
 But who hath sneak'd a rascal to his *grave* :

* His M——y's *commentary* on that quarrel, in which the BISHOP and the DOCTOR pelted one the other with dirt so *gracefully*, will be a *treasure* to the lovers of literature ! Mr. B. hath as good as promised it to the PUBLIC, and we hope, means to keep his word.

Make o'er his turf (in VIRTUE'S cause) a rout,
 And, like a *d-mn'd good Christian*, pull him out.
 Without a fear, on *families*, harangue,
 Say who shall lose their ears, and who shall hang;
 Publish the demireps, and punks---nay more,
 Declare what virtuous wife, *will be* a wh-re.
 Thy brilliant brain, conjecture, can supply,
 To charm through ev'ry leaf, the eager eye.
 The BLUE STOCKING* society describe,
 And give thy comment on each joke, and gibe:
 Tell what the *women* are, their wit, their quality,
 And dip them in thy streams of *immortality!*

* A club mostly composed of learned ladies, to which Mr. B. was admitted.

Let LORD M'DONALD threat thy breech, to kick,*
And o'er thy shinking shoulders, shake his stick :
Treat with contempt, the menace of this Lord,
'Tis HIST'RY'S province, BOZZY, to record.
Though WILKES abuse thy brain, that airy mill,
And swear poor JOHNSON *murther'd* by thy quill ;
What's that to thee ? Why let the *victim* bleed —
Thy end is answer'd, if the Nation read.
The fiddling Knight, † and *tuneful* Mrs. Thrale,
Who frequent *hobb'd* or *nobb'd* with Sam, in ale,

* A letter of *severe* remonstrance was sent to Mr. B. who, in consequence, omitted, in the second edition of his Journal, what is so generally pleasing to the public, viz. the *scandalous passages* relative to this nobleman.

† Sir John Hawkins, who (as well as Mrs. Thrale, now Madam Piozzi) threatens us with the life of the late lexicographer.

Snatch up the pen (as thirst of fame inspires!)
 To write his *jokes* and *stories* by their fires:
 Then why not THOU, each joke and tale enroll,
 Who like a watchful cat, before a hole,
 Full twenty years (inflam'd with letter'd pride)
 Did'st mousing fit before SAM's mouth so wide,
 To catch as many scraps as thou wert able—
 A very LAZ'RUS at the RICH MAN'S table?
 What, tho' against thee PORTERS* bounce the door,
 And bid thee hunt for secrets, *there* no more,

* This is literally true---Nobody is at home. Our great people want the taste to relish Mr. Boswell's vehicles to immortality. Though in LONDON, poor Bozzy is in a *desart*.

With pen and ink so ready at thy coat,

EXCISEMAN-LIKE, each syllable to note,

That giv'n to PRINTERS DEVILS, (a precious load!)

On wings of PRINT, comes flying all abroad?

Watch then the venal VALETS---smack the MAIDS,

And try with gold to make them *rogues* and *jades* :

Yet should their honesty, thy bribes, resent ;

Fly to thy *fertile genius*, and *invent* :

Like old VOLTAIRE, who plac'd his greatest glory

In cooking up an *entertaining* story ;

Who laugh'd at TRUTH, when'er her *simple* tongue

Would snatch *amusement* from a tale or song.

O! whilst amid the anecdotic mine,

Thou labour'st hard to bid thy HERO shine,

Run to Bolt Court,* exert thy CURL-like † soul,
 And fish for golden leaves from hole to hole ;
 Find when he eat and drank, and cough'd, and sneez'd ---
 Let all his *motions* in thy book be squeeze'd :
 On tales *however strange*, impose thy claw ;
 Yes, let thy amber lick up ev'ry straw :
 SAM's nods, and winks, and laughs, will form a *treat* ;
 For all that breathes of JOHNSON *must* be great !
 Blest be thy labours, most advent'rous Bozzy,
 Bold rival of Sir John, and Dame Piozzi ;
 Heav'ns ! with what laurels shall thy head be crown'd !
 A *grove*, a *forest*, shall thy ears, surround !

* In Fleet Street, where the Doctor lived and died.

† CURL the bookseller frequently bribed people to hunt the temples of Cloacina for Pope's and Swift's Letters.

Yes! whilst the RAMBLER shall a COMET blaze,

And gild a world of darkness with his rays,

THEE too, that WORLD, with wonderment, shall hail,

A lively, bouncing CRACKER at his TAIL!

POSTSCRIPT.

P O S T S C R I P T.

AS Mr. BOSWELL'S Journal hath afforded such universal pleasure by the relation of minute incidents, and the great Moralist's opinion of men and things, during his northern tour; it will be adding greatly to the anecdotal treasury, as well as making Mr. B. happy, to communicate part of a Dialogue that took place between Dr. Johnson and the Author of this Congratulatory Epistle, a few months before the Doctor paid the great debt of nature. The Doctor was very cheerful that day, had on a black coat and waistcoat, a black plush pair of breeches, and black worsted stockings; a handsome grey wig, a shirt, a muslin neckcloth, a black pair of buttons in his shirt sleeves, a pair of shoes, ornamented with the very identical little buckles that accompanied the philosopher to the Hebrides; his nails were very neatly pared, and his beard fresh shayed by a razor fabricated by the ingenious Mr. Savigny.

P. P. "Pray, Doctor, what is your opinion of Mr. Boswell's literary powers?"

Johnson. "Sir, my opinion is, that whenever Bozzy expires, he will create no *vacuum* in the region of literature — he seems strongly affected by the *cacoethes scribendi*; wishes to be thought a *rara avis*, and in truth so he is — your knowledge in ornithology, Sir, will easily discover, to what species of bird I allude." Here the Doctor shook his head and laughed.

P. P. "What think you, Sir, of his account of Corsica? — Of his character of Paoli?"

Johnson. "Sir, he hath made a mountain of a wart. But Paoli has virtues. The account is a farrago of disgusting egotism and pompous inanity."

P. P. “ I have heard it whispered, Doctor, that should you die before him, Mr. B. means to write your life.”

Johnson. “ Sir, he cannot mean me so irreparable an injury.—Which of us shall die first, is only known to the Great Disposer of Events; but were I sure that James Boswell would write *my* life, I do not know whether I would not anticipate the measure, by taking *his*.” (Here he made three or four strides across the room, and returned to his chair with violent emotion.)

P. P. “ I am afraid that he means to do you the favour.”

Johnson. “ He dares not—he would make a scarecrow of me. I give him liberty to fire his blunderbuss in *his own* face, but not murder *me*. Sir, I heed not *his αυτος εφα*—BOSWELL write my life! why the fellow possesses not abilities for writing the life of an *ephemera*.”

F I N I S.

E R R A T A.

The first Note in Page 1, refers to the word Bruce, vide i line 1; and the second to M'Pherson, vide Line 4.

Page 2, Line 7, for shall, read shalt.

Page 5, Line 5, place a Comma after Nassau.

Page 6, Line 1, wond'rous to unfold, should be in a parenthesis, with a Not: of Admiration.

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Prima Syracosio, dignata est ludere Versu
Nostra, nec erubuit Sylvas habitare Thalia;
Cum Canerem Reges et Prælia, Cynthus Aurem,
Vellit et admonuit — VIRGIL.

I, who so *lately* in my lyric Lays,
Sung to the Praise and Glory of R— A—s;
And sweetly tun'd to Love the melting Line,
With *Ovid's* Art, and *Sappho's* Warmth divine;
Said (nobly daring!) "MUSE *exalt* thy Wings,
"LOVE, and the SONS OF CANVAS, quit for K—gs."
APOLLO, laughing at my Powers of Song,
Cry'd, "PETER PINDAR, prithee hold thy Tongue."
But I, like *Poets*, *self-sufficient* grown,
Reply'd "APOLLO, prithee hold thy *own*."

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Et cantare pares, et respondere, parati!*

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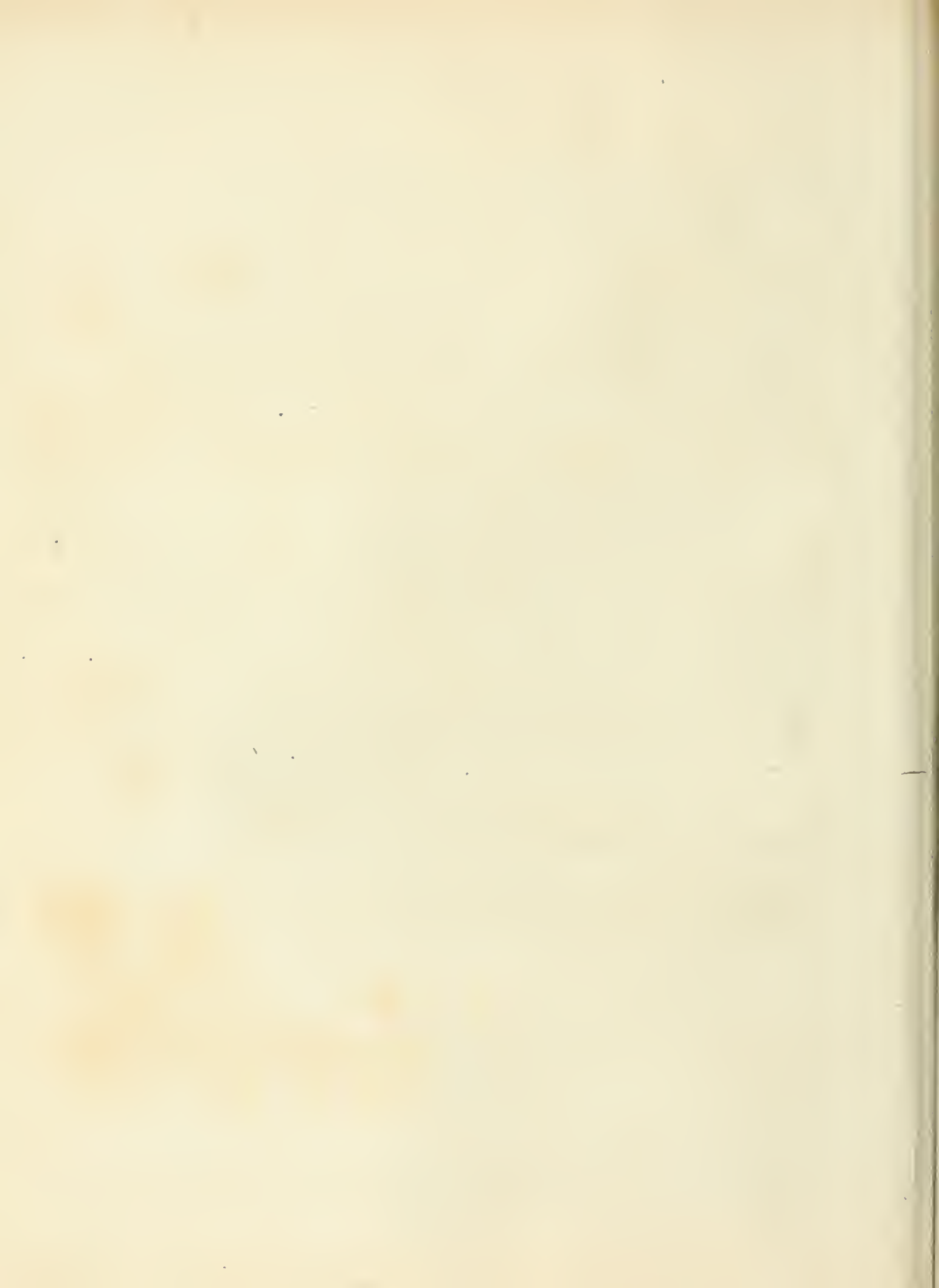
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The SECOND CANTO of the LOUSIAD, with an Engraving by an eminent Artist.



The A R G U M E N T.

ON the death of DOCTOR JOHNSON, a number of people, ambitious of being distinguished from the *mute* part of their species, set about relating and printing Stories and Bons Mots of that celebrated moralist. Amongst the most *zealous*, though not the most *enlightened*, appeared Mr. BOSWELL and MADAME PIOZZI, the HERO and HEROINE of our ECLOGUE. They are supposed to have in contemplation the LIFE of JOHNSON; and to *prove* their biographical abilities, appeal to SIR JOHN HAWKINS for his decision on their respective merits, by quotations from their printed Anecdotes of the DOCTOR. SIR JOHN hears them with *uncommon* patience, and determines very *properly* on the pretensions of the contending parties.



BOZZY AND PIOZZI,

A

T O W N E C L O G U E.

WHEN JOHNSON fought (as Shakespear says) *that bourn,*

From whence, alas! no travellers return :

In *bumbler* English, when the DOCTOR died,

APOLLO whimper'd and the MUSES cried ;

PARNASSUS mop'd for days, in business slack,

And like a *berse*, the hill was hung with *black*.

MINERVA fighting for her *fav'rite* son,

Pronounc'd, with lengthen'd face, the world *undone* :

Her owl, too, hooted in so loud a stile,
 That people might have heard the BIRD, *a mile* :
 Jove wip'd his eyes so red, and told his WIFE,
 He ne'er made JOHNSON'S *equal*, in his life ;
 And that 'twould be a *long time* first, if *ever*,
 His art could form a fellow *half so clever* :
 VENUS, of all the little Loves, the DAM,
 With all the GRACES, fobb'd for BROTHER SAM :
 Such were the heav'nly howlings for his death,
 As if DAME NATURE had *resign'd* her *breath*.
 Nor less sonorous was the grief, I ween,
 Amidst the natives of our *earthly* scene :
 From beggars, to the GREAT who hold the helm,
 One *Johnso-mania* rag'd through all the realm !

“ *Who*, (cried the world) can match his prose or rhyme?

O'er wits of modern days, he tow'rs *sublime*!

An OAK, wide spreading o'er the *shrubs* below,

That round his roots, with puny foliage, blow:

A PYRAMID, amidst some barren waste,

That frowns o'er *buts* the sport of ev'ry blast:

A mighty ATLAS, whose aspiring head,

O'er distant regions, casts an awful shade.

By KINGS and beggars lo! his tales are told,

And ev'ry sentence glows a *grain of gold*!

Blest! who his philosophic phiz can *take*,

Catch ev'n his *weaknesses*—his NODDLE'S *shake*,

The lengthen'd lip of scorn, the forehead's scowl,

The low'ring eye's contempt, and bear-like growl.

In vain, the CRITICS aim their toothless rage!

Mere *sprats*, that venture war with WHALES to wage:

Unmov'd he stands, and feels their force, *no more*

'Than some huge rock amidst the *wat'ry* roar,

That calmly bears the tumults of the DEEP,

And howling TEMPESTS, that as well may *sleep*."

Strong, midst the RAMBLER'S *cronies*, was the rage

To fill with his *bons mots*, and tales, the page:

Mere flies, that buzz'd around his setting ray,

And bore a *splendor*, on their wings, away:

Thus round his ORB, the pigmy PLANETS run,

And catch their little lustre from the SUN.

At length, rush'd forth two CANDIDATES for fame,

A SCOTCHMAN, *one*; and one a LONDON DAME:

That,

That, by th' *emphatic* JOHNSON, christ'ned BOZZY ;

This, by the BISHOP'S License, DAME PIOZZI ;

Whose *widow'd* name, by toppers lov'd, was THRALE,

Bright in the annals of *election ale* :

A name, by *marriage*, that gave up the *ghost* !

In *poor* PEDOCCHIO *,—no!—PIOZZI, lost !

Each seiz'd with ardor wild, the grey goose quill :

Each sat to work the *intellectual mill* :

That *pecks* of *bran* so coarse, began to pour,

To *one poor* solitary grain of *flour*.

Forth rush'd to light, their books—but *who* should say,

WHICH bore the palm of anecdote away ?

* The author was nearly committing a blunder—fortunate indeed was his recollection ; as *Pedocchio* signifies in the Italian language, that most contemptible of animals, a LOUSE.

This, to decide, the RIVAL WITS agreed,
 Before SIR JOHN their tales and jokes to read,
 And let the KNIGHT's opinion in the strife,
 Declare the prop' rest pen to write SAM'S LIFE:
 SIR JOHN, renown'd for musical* palavers:
 The PRINCE, the KING, the EMPEROR of *Quavers!*
 Sharp in solfeggi, as the sharpest needle:
 Great in the noble art of tweedle-tweedle.
 Of MUSIC'S College form'd to be a FELLOW,
 Fit for MUS: D. or MAESTRO DI CAPELLA;
 Whose VOLUME, tho' it here and there offends,
 Boasts *German merit*—makes by *bulk* amends.
 High plac'd the venerable QUARTO sits,
 Superior, frowning o'er *octavo wits*

And

* Vid. his History of Music.

And *duodecimos*, ignoble scum!

Poor prostitutes to ev'ry vulgar thumb!

Whilst undefil'd by literary rage,

HE bears a *spotless* leaf from age to age.

Like *school-boys*, lo! before a two-arm'd chair

That held the KNIGHT, wise judging, stood the PAIR:

Or like two *ponies* on the sporting ground,

Prepar'd to gallop when the DRUM should sound,

The COUPLE rang'd—for vict'ry, both as keen,

As for a tott'ring bishopric, a DEAN,

Or patriot BURKE, for giving glorious bastings

To that *intolerable fellow* HASTINGS.

Thus with their songs contended VIRGIL'S SWAINS,

And made the valleys vocal with their strains,

Before some gray-beard SWAIN, whose judgement ripe,
Gave goats for prizes to the *prettiest* pipe.

“ *Alternately*, in anecdotes, go on ;

But *first*, begin *you*, MADAM,” cried SIR JOHN :

The thankful DAME low curtsied to the CHAIR,

And thus, for vict’ry panting, read the FAIR :

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I *.

SAM JOHNSON was of MICHAEL JOHNSON born ;

Whose shop of books did LICHFIELD Town adorn :

Wrong-headed, stubborn as a *halter’d* RAM ;

In short, the *model* of our HERO SAM :

Inclin’d to *madness too*—for when his shop

Fell down, for want of cash to buy a prop ;

Vid. Piozzi’s Anecdotes, page 3.

For fear the thieves might steal the *vanish'd* store,
He duly went each night and *lock'd the door!*

B O Z Z Y*.

Whilst JOHNSON was in Edinburgh, my WIFE,
To please his palate, studied for her life :
With ev'ry rarity she fill'd her house,
And gave the DOCTOR, for his dinner, *grouse*.

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I †.

Dear DOCTOR JOHNSON was in size an ox ;
And from his UNCLE ANDREW learn'd to *box* :
A MAN to wrestlers and to bruifers dear,
Who kept the ring in SMITHFIELD a *whole* year.
The Doctor had an Uncle too, ador'd
By *jumping gentry*, call'd CORNELIUS FORD ;

* Bozzy's Tour, p. 38.

† Piozzi's Anecdotes, p. 5.

Who jump'd in *boots*, which JUMPERS never chuse,
Far as a famous JUMPER jump'd in *shoes*.

B O Z Z Y*.

At supper, rose a dialogue on witches,
When CROSBIE said, there could not be such b-tch-s;
And that 'twas *blasphemy* to think *such* HAGS
Could stir up storms, and on their *broomstick* NAGS
Gallop along the air with wondrous pace,
And boldly fly in GOD ALMIGHTY's face:
But JOHNSON answer'd him, "There *might be* witches,
Nought prov'd the non existence of the b-tch-s."

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I †.

When THRALE, as nimble as a boy at school,
Leap'd, tho' fatigu'd with hunting, o'er a *stool*;

* P. 39.

† P. 6.

The DoCTOR, proud the same grand feat to *do*;

His pow'rs exerted, and jump'd over too.

And tho' he might a broken back bewail,

He scorn'd to be *eclips'd* by Mr. THRALE.

B O Z Z Y*.

At ULINISH, our friend, to pass the time,

Regal'd us with his knowledges *sublime* :

Show'd that all sorts of learning fill'd his Nob,

And that in *butchery* he could bear a bob.

He *sagely* told us of the diff'rent feat

Employ'd to kill the animals we eat :

An ox, says he, in country and in town,

Is by the butchers constantly *knock'd down* :

* Page 300.

As for that leffer animal, a calf,
 The knock is really not so strong *by half*;
 The beast is only *stunn'd*: but as for goats,
 And sheep, and lambs, the butchers *cut their throats*.
 Those fellows only want to keep them *quiet*,
 Not chusing that the brutes should breed a *riot*.

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.

When JOHNSON was a child, and swallow'd pap,
 'Twas in his mother's old maid CATHARINE's lap:
 There, whilst he sat, he took in wond'rous learning,
 For much his bowels were for knowledge *yearning*.
 There heard the story which we BRITONS brag on,
 The story of ST. GEORGE and *eke* the DRAGON.

B O Z Z Y*.

When FOOTE his leg, by some misfortune, broke,
 Says *I* to JOHNSON, all by way of joke,
 “ SAM, Sir, in PARAGRAPH, will soon be clever,
 And take off PETER better now than ever.”
 On which, says JOHNSON, without *hesitation*,
 GEORGE † will rejoice at Foote’s *depeditation*.”
 On which, says *I*, a *penetrating elf*!
 “ Doctor, I’m fure you *coin’d* that word *yourself*.”
 On which he *laugh’d*; and said I had *divin’d* it,
 For *bonâ fidé*, he had *really coin’d* it.

* Page 141.

† George Faulkner, the printer at Dublin, taken off by Foote under the character of PETER PARAGRAPH.

And yet, of all the words I've *coin'd*, (says he)
My Dictionary, Sir, contains but *three*."

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.

The DOCTOR said, in literary matters
A Frenchman goes not *deep*—he only *smatters* :
Then ask'd, what could be hop'd for from the dogs ;
Fellows that liv'd eternally on *frogs*?

B O Z Z Y*.

In grave procession to St. Lennard's College,
Well stuff'd with every sort of useful knowledge,
We *stately* walk'd, as soon as supper ended :
The LANDLORD and the WAITER both attended :

The LANDLORD, skill'd a piece of greafe to handle,
 Before us march'd and held a tallow candle :
 A lantern, (some fam'd Scotsman its creator)
 With *equal grace* was carried by the WAITER :
 Next morning, from our beds we took a leap ;
 And found ourselves much better for our fleep.

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I*.

In Lincolnshire, a lady shew'd our friend
 A grotto, that she wish'd him to *commend* :
 Quoth she "How *cool* in summer this abode !"
 " Yes, Madam, (answer'd JOHNSON) for a *toad*."

* Page 203.

B O Z Z Y*.

Between old Scalpa's rugged isle and Rafay's,
 The wind was vastly boist'rous in our faces :
 'Twas *glorious* JOHNSON'S figure to set fight on—
 High in the boat, he look'd a noble TRITON !
 But lo ! to damp our pleasure Fate concurs,
 For Jo. the blockhead lost his master's spurs :
 This, for the RAMBLER'S temper, was a *rubber*,
 Who wonder'd Joseph could be such a lubber.

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I †.

I ask'd him if he knock'd TOM OSBORN ‡ down ;
 As such a tale was current through the town—

* P. 185.

† 232.

‡ Bookfeller.

Says I, “ Do tell me, DOCTOR, what befell ”

“ Why, dearest lady, there is nought to *tell* :

I ponder'd on the *prop'rest* mode to *treat* him—

The *dog* was *impudent*, and so I *beat* him !

TOM, like a fool, *proclaim'd* his fancied wrongs ;

Others that I *belabour'd*, held their tongues.”

Did any one that he was *happy*, cry—

JOHNSON would tell him *plumply*, 'twas a lie :

A LADY* told him she was *really so* :

On which he sternly answer'd, “ MADAM, *no* !

Sickly you are, and ugly—foolish, poor ;

And therefore can't be *happy*, I am sure.

'Twould make a fellow hang himself whose ear

Were, from *such creatures*, forc'd such stuff to hear.”

B O Z Z Y*.

Lo! when we landed on the Isle of MULL,
 The *megrims* got into the DOCTOR'S scull:
 With such bad humours he began to fill,
 I thought he would not go to ICOLMKILL:
 But lo! those megrims (wonderful to utter!)
 Were banish'd all by tea and bread and butter!

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.

Quoth I to Johnfon—Doctor, tell me true,
 Who was the *best* man that you ever knew?
 He answer'd me at once, GEORGE PSALMANAZAR;
 Keen in the English language as a razor.

* P. 386.

Such was the *strange*, the *strangest* of replies,
 That rais'd the whites of both my wond'ring eyes;
 As this *same* GEORGE, in imposition strong,
 Beat the first *lyars* that e'er wagg'd a tongue.

B O Z Z Y*.

I wonder'd yesterday, that one JOHN HAY,
 Who serv'd as *Ciceroné* on the way;
 Should fly a man of war—a spot so blest—
 A fool! nine months too, after he was prest:
 Quoth JOHNSON, “no man, Sir, would be a *sailor*,
 “With sence to scrape acquaintance with a *jailor*.”

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I*.

I said, I lik'd not *goose*, and mention'd *why*:—
 “One smells it roasting on the spit,” quoth I:

“ You, Madam,” cried the Doctor, with a frown,

“ Are always gorging—stuffing something *down*:”

MADAM, 'tis very natural to suppose,

If in the pantry you will poke your nose,

Your maw, with ev'ry sort of victuals swelling,

That you *must* want the blifs of *dinner smelling*.

B O Z Z Y.

As at ARGYLE'S grand house, my hat I took,

To seek my alehouse; thus began the Duke,

“ Pray, Mr. Boswell, won't you have some tea?”

To this, I made my bow, and did agree—

Then to the drawing room, we both retreated,

Where *Lady* BETTY HAMILTON was seated

Close by the DUCHESS, who, in deep discourse,

Took no more notice of me than a *horse*.

Next day *myself*, and Doctor JOHNSON took

Our hats, to go and wait upon the DUKE :

Next to himself, the DUKE did JOHNSON place,

But I, thank God, sat *second* to his GRACE.

The place was due, most surely to my merits—

And faith, I was in very pretty spirits :

I plainly saw (my penetration such is)

I was not yet in favour with the DUCHESS.

Thought I, I am not disconcerted yet—

Before we part, I'll give her GRACE a *sweat*—!

Then looks of intrepidity I put on,

And ask'd her, if she'd have a plate of mutton.

This was a glorious deed must be confess'd !

I knew I was the *Duke's*, and not *her* guest !

Knowing—as I'm a man of tip-top breeding,
 That *great folks* drink no healths whilst they are feeding;
 I took my glafs, and looking at her GRACE,
 I star'd her like a *devil* in the face:
 And in *respectful* terms, as was my duty,
 Said I, my LADY DUCHESS, I falute ye:
 Most audible, indeed, was my falute,
 For which some folks will say I was a brute:
 But faith, it dash'd her, as I knew it wou'd,
 But then I knew, that I was flesh and blood.

MADAME PIOZZI*.

Once at our house, amidst our ARTIC feasts,
 We likened our acquaintances to *beasts*:

As for example—some to calves and hogs,
 And some to bears, and monkeys, cats and dogs :
 We said, (which charm'd the DOCTOR much, no doubt)
 His mind, was like, of ELEPHANTS, the *snout*,
 That could pick pins up, yet possess'd the vigour
 For trimming well the jacket of a TYGER.

B O Z Z Y*.

August the fifteenth, Sunday, Mr. Scott
 Did breakfast with us—when upon the spot ;
 To *him*, and unto DOCTOR JOHNSON, lo !
 Sir WILLIAM FORBES so clever, did I show :
 A man, that doth not after roguery, hanker :
 A charming Christian, tho' by trade, a *Banker* :

Made too, of good companionable stuff,
 And this, I think is saying *full enough*;
 And yet it is but justice to record
 That when he had the measles—'pon my word,
 The people seem'd in such a dreadful fright,
 His house, was all furrounded, day and night,
 As if they apprehended some great evil;
 A general conflagration or the devil.
 And when he better'd—oh! 'twas grand to see 'em
 Like mad folks dance; and hear 'em sing *Te Deum*.

MADAME PIOZZI*.

Quoth JOHNSON “who d'ye think my *life*, will write?”
 GOLDSMITH,” said I—quoth he, “the dog's vile spite,

* P. 31.

Besides the fellow's monstrous love of *lying*,
 Would doubtless make the book not worth the *buying*.

B O Z Z Y*.

That worthy gentleman, good Mr. Scott
 Said 'twas our SOCRATES's luckless lot
 To have the WAITER, a sad nasty blade
 To make, poor gentleman, his *lemonade* ;
 Which WAITER, much against the DOCTOR's wish,
 Put with his *paws*, the sugar in the dish :
 The DOCTOR vex'd at such a filthy fellow,
 Began, with great propriety, to bellow ;
 Then up, he took the dish, and nobly flung
 The liquor out of window on the dung.

And DOCTOR SCOTT declar'd, that by his frown,
 He thought he would have knock'd the fellow down.

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I *.

Dear DOCTOR JOHNSON left off drinks fermented :
 With quarts of chocolate and cream, contented :
 Yet often, down his throat's prodigious gutter,
 Poor man ! he pour'd a flood of melted butter !

B O Z Z Y.

With glee, the DOCTOR did my girl behold :
 Her name, VERONICA, just four months old :
 This name VERONICA, a name tho' quaint,
 Belong'd originally to a SAINT :

But to my old GREAT-GRANDAM it was giv'n ;

As fine a woman as e'er went to heav'n :

And what must add to her importance *much*,

This lady's genealogy was *Dutch*.

The man, who did espouse this dame divine,

Was ALEXANDER EARL of KINCARDINE ;

Who pour'd along my body like a fluice,

The noble, noble, noble blood of BRUCE !

And who, that own'd this blood, could well refuse

To make the world acquainted with the *news* ?

But to return unto my charming child,

About our DOCTOR JOHNSON, she was *wild* :

And when he left off speaking, she would flutter,

Squawl for him to begin again, and sputter !

And to be *near* him, a strong wish, express'd,
 Which proves, he was not such a horrid beast.
 Her fondness for the DOCTOR, pleas'd me greatly,
 On which I loud exclaim'd in language stately,
 Nay if I recollect aright, I *swore*,
 I'd to her fortune add *five hundred more!*

MADAME PIOZZI*.

One day as we were all in talking lost,
 My mother's fav'rite spaniel stole the toast;
 On which, immediately, I scream'd "Fie on her,—
 "Fie, BELLE," said I, "you used to be on honour."
 "Yes," JOHNSON cried, "but, MADAM, pray be told,
 "The reason for the vice, is—BELLE grows *old*."

But JOHNSON never could the dog, abide,
 Because my mother wash'd and comb'd his hide.
 The truth on't is—BELLE was not too well bred,
 Who always would *insist* on being fed;
 And very often too, the saucy SLUT
 Infisted upon having the *first cut*.

B O Z Z Y.

Last night much care for JOHNSON'S cold, was used
 Who, hitherto without his nightcap, *snooz'd* :
 That nought might treat so *wonderful* a man ill,
 Sweet MISS M'LEOD, did make a cap of flannel;
 And after putting it about his head,
 She gave him brandy, as he went to bed.

MADAME PIOZZI*.

One night we parted at the Doctor's door,
 When thus I said, as I had said before,
 " Don't forget Dicky, DOCTOR—mind poor Dick."
 On which he turn'd round on his heel so quick,
 " Madam," quoth he, " and when I've serv'd *that* elf;
 " I guess I then may go and *hang* myself."

B O Z Z Y †.

At night well soak'd with rain, and wond'rous weary,
 We got as wet as shags to INVERARY :
 We supp'd most *royally*—were vastly frisky,
 When JOHNSON ordered up a gill of whiskey :
 Taking the glass, says I, " Here's Mistress Thrale."
 " Drink her in *whiskey* not," said he, " but *ale*."

* P. 204.

† P. 483.

MADAME PIOZZI*.

The DOCTOR had a CAT, and christ'ned HODGE,
 That at his house in Fleet Street us'd to lodge—
 This HODGE grew old, and sick, and us'd to wish
 That all his dinners might be form'd of *fish*:
 To please poor HODGE, the DOCTOR, all so kind,
 Went out, and bought him *oysters to his mind*:
 This ev'ry day he did—nor ask'd black FRANK †,
 Who deem'd himself of much too high a rank,
 With *vulgar fish-fags*, to be forc'd to chat,
 And purchase oysters, for a *mangy* CAT.

* P. 102.

† Dr. Johnson's servant.

When at my feet, the humbled knaves would fall ;

'The THUND'RING JUPITER of HIEKS'S HALL.

The KNIGHT, thus finishing his speech so *fair* ;

SLEEP pull'd him gently backwards, in his chair :

Op'd wide the mouth, that oft on jail-birds *swore*,

Then rais'd his nasal ORGAN to a roar,

That actually surpass'd in *tone*, and *grace*,

The grumbled ditties of his fav'rite BASE*.

* The violoncello, on which the Knight is a performer.

E C L O G U E.

P A R T II.

NOW from his sleep the KNIGHT, affrighted sprung,

Whilst on his ear, the words of JOHNSON rung :

For lo! in dreams, the furly RAMBLER rose,

And wildly staring, seem'd a *man of woes*.

“ Wake, HAWKINS,” (growl'd the DOCTOR with a frown)

“ And knock *that* fellow and *that* woman down—

“ Bid them with JOHNSON'S life proceed no further—

“ Enough already they have dealt in murder—

“ Say, to their tales, that little truth belongs—

“ If *fame*, they mean me—bid them *hold their tongues*.

- “ In vain at glory, gudgeon BOSWELL snaps—
 “ HIS MIND, a *paper kite*—compos’d of *scraps* ;
 “ Just o’er the tops of *chimneys*, form’d to fly :
 “ Not with a *wing sublime*, to *mount* the *sky*.
 “ Say to the dog, his head’s a downright *drum*,
 “ Unequal to the Hist’ry of TOM THUMB :
 “ Nay—tell, of *anecdote*, that thirsty *leach*,
 “ He is not equal to a *Tyburn Speech**.
 “ For that PIOZZI’s wife, let me exhort her,
 “ To *draw* her *immortality* from *porter* :
 “ Give up her *anecdotal* inditing,
 “ And study *housewifry* instead of *writing* :

* Composed for the unfortunate *brave* of Newgate, by different historians.

- “ Bid her, a poor *biography* suspend ;
 “ Nor crucify, through vanity, a friend.
 “ I know no business women have with *learning* :
 “ I scorn, I hate the mole-ey’d, *half* DISCERNING :
 “ Their wit, but serves a husband’s heart to *rack* :
 “ And make eternal horsewhips for his back..
 “ Tell PETER PINDAR, should you chance to meet him,
 “ I like his genius—should be glad to greet him—
 “ Yet let him know, CROWN’D HEADS are sacred things,
 “ And bid him reverence more, the BEST OF KINGS* :

* This is a *strange* and almost *incredible* speech from *Johnson’s* mouth, as not many years ago, when the *age* of a *certain* GREAT PERSONAGE became the subject of debate ; the Doctor broke in upon the conversation with the following question : “ Of what importance to the present company, is his *age*?—Of what importance would it have been to the world if he had never *existed* ?” If we may judge likewise from the *following speech* ; he deemed the *present* POSSESSOR of a *certain* THRONE as much an USURPER as KING WILLIAM, whom, according to Mr. BOSWELL’S account, he *befcoundrels*. The story is this—An acquaintance of JOHNSON, asked him if he could not *sing*. He replied, “ I know but *one* song ; and *that* “ is, ‘ The KING shall enjoy his *own* again.”

“ Still

“ Still, on his PEGASUS, continue *jogging*,

“ And give that BOSWELL’S back another flogging.”

Such, was the dream that wak’d the sleepy KNIGHT ;

And op’d again his eyes upon the light —

Who mindless of old JOHNSON and his frown

And stern commands to *knock the couple down* ;

Resolv’d to *keep the peace*—and in a tone

Not much unlike a mastiff o’er a bone ;

He *grumbled*, that enabled by the nap,

He now could meet *more biographic scrap* :

Then nodding with a *magistratial air*,

To farther anecdote, he call’d the FAIR.

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I*.

Dear DOCTOR JOHNSON lov'd a leg of pork ;
 And hearty on it, would his grinders work :
 He lik'd to eat it so much *over-done*,
 That *one* might *shake* the flesh from off the bone.
 A veal pye too, with sugar cramm'd and plums,
 Was wond'rous grateful to the DOCTOR'S gums:
 Though us'd, from morn to night, on fruit to *stuff*;
 He vow'd his belly never had *enough*.

B O Z Z Y*.

One Thursday morn, did DOCTOR JOHNSON wake,
 And call out " Lanky, Lanky," by *mistake*—

* Page 8.

† Page 384.

But recollecting—"Bozzy, Bozzy," cried—
 For in *contractions*, JOHNSON took a *pride!*

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I*.

Whene'er our friend would read in bed by night,
 Poor Mr. THRALE and I were in a *fright*;
 For blinking on his book too near the flame,
 Lo! to the fore-top of his wig it came!
 Burnt all the hairs away, both *great* and *small*,
 Down to the very *net-work*, nam'd the *caul*.

B O Z Z Y*.

At Corrachatachin's, in *boggism* funk,
 I got with punch, alas! confounded *drunk*:

* Page 237.

† P. 317.

Much was I vex'd, that I could not be quiet,
 But like a stupid blockhead, breed a riot.
 I scarceiy knew how 'twas I reel'd to bed —
 Next morn I wak'd with dreadful pains of head :
 And terrors too, that of my peace, did *rob me* —
 For *much* I fear'd, the MORALIST would *rob me*.
 But as I lay along a heavy log,
 The DOCTOR ent'ring call'd me *drunken dog*.
 Then up rose I with apostolic air,
 And read in Dame M'KINNON's book of pray'r ;
 In hopes for such a sin to be forgiv'n —
 And make, if *possible*, my peace with heav'n.
 'Twas *strange* that in *that* volume of divinity,
 I op'd the Twentieth Sunday after Trinity,

And

And read these words—‘ Pray be not drunk with wine,

‘ Since drunkenness doth make a man a *swine*.’

“ Alas!” says I, “ the sinner that I am !”

And having made my speech, I took a *dram*.

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I*.

One day, with spirits low, and sorrow fill’d,

I told him that I had a *cousin kill’d*:

“ My dear,” quoth he, “ for heav’n’s sake hold your *canting*;

“ *Were all your cousins kill’d*, they’d not be *wanting* :

“ Though *Death* on each of them should set his *mark*,

“ Though ev’ry one were spitted like a lark ——

“ Roasted, and given that dog there, for a meal;

“ The *loss* of them, the world would never feel ——

* P. 63.

“ Trust me, dear Madam, all your *dear relations*,

“ Are *nits*—are *nothings* in the eye of NATIONS.”

Again*, says I one day—“ I do believe,

“ A good acquaintance that I have, will *grieve*,

“ To hear her FRIEND hath lost a *large estate* :”

“ Yes,” (answer’d he) “ lament *as much* her *fate*,

“ As did your *horse* (I freely will allow)

“ To hear of the *miscarriage* of your *cow*.”

B O Z Z Y †.

At Enoch at M^cQueen’s we went to bed :

A colour’d handkerchief wrap’d JOHNSON’S head :

He said, “ God blefs us *both*—good night”—and then,

I, like a *parish clerk*, pronounc’d, *Amen* !

* P. 189.

† P. 103.

My good companion *soon* by sleep, was seiz'd—

But I, by lice and fleas, was sadly teaz'd :

Methought, a spider with *terrific* claws,

Was striding from the wainscot, to my jaws :

But slumber soon did ev'ry sense entrap ;

And so I sunk into the *sweetest nap*.

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I*.

Trav'ling in Wales, at dinner-time we *got on*

Where at LEWENY, lives SIR ROBERT COTTON.

At table, our great MORALIST, to please—

Says I, “ Dear Doctor, arn't those charming peas ? ”

Quoth he, to *contradiet*, and *run his rig* :

“ MADAM, they possibly might please a *PIG*.

* Page 70.

B O Z Z Y*.

Of *thatching*, well the DOCTOR knew the art,
 And with his *threshing wisdom*, made us start.
 Describ'd the greatest secrets of the Mint—
 And made folks fancy that he had been *in't*.
 Of hops and malt, 'tis wond'rous what he knew;
 And well as any BREWER, he could *brew*.

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I †.

In *ghosts*, the DOCTOR, strongly did believe;
 And pinn'd his faith on many a lyar's sleeve:
 He said to DOCTOR LAWRENCE, “ *Sure I am,*
 “ I heard my poor dear mother call out ‘ SAM.’

“ I’m sure (said he) that I can trust my ears ;
And yet my mother had been dead for years.”

B O Z Z Y*.

When *young*, (’twas rather silly I allow)
Much was I pleas’d, to imitate a cow.
One time, at Drury Lane with DOCTOR BLAIR,
My imitations made the playhouse *stare* !
So very charming was I, in my *roar* ;
That both the galleries *clapp’d*, and cried *encore*.
‘Blest by the general plaudit, and the laugh—
I tried to be a JACKASS, and a CALF :
But who, alas ! in *all things* can be *great* ?
In short, I met a *terrible* defeat :

So vile I bray'd, and bellow'd, I was *bifs'd*—

Yet all who *knew* me, *wonder'd* that I *mifs'd*.

BLAIR whisper'd me, “ You've lost your *credit*, now :

Stick, BOSWELL, for the future, to the Cow.

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I*.

Th' affair of BLACKS, when JOHNSON would discuss,

He always thought they had not *souls* like *us* :

And yet whene'er his family would fight,

He always said that FRANK was in the *right*.

B O Z Z Y †.

I must confess that I enjoy'd a pleasure

In bearing to the North so great a treasure—

* P. 210.

† P. 259.

Thinks I, I'm like a BULLDOG or a HOUND,
 Who when a lump of liver, he hath found,
 Runs to some corner, to avoid a riot;
 To gobble down his piece of meat in quiet:
 I thought this good as all JOE MILLAR's jokes:
 And so I up, and told it to the folks.—

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I*.

Some of our friends wish'd JOHNSON would compose
 The LIVES of authors who had shone in prose;
 As for his *pow'r*, no mortal man could doubt it—
 SIR RICHARD MUSGRAVE, he was *warm* about it;
 Got up, and footh'd, intreated, begg'd and pray'd,
 Poor man! as if he had implor'd for *bread*:

“ SIR RICHARD,” cried the DOCTOR, with a frown,

“ Since you’re *got up*, I pray you, Sir, *fit down*.”

B O Z Z Y.

Of DOCTOR JOHNSON, having giv’n a sketch,

Permit me, Reader, of *myself*, to preach—

The world will certainly receive with glee,

The flightest bit of history of ME.

Think of a *gentleman* of ancient blood!

Prouder of *title*, than of being *good*.

A *gentleman* just thirty-three years old:

Married four years, and as a Tyger, bold;

Whose bowels yearn’d GREAT BRITAIN’S foes to tame,

And from the cannon’s mouth to swallow flame;

To get his limbs by broad fwords carv'd in wars
 Like some old bedstead, and to *boast* his scars ;
 And proud immortal actions to atchieve,
 See his hide bor'd by bullets, like a sieve.
 But lo ! his father, a *well-judging* JUDGE,
 Forbade his SON from Edinburgh to budge—
 Resolv'd the French should not his b—ckside claw ;
 So bound his SON apprentice to the law.
 This *gentleman* had been in foreign parts,
 And, like ULYSSES, learnt a world of arts :
 Much wisdom, his vast travels having brought him,
 He was not *half* the fool, the people *thought* him—
 Of prudence, this *same gentleman* was *such*,
 He rather had *too little*, than *too much*.

Bright was this *gentleman's* imagination,

Well calculated for the *bigbest* station :

Indeed so *lively*, give the dev'l his due,

He ten times more would utter, than was *true*.

Which forc'd him frequently against his will,

Poor man ! to swallow many a bitter pill—

One bitter pill among the rest, he took,

Which was to cut some *scandal* from his book.—

By DOCTOR JOHNSON he is well pourtray'd :

Quoth he, “ Of BOZZY it may well be said,

That through the most *inhospitable* scene,

ONE never can be troubled with the spleen,

Nor ev'n the greatest difficulties *chafe at*,

Whilst *such an animal* is near, to *laugh at*.

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I*.

For *me*, in Latin, DOCTOR JOHNSON wrote

Two lines upon SIR JOSEPH BANKS's goat :

A GOAT! that round the world, so *curious*, went—

A GOAT! that now eats grafs, that grows in KENT!

B O Z Z Y †.

To LORD MONBODDO, a few lines I wrote,

And by the fervant Joseph, sent this note—

“ Thus far, my Lord, from Edinburgh, my home,

With Mr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, I am come—

This night, by us, must *certainly* be seen,

The very handsome town of ABERDEEN.

* P. 72.

† P. 207

For *thoughts* of JOHNSON, you'll be not applied to—

I know your Lordship likes him *less* than *I do*.

So near we are—to part, I can't tell how,

Without so much as making him a *BOW* :

Besides, the RAMBLER says, to see MONBODD,

He'd go *at least*, *two miles* out of his *road*.

Which shows that HE *admires* (whoever *rails*)

The pen which proves, that men are born with *tails* :

Hoping that as to health your LORDSHIP does well,

I am your servant at command,

JAMES BOSWELL."

MADAME

MADAME PIOZZI*.

ON Mr. THRALE'S old HUNTER, JOHNSON rode—

Who with prodigious pride, the beast, bestrode ;

And as on BRIGHTEN DOWNS, he *dash'd* away,

Much was he pleas'd to hear a sportsman say,

That at a *chace*, he was as *tight a hand*,

As e'er an ill-bred *lubber* in the land.

B O Z Z Y †.

One morning JOHNSON, on the Isle of MULL,

Was of his politics excessive full.

Quoth he, “ that PULTNEY was a *rogue*, 'tis plain—

“ Besides, the fellow was a *Whig in grain*.”

* P. 207.

† 424.

Then to his *principles*, he gave a banging,

And swore no WHIG, was ever worth a *banging*.

“ ’Tis wonderful (says he) and makes one stare

“ To think the LIVERY chose JOHN WILKES, LORD MAYOR:

“ A dog, of whom the world could nurse no hopes—

“ *Prompt to debauch* their girls, and *rob* their shops.”

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.

Sir, I believe that anecdote, a lie;

But grant that JOHNSON said it—*by the by*,

As WILKES unhappily your *friendship* shar’d,

The dirty anecdote might well be *spar’d*.

B O Z Z Y.

Madam, I stick to truth as much as *you*,

And damme if the story be not *true*.

What you have said of JOHNSON and the *larks*,
 As much, the RAMBLER, for a *savage*, marks.
 'Twas scandalous, ev'n CANDOUR must allow,
 To give the hist'ry of the *horse* and *cow*:
 What but an *enemy*, to JOHNSON'S fame,
 Dar'd, his vile prank at LITCHFIELD PLAYHOUSE, *name*?
 Where, without ceremony, he thought fit
 To fling the MAN and CHAIR into the PIT?
 Who would have register'd a speech so odd,
 On the dead STAY-MAKER*, and DOCTOR DODD?

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.

SAM JOHNSON'S *threshing* knowledge and his *thatching*,
 May be your own *inimitable* *hatching*.—

* Piozzi's Anecdotes, page 51, first edition.

Pray, of his wisdom can't you tell *more* News?

Could not he *make a shirt*, and *cobble shoes*?

Knit stockings, or ingenious, take up *stitches*—

Draw teeth, dress wigs, or make a *pair of breeches*?

You prate too of his knowledge of the MINT,

As if the RAMBLER really had been in't—

Who knows, but you will tell us, (truth forsaking)

That each *bad shilling* is of JOHNSON'S *making* :

His, each *vile six-pence* that the world hath cheated—

And *his* the *art*, that ev'ry guinea *sweated*.

About his *brewing knowledge* you will prate too :

Who scarcely knew a *hop*, from a *potatoe*.

And tho' of *beer* he joy'd in hearty swigs,

I'd pit against his taste, my husband's *pigs*.

B O Z Z Y.

How could your folly tell, so void of truth,
That miserable story of the youth
Who in your book, of DOCTOR JOHNSON, begs
Most seriously, to know if CATS *lay eggs*?

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.

Who, told of Mrs. Montague, the lie—
So palpable a falsehood?—Bozzy, *fie!*

B O Z Z Y.

Who, mad'ning with an anecdotic itch,
Declar'd that JOHNSON call'd his mother, B-TCH?

MADAME PIOZZI.

Who, from M'Donald's rage, to save his snout,
Cut twenty lines of defamation, out?

BOZZY.

Who, would have said a word about SAM's wig;
Or told the story of the *peas* and *pig*?
Who would have told a tale, so *very* flat,
Of FRANK, the BLACK; and HODGE, the mangy CAT?

MADAME PIOZZI.

Good me! you're grown at once, confounded *tender*—
Of DOCTOR JOHNSON's fame, a *fierce* defender.
I'm sure you've mention'd many a pretty story
Not much redounding to the DOCTOR's glory.

Now, for a *saint*, upon us you would palm him—
 First *murder* the poor man, and then *embalm* him!

B O Z Z Y.

Why truly, Madam, JOHNSON cannot *boast*—
 By your acquaintance, he hath *rather, lost*.
 His character so *shockingly* you handle—
 You've sunk your COMET to a FARTHING CANDLE.
 Your vanities contriv'd the SAGE, to hitch in;
 And brib'd him with your cellar and your kitchen:
 But luckless JOHNSON play'd a losing game—
 Though *beef* and *beer* he won—he lost his *fame*.

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.

One quarter of your book, had JOHNSON read,
 Fift-Criticism had rattled round your head.

Yet let my satire not *too far* pursue—

It boasts *some merit*, give the *Dev'l his due*.

Where GROCERS and where PASTRY-COOKS reside,

Thy book with triumph, may indulge its pride :

Preach to the *patty-pans*, sententious stuff—

And hug that idol of the nose, call'd *snuff* :

With all its stories, *cloves* and *ginger*, please,

And pour its *wonders* to a pound of *cheese* !

B O Z Z Y.

MADAM, your irony is *wond'rous fine* !

Sense in each thought, and *wit* in ev'ry line :

Yet, MADAM, when the *leaves* of my poor book,

Visit the GROCER, or the PASTRY-COOK,

Yours,

Yours, to enjoy of Fame the *just* reward,

May aid the TRUNK-MAKER of PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD :

In the *same* ALEHOUSES, together us'd,

By the *same* fingers, they may be *amus'd* :

The greasy *snuffers*, *yours*, perchance, may *wipe*,

And *mine*, high honour'd, light a TOPER'S pipe.

The praise of COURTENAY *, my book's fame, secures :

Now, who the devil, Madam, praises *yours* ?

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.

Thoufands, you blockhead—no one now can doubt it,

For not a foul in London is *without it*.

* The lively RATTLE of the House of Commons—indeed, its MOMUS; who seems to have been selected by his constituents more for the purposes of *laughing* at the misfortunes of his country than *healing the wounds*. He is the author of a poem lately published, that endeavours *totis viribus* to prove that DOCTOR JOHNSON was a *brute* as well as a *meralift* !

The folks were ready, CADELL to devour,

Who fold the first edition in an hour—

So!—COURTENAY's praises save you!—ah! that squire

Deals, let me tell you, more in smoke than fire.

B O Z Z Y.

Zounds! he has prais'd me in the *sweetest* line—

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.

Ay! ay! the *verse* and *subject*, equal shine.

Few are the mouths that COURTENAY's wit rehearse—

Mere cork in politics, and *lead* in verse.

B O Z Z Y.

Well, MA'AM! since all that JOHNSON *said* or *wrote*,

You hold so *sacred*—how have you *forgot*

To grant the *wonder-hunting world*, a reading
 Of SAM'S *Epistle*, just before your *wedding* ;
 Beginning thus, (in strains not form'd to flatter)

“ MADAM,

“ *If that most ignominious matter,*

“ *Be not concluded,*”

further, shall I say?

No—your *kind self* may give it us, one day—

And *justify* your passion for the *youth* ;

With all the charms of *eloquence* and *truth*.

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.

What was my marriage, Sir, to *you*, or *him* ?

He tell me what to do !—a pretty whim !

He,

He, to propriety, (the beast!) exhort!

As well might *elephants* *preside* at court.

Lord! let the world, to *damn* my match, *agree*—

Tell me, JAMES BOSWELL, what's *that world* to me?

The *folks* who paid respects to *Mrs. Thrale*;

Fed on her pork, *poor souls!* and swill'd her ale,

May *sicken* at *Piozzi*, nine in ten—

Turn up the *nose* of *scorn*—good God! what then?

For *me*—the Dev'l may fetch their souls so *great*—

They keep their *homes*,—and *I*, thank God! my *meat*.

When *they, poor owls!* shall beat their cage, a *jail*—

I, unconfin'd, shall spread my *peacock tail*:

Free as the birds of air, enjoy my ease;

Chuse my own food, and *see* what climes I *please*.

I suffer

I suffer only—if I'm in the *wrong*—

So, now, you *prating puppy*, hold your tongue.

S I R J O H N.

For shame! for shame! for Heaven's sake *both* be quiet—

Not BILLINGSGATE exhibits such a riot:

Behold, for SCANDAL, you have made a *feast*,

And turn'd your *idol*, JOHNSON, to a *beast*:

'Tis plain that *tales of ghosts*, are *arrant lies*,

Or *instantaneously*, would JOHNSON's rife:

Make you both eat your paragraphs so *evil*—

And for your treatment of him, *play the devil*.

Just like *two Mobawks* on the man you fall—

No murd'rer, is worse serv'd at SURGEON'S HALL.

Instead

Instead of adding *splendor* to his name,

Your books are downright *gibbets* to his fame.

Of those, your anecdotes—may I be *curst*,

If I can tell you, *which* of them, is *worst*.

You never with *posterity* can *thrive*—

'Tis by the *Rambler's* death alone, you live—

Like *wrens*, (that in some volume, I have read)

Hatch'd by strange fortune, in a HORSE'S HEAD.

Poor SAM was rather *fainting* in his *glory*—

But now, his fame lies *fouly dead* before ye :

Thus, to some dying man, (a frequent case)

Two doctors come, and give the *coup de grace*.

Zounds! Madam, mind the duties of a *wife*,

And dream no more of DOCTOR JOHNSON'S *life* :

A happy knowledge, in a *pye* or *pudding*,

Will more delight your friends, than all your *studying*:

One cut from *ven'son*, to the heart can speak

Stronger than *ten quotations* from the *Greek*:

One fat SIR LOIN possesses more *sublime*

Than all the airy castles built by *RHIME*.

One nipperkin of *stingo* with a toast,

Beats all the streams, the *Muses FOUNT* can boast,

Blest! in *one pint* of porter, lo! my belly can

Find raptures not in all the floods of *Helicon*.

Enough those anecdotes, your *pow'rs*, have shown:

SAM's Life, dear Ma'am, will only *damn your own*.

For *thee*, *JAMES BOSWELL*, may the hand of *FATE*

Arrest thy goose-quill, and confine thy prate:

Thy

Thy egotisms, the world, *disgusted* hears—

Then load with vanities, no more our ears,

Like some lone Puppy yelping all night long ;

That tires the *very echoes* with his tongue.

Yet should it lie beyond the pow'rs of FATE,

To stop thy pen, and still thy darling prate ;

To live in *solitude*, oh ! be thy luck :

A *chattering* MAGPIE ON THE ISLE OF MUCK.

Thus spoke the JUDGE, then leaping from the chair ;

He left, in consternation, lost, the PAIR :

Black FRANK *, he fought, on anecdote to cram,

And vomit *first* †, a LIFE of furly SAM.

* DOCTOR JOHNSON'S Negro servant.

† The KNIGHT'S volume is reported to be in great forwardness, and likely to *distance* his formidable competitors.

Shock'd at the little manners of the KNIGHT;
 The RIVALS marv'ling mark'd his sudden flight;
 Then to their pens, and paper, rush'd the TWAIN
 To kill the *mangled* RAMBLER, o'er again.

N. B. The Quotations from Mr. Boswell, are made from the Second Edition of his Journal—
 Those from Mrs. Piozzi, from the First Edition of her Anecdotes.

F I N I S.

THE SIXTH EDITION,
With considerable ADDITIONS.

ODE UPON ODE;
OR
A PEEP AT ST. JAMES'S;
OR
NEW-YEAR'S DAY;
OR
WHAT YOU WILL.

By PETER PINDAR, *Esq.*

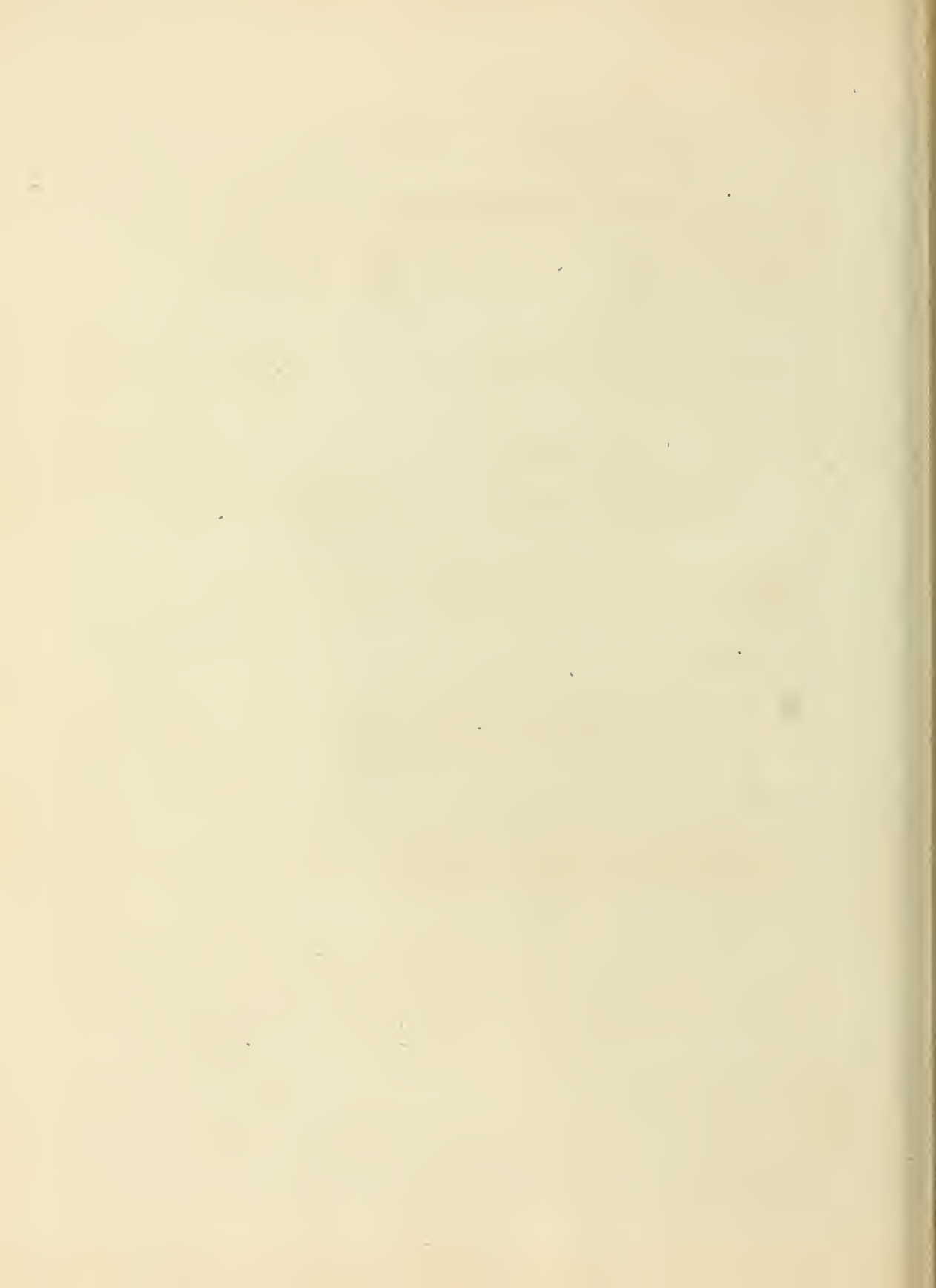
Quo me cunque rapit Tempestas, deferor Hospes. HORACE.

Just as the Maggot bites, I take my way—
To Painters now my court respectful pay;
Now (ever welcome!) on the Muse's Wings,
Drop in at *Windsor*, on the best of KINGS;
Now, at St. *James's*, about HANDEL prate,
Hear Odes, see Lords and 'Squires, and simile at State.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR G. KEARSLEY, AT JOHNSON'S HEAD, No. 46, FLEET-STREET.

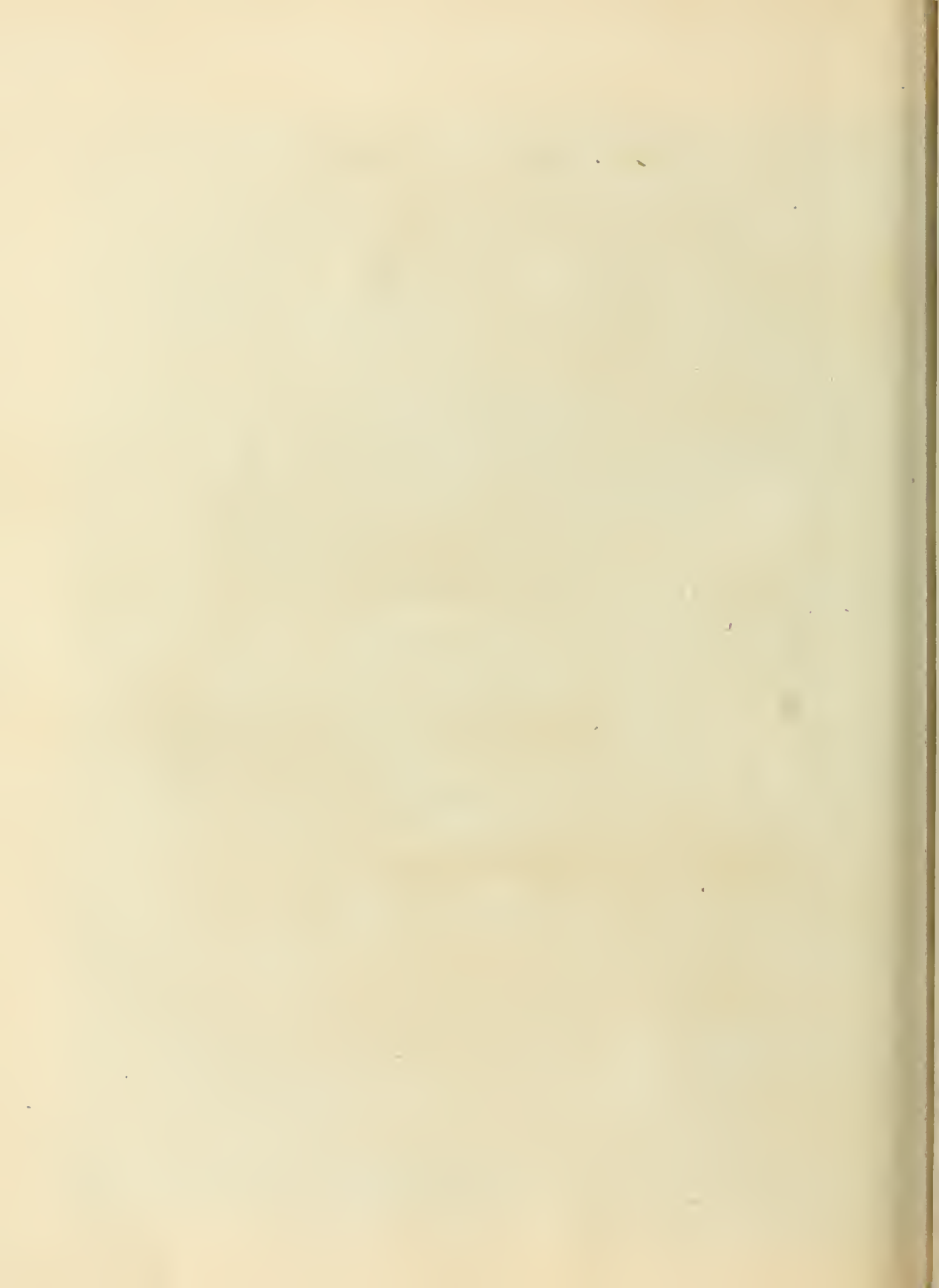
M,DCC,LXXXVII.



ADVERTISEMENT.

READER,

I Think it necessary to inform thee, if thou hast not read Mr. WARTON'S Ode, that I mean not to say that he hath, *totidem verbis*, sung what I have asserted of him; I therefore beg that my Ode may be considered as an Amplification of the ingenious LAUREAT'S Idea:



P R O Æ M I U M.

KNOW, Reader, that the LAUREAT's Poft sublime
Is deftin'd to record in handsome Rhyme,
The Deeds of British Monarchs, twice a year :
If *great*—how happy is the tuneful Tongue!
If *pitiful*—(as Shakefpear fays) the Song
“ Muft fuckle Fools, and chronicle fmall Beer.”

But Bards muft take the *uphill* with the *down* :
Kings cannot always Oracles be hatching :
Maggots are oft the tenants of a crown—
Therefore, like thofe in Cheefe, not worth the
catching.

B

O gentle

O gentle Reader! if, by God's good Grace,
 Or (what's more fought) good Interest at Court,
 Thou get'st, of Lyric Trumpeter, the Place,
 And hundreds are, like Gudgeons gaping for't;
 Hear! (at a Palace if thou mean'st to thrive)
 And of a steady Coachman learn to drive.

Whene'er employ'd to celebrate a King,
 Let Fancy lend thy Muse its loftiest wing—
 Stun with thy Minstrelsy th'affrighted Sphere;
 Bid thy Voice thunder like a hundred Batteries;
 For common Sounds, conveying common Flatteries,
 Are Zephyrs whisp'ring to the Royal Ear.

Know—Glutton-like, on Praise each Monarch crams:
 Hot Spices suit alone their pamper'd Nature:
 Alas! the Stomach, parch'd by burning drams,
 With mad-dog Terror starts at simple Water.

Fierce

Fierce is each royal *Mania* for Applause ;
 And, as a Horse-pond wide, are Monarch Maws,—
 Form'd therefore on a pretty ample scale :
 To sound the *decent* Panegyric Note,
 To pour the *modest* Flatt'ries down their throat,
 Were offering shrimps for dinner to a Whale.

And mind, whene'er thou strik'st the Lyre to Kings,
 To touch to Abigails of Courts, the Strings ;—
 Give the Queen's Toad-eater a handsome Sop,
 And swear she always has more Grace
 Than ev'n to sell the *meanest* place—
 Swear too, the Woman keeps no Title-Shop ;

Sells not, like Jews in Paul's Church-Yard their Ware,
 Who on each Passenger for Custom stare ;
 And, in the happy Tones of Traffick, cry,
 “*Sher ! vat you buy, Sher ?—Madam ! vat you buy ?*”

Thus,

Thus, Reader, ends the Prologue to my Ode!

The true-bred Courtiers wonder whilst I preach,—
 And, with grave Vizards, and stretch'd Eyes to God,
 Pronounce my Sermon a most impious Speech:
 With all my Spirit—let them damn my Lays—
 A Courtier's Curfes are exalted Praise.

I HEAR a startled Morlist exclaim,

“ Fie, PETER, PETER! fie for shame!

“ Such Counfel disagrees with my Digestion.”

Well! well then, my Old SOCRATES, to please thee,

For much I'm willing of thy Qualms to ease thee,

I'll nobly take the other fide the Question.

Par Exemple :

Fair Praise is sterling Gold—all should desire it—
 Flatt'ry, base Coin—a Cheat upon the Nation :
 And yet, our Vanity doth much admire it,
 And really gives it all its Circulation.

FLATT'RY's a sly insinuating Screw—
 The World—a Bottle of Tokay so fine—
 The Engine always can its Cork subdue,
 And make an easy Conquest of the Wine.

FLATT'RY's an Ivy wriggling round an Oak—
 This Oak is often honest blunt JOHN BULL—
 Which Ivy would its great Supporter choak,
 Whilst JOHN (so thick the Walls of his dark Scull)
 Deems it a pretty Ornament, and struts—
 Till MASTER IVY creeps into JOHN's Guts ;
 And gives poor thoughtless JOHN a set of Gripes :
 Then, like an Organ, opening all his Pipes,
 JOHN roars ; and, when to a Consumption drain'd,
 Finds out the Knave, his Folly entertain'd.

PRAISE is a modest unassuming Maid,

As simply as a Quaker Beauty drest :—

No Ostentation hers—no vain Parade :

Sweet Nymph ! and of few words poss'est ;

Yet, heard with rev'rence when she silence breaks,

And dignifies the man of whom she speaks.

FLATT'RY's a pert French Millener—a Jade

Cover'd with *rouge*, and flauntingly array'd—

Makes faucy love to ev'ry Man she meets,

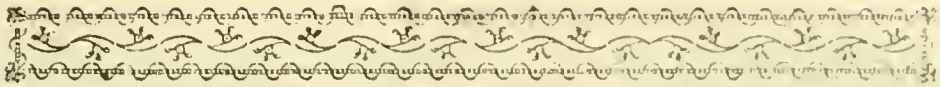
And offers ev'n, her Favours in the Streets.

And yet, instead of meeting public Hisses—

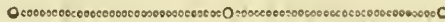
Divines so grave—Philosophers can bear her ;

What's stranger still, with childish rapture hear her—

Nay, court the smiling Harlots *very Kisses*.



O D E.



RICH as Dutch Cargoes from the fragrant East,
Or Custard-Pudding at a City Feast,
Tom's Incense greets his Sovereign's hungry Nose :
For, bating Birth-day Torrents from Parnassus,
And New-year's Spring-tide of divine Molasses,
Fame in a scanty Rill to Windsor flows !

Poets (quoth tuneful Tom), in ancient times,
Delighted all the Country with their Rhymes ;—
Sung Knights and Barbed Steeds with Valour big :
Knights who encounter'd Witches — murder'd
Wizards,
Flogg'd Pagans till they grumbled in their gizzards :
Rogues ! with no more religion than a Pig :

—Knights

—Knights who illumin'd unbelieving Souls
 Through pretty little well-form'd Eyelet-holes,
 By pious Pikes, and godly Lances made—
 Tools! that work'd Wonders in the holy Trade;

With Battle-Axes fit to knock down Bulls,
 And therefore qualified (I wot) full well,
 With force the Sacred Oracles to tell
 Unto the thickest unbelieving Skulls:

—Knights, who, so famous at the Game of Tourney,
 Took boldly to the Holy-Land a Journey,
 To plant, with Swords, in Hearts, the Gospel Seeds;
 Just as we hole for Cucumbers, Hot-Beds,
 Or pierce the Bosom of the fullen Earth,
 To give to Radishes or Onions Birth:

—Knights, who, when tumbled on the hostile Field,
 And to an Enemy oblig'd to yield,
 Could neither Leg, nor Arm, nor Neck, nor Nob, stir:
 Poor Devils! who like Alligators hack'd,
 At length my Hammers, Hatchets, Sledges, crack'd;
 Were dragg'd from Coats of Armour—like a Lobster.

Great

Great (says the Laureat) were the Poet's Puffings
 On idle daring Red-Crofs Raggamuffins,
 Who for their Childishness deserv'd a Birch :
 Quoth Tom, A worthier Subject now, thank God !
 Inspires the lofty Dealer in the Ode,
 Than Blockheads battling for Old Mother Church.

Times (quoth our courtly Bard) are alter'd quite—
 The Poet scorns what charm'd of yore the fight—
 Goths, Vandals, Castles, Horses, Mares :—
 The polish'd Poet of the present Day,
 Doth in his tasty Shop display,
 Ah ! vastly prettier-colour'd Wares.

—The Poet “ moulds his Harp to Manners mild,
 Quoth Tom—to Monarchs, who, with Rapture wild,
 Hear their own Praise with Mouths of gaping Wonder,
 And catch each Crotchet of the Birth-day Thunder :
 Crotchets that scorn the Praise of *common* Folly—
 Though not most *musical*—most *melancholy* :
 Ah ! Crotchets doom'd to charm our ears no more,
 Although by Mr. PARSONS set in *score* ;

Drear and eternal Silence doom'd to keep,
 Where the dark Waters of Oblivion sleep—
 To speak in humbler English—doom'd to rest,
 With Court Addressee, in a musty Chest.

Yet all the Lady *Amateurs* declar'd,
 They were the *charming'st* Things they ever heard :
 As for example—all the Angel GIDEONS—
 That is, my Lady, and her Daughters fair,
 With coal-black Eye-brows, and sweet Hebrew Air—
 The lovely produce of the two Religions :

Thus, in their Virtues, Fox-hounds best succeed,
 When Sportsmen very wisely cross the Breed :
 And thus, with nobler Lustre, shines the Fowl
 Begot between a Game-Hen and an Owl.

Sir SAMPSON too declar'd, with Voice divine,
 “ *Dat shince he haf turn Chreestian, and eat Hog,*
He nebber did hear Mooshic half sbo fine ;
 No ! nebber shince he lefs de Shinnygogue.”

HIS GRACE of QUEENSBURY too, with Eyes though dim,
 And one deaf Ear, was there in Wonder drown'd!
 Lift'ning; in Attitude of Corp'ral Trim,
 He rais'd his thin grey Curl to catch the Sound :

Then swore the Airs would never meet their matches,
 But in his own immortal Gleees and Catches.
 Yet were those Crotchets all condemn'd to rest
 In the dark bosom of a musty Chest !

Crotchets that form'd into so sweet an Air,
 As charm'd my LADY MAYORESS and LORD MAYOR ;
 Who thought (and really they were true Believers)
 The Music equall'd Marrow-bones and Cleavers.

Strains ! that the Reverend BISHOPS had no Qualms,
 In saying, that they equall'd David's Psalms ;
 But not surpass'd in Melody the Bell,
 That mournful foundeth an ARCH-BISHOP'S Knell ;
 Strains ! that Sir JOSEPH MAWBEE deem'd divine,
 Sweet as the Quavers of his fattest Swine.

E'en great *LORD BRUDENELL's self admired the Strain,
 In all the tuneful Agonies of Pain ;
 Who, winking, beats with Duck-like Nods the Time,
 And call'd the Music and the Words sublime.

Too, all the other Lords, with Plaudits swarming,
 Cried *Bravo! Bravo!* charming! *Bravo!* charming!
 And Majesty itself, to Music bred,
 Pronounc'd it "very, very good indeed!"
 Indulging, p'rhaps, the *very* nat'ral Dream,
 That all its Charms were owing to the *Theme*.

Not but some small degree of harmless Pleasure
 Might in the Brace of R—y—l Bosoms rise
 To think they heard it without Waste of Treasure :
 As Sixpences are lovely in their eyes.

For not long since, I heard a forward Dame,
 Thus, in a Tone of Impudence exclaim—
 " Good God! how Kings and Queens a Song adore!
 " With what Delight they order an *encore!*

" When

* A prodigious *Amateur*—without his Lordship there can be no rehearsal.

“ When that same song, *encor'd*, for *nothing* flows !

“ This MADAM MARA to her Sorrow knows.”

“ To Windsor, several times, and *eke* to Kew,

“ The R—y—l Mandate MADAM MARA drew.

“ No cheering Drop was MARA ask'd to sip—

“ No Bread was offer'd to her quiv'ring Lip :

“ Though faint, she was not suffer'd to sit down,—

“ Heav'n help the *Goodness*—*Grandeur* of the Cr—n!

“ Now tell me, will it ever be believ'd,

“ How much for Song and Chaise-hire she receiv'd ?

“ How much pray, think ye?—Fifty Guineas—“No.”

Most surely, Forty.—“No, no.”—Thirty.—“Poh!

“ Pray, guess in Reason—come again” —

Alas! you jeer us—Twenty, at the least ;

No man could ever be so great a B——st

As not to give her twenty for her Pain.—

“ To keep you then no longer in Suspense,

“ For MADAM MARA's Chaise-hire and sweet Note,

“ Out of their *wonderful* Benevolence,

“ Their bounteous M——ies gave—not a Groat.”

E

“ Ay !”

“ Ay!” cried a second Slanderer, with a Sneer,
 “ I know a Story like it—You shall hear—
 “ POOR MRS. SIDDONS, *she* was order’d out—
 “ To wait upon their M—j—ies, to *spout*—
 “ To read old Shakespear’s *As you like it* to ’em;
 “ And how to mind their Stops, and Commas, shew ’em.
 “ She read—was told ’twas very very fine,
 “ Excepting here and there a Line,—
 “ To which the Royal Wisdom did object—
 “ And which in all the Pride of Emendation,
 “ And partly to improve her reputation,
 “ His M—j—y thought proper to correct :
 “ Then turning to the Partner of his Bed,
 “ On tiptoe rais’d by high Self-approbation,
 “ A very modest Elevation !
 “ He cried “ mind, CHARLY, *that’s* the way to read.”
 “ The Actress, reading, spouting—out of Breath
 “ *Stood* all the time—was nearly tir’d to death ;
 “ Whilst both their M—j—ies, in Royal Style,
 “ At perfect Ease were *sitting* all the while.

“ Not

“ Not offer’d to her was one Drop of Beer, .
 “ Nor Wine, nor Chocolate, her Heart to cheer :
 “ Ready to drop to earth, she must have sunk,
 “ But for a Child, that at the Hardship shrunk—
 “ A little PRINCE, who mark’d her Situation,
 “ Thus, pitying, pour’d a tender Exclamation :

“ La! MRS. SIDDONS is quite faint indeed.
 “ How pale! I’m sure she cannot longer read :
 “ She somewhat wants, her Spirits to repair,
 “ And would, I’m sure, be happy in a *Chair*.”

“ What follow’d?—Why, the R—y—l Pair arose,
 “ Surly enough—one fairly may suppose ;
 “ And to a Room adjoining made retreat,
 “ To let her, for one Minute, *steal à feat*.”

“ At length the Actress ceas’d to read and spout
 “ Where Generosity’s a crying Sin :
 “ Her Curt’fy dropp’d—was nodded to—came out—
 “ So rich!—How rich?—As rich as she *went in*.”

Such are the Stories twain—Why, grant the Fact,
Are PRINCES, pray, like *common Folks* to act?

Should M_AR_A call it *Cruelty*, and blame

Such R—y—l Conduct, I'd cry, Fie upon her!
To M_RS. SIDDONS, freely say the same—

Sufficient for *such People* is the *Honour!*

E'en I, the B_AR_D, expect no Gifts from K_IN_GS,
Although I've said of them such *handsome* Things—
Nay, not their Eye's Attention, whose bright Ray
Would, like the S_UN, illumine my poor Lay,

And, like the Sun, so kind to Procreation,
Increase within my Brain the Maggot Nation.
So much for idle Tales.—Now, M_US_E, thy Strain
Digressive, turn to Drawing-Rooms again.

There too was P_IT_T, who scrap'd and bow'd to ground;
And whisper'd Majesty, 'twas vastly fine;—
Then wish'd such Harmony could once be found
Where *he*, each Day, was treated like a Swine
By that Arch-fiend C_HA_RL_ES F_OX, and his vile Party—
Villains! in nought but black Rebellion hearty;
Fellows!

Fellows! who had the Impudence to place
 The *Sacred Sceptre* underneath the *Mace*,
 And twisted Ropes, with Malice disappointed,
 To hamper or to hang the LORD'S AN——ED.

To whom a certain SAGE so earnest cried,

“ Don't mind—don't mind—the Rogues their Aim
 have mis'd—

“ Don't fear your Place, whilst I am well supply'd—

“ But mind, mind Poverty of Civil List.

“ Swear that no K——'s so poor upon the Globe;

“ Compare me—yes compare me, to poor JOB.

“ What? What, PITT—hæ? We must have t'other
 Grant.

“ What, What? You know, PITT, that my old
 dead AUNT,

“ Left not a Sixpence, PITT, these Eyes to bless,

“ But from the Parish sav'd that F—l at *H-ffe*.

“ But mind me—hæ, to plague her heart when dying,

“ I was a constant Hunter—Nimrod still ;

“ And when in State as dead’s a Mack’rel lying,

“ I car’d not, for I knew the Woman’s *Will*.

“ And three Days after she was dead,

“ Which some Folks thought prodigiouſly profane,

“ I took it—yes—I took it in my Head,

“ To order *Sir John Brute* at Drury Lane.

“ Had she reſpected *me*, I do aver,

“ I ſhould have ſtay’d at Home, and thought of *Her*.”

“ And mind—keep GEORGE as poor as a Church Mouſe—

“ Vote not a Halfpenny for Carleton-Houſe—

“ This may appear like wonderful Barbarity—

“ But mind, Pitt, mind—he gains in Popularity.

“ I ſee him o’er his Father try to riſe—

“ And mount an Eagle to the Skies—

“ But Poverty will check his daring Flight—

“ Beſides, ſhould GEORGE receive a Grant—

“ He gets the golden Orbs I want—

“ Then Civil Liſt Deficiencies,—Good Night !

“ And

- “ And hæ! that wicked * Son-in-Law of BROWN,
 “ Lofing all Sort of Rev’rence for a Crown,
 “ Hath fent me in, a Bill fo dread—
 “ What’s very ftrange too, PITT, I’ll tell ye more—
 “ The Rascal came into my Houfe, and fwore
 “ ’Twas a juft Bill, and that he *muft* be paid ;
 “ Yes, “that he wou’d,” he fwore—(how faucy!—PITT)
 “ Or fend a Lawyer to me with a *Writ*.

 “ Down fent I RAMUS to him o’er and o’er
 “ To fay that BROWN had *gain’d* enough—
 “ And bid him to the Palace come no more
 “ To pefter Majefty with Bills and Stuff.

 “ What—PITT, pray don’t you thing I’m right—
 quite right?
 “ On which the PREMIER, with a fault’ring Bow,
 “ Star’d in the Face by TRUTH—looking I don’t
 know how ;
 “ *Hem’d* out a faint Affent—heav’ns how polite !
 “ How

* Mr. Holland, who married a Daughter of the late *Capability* Brown, and who hath feveral Times, *impertinently* troubled the Palace with a Bill of Two Thoufand Pounds, due for Work done by his Father-in-Law in the Royal Gardens.

“How pretty ’twas in PITT, what great good Sense,
 “Not to give Majesty the least Offence!

Whereas, the CHANCELLOR, had *he* been there,
 Whose Tutor, one would think had been a Bear;
 Thinking a Briton to no Forms confin’d,
 But born with Privilege to speak his Mind;
 Had answer’d with a thund’ring Tongue,
 “I think your Majesty d—mn—tion wrong—
 “I know no *moral*, nor *prescriptive* Right
 “In Kings to *** a Subject of a Mite:

“Give him his just Demand—it is but fit—
 “Such Littleneffes look extremely odd—
 “Before *me* should the Matter come, by G—d
 “Your M——y will curfedly be *bit*—
 “Kings by a Sense of Honour should be sway’d—
 “Holland, *must*, *will*, by G—d he *shall* be paid.”

Lord ROCHFORD too, the gentle Youth was there,
 Whose sweet *falsetto* Voice is often sported
 In Glees and Catches; so that all who hear,
 Believe a pretty *Semi-vir* imported.

There

ANXIOUS to please the Royal Pair,
 LORD SALISBURY prais'd the Words and Air :
 My Lord—who boasts a pretty tuneful Palate ?
 Who kindly teaches Cobblers how to sing ?
 Instructs his Butler, Baker, on the String,
 And with Apollo's Laurel, crowns his Valet.*

“ A Cobler ! Baker changed to a Musician,
 “ Butlers, and Lick-trenchers ? ” My Reader roars,
 “ The sacred Art is in a sweet Condition—
 “ A pretty Way of rubbing out old Scores !

“ God blefs his Generosity and Purse,
 “ Soon probably his Grandmother or Nurse,
 “ May to the happy Band unite their Notes—
 “ Perchance, the Lift respectable to grace,
 “ His Lordship's fav'rite *Horse* may show his Face,
 “ And earn as Chorus-Singer, all his Oats.”

* His Lordship made some *fad* Appointments to his Majesty's Band—ignorant, unmusical Rogues who receive the Salary, and thrum by Proxy: however, he hath behaved better, *lately*, and made Atonement, by giving SHIELD, DANCE, BLAKE, and HACKWOOD to the Band.

There too, that close attendant on the King,
 *SIR CHARLES, the active, elegant and supple,
 Join'd with the happy Beings of the Ring,
 And bow'd and scrap'd before the sceptred Couple ;
 Pour'd high *Encomium* on the Birth-Day Din,
 And won the *Meed* of many a Royal Grin.

Sir Charles! the most polite, devoted Man,
 Form'd perfectly upon the Courtier Plan ;
 Watches each Motion of the Royal Lips,
 And round his Majesty so lively skips :

Keen as a Hawk, observes his Sovereign's Eye,
 Explores its wants, and dwells upon its Stare,
 As if he really was to live or die,
 According to th' appearance of the Glare :
 Hops, dances, of true Courtlinefs, the Type,
 Juft like a Pea on a Tobacco Pipe.

Oft will his sacred M——y look down,
 With Aspect confcious of a glorious Crown :

Look

* Sir Charles Thomfon.

Look down with furly Grandeur on the Knight,
 As if fuch fervile Homage were his *Right*;
 And by a *Stare*, inform the fearful Thing,
 The Diff'rence 'twixt a Subject and a King.

Thus when a little fearful Puppy meets
 A noble Newfoundland Dog in the Streets,
 He creeps, and whines, and licks the lofty Brute;
 Curls round him, falls upon his back, and then,
 Springs up and gambols—frisks it back agen,
 And crawls in dread submission to his Foot:
 Looks up, and hugs his Neck, and seems t'intreat him,
 With ev'ry mark of Terror, not to eat him.

The Newfoundland Dog, conscious of his Might,
 Cocks high his Tail and Ears, his State to show;
 Then lifts his Leg (a little unpolite)
 And almost drowns the Supplicant below:

Then seems, in full-blown Majesty, to say
 "Great is my Pow'r—but, lo! I'll not abuse it:
 "I'm CÆSAR! paltry Creature, go thy Way;
 "But mind, I can devour thee, if I chuse it."

Oft flows at Theatres, SIR CHARLES, his mien,
Skips from his Majesty, behind the Scene,

To make a famous Actress blest, by saying,
How pleas'd the Monarch is—how oft he clapp'd,
How oft the Queen her fan so gracious tapp'd,
In Approbation of her charming Playing!

Then will the KNIGHT, with Motions all so quick,
Rush back again, o'erjoy'd, through thin and thick,
And to their sacred Majesties repair,
Loaded with Curtsies, Speeches, Thanks, fine Things!
Proud as some old Dame's Nag with Queens and Kings
Of Gingerbread, to grace a Country fair.

Then will SIR CHARLES race back with wild Career,
With something *new*, the Royal Mouths shall utter,
Sweet to the ACTRESS's astonish'd Ear,
As Sugar-plums to Brats—or Bread and Butter.

Then back to Majesty SIR CHARLES will fly
With this great Actress's *sublime* Reply :

As

As for Example—" Dear SIR CHARLES, dear Friend,
 " Pray thank their Majesties extreme good-nature,
 " Who in their Goodnesses can condescend
 " To honour thus their poor devoted Creature ;
 " Whose Patronage gives Glory to a Name—
 " Whose Smiles *alone* confer immortal Fame. —
 " I beg, Sir Charles, you'll say the *humblest* Things—
 " Commend me to the best of *Queens* and *Kings*."

Back with these Messages SIR CHARLES will run,
 And with them, charm of Majesty the SUN,
 And bid him, like his BROTHER in the Skies,
 Dart smiling Radiance from his Mouth and Eyes !
 Thrice happy KNIGHT ! all Parties, form'd to please !
 Blest Porter of such Messages as these !

Thus midst the Battle's Rage, like Lightning scours
 An AID-DE-CAMP, his GENERAL'S Orders carrying:
 Bravely he gallops through the Bullet Show'rs,
 But scarce a single Minute tarrying ;
 Then to the GENERAL back with Answer, comes,
 Midst the deep Thunder of great Guns and Drums :

Now forth 'again with more commands he fallies,
 Then back, then forth again behold him hurry,
 To *this* that runs away, to *that* which rallies,
 All Bustle, Uproar wild, and Hurry Scurry!

Yet was there *one* who much the day decried—

Old LADY MARY DUNCAN (says Report).

“What, no dear, dear *Castrato* here!” she sigh'd,

“Why then—P-x take the Roarings and the Court;

“Then Lord have Mercy on my tortur'd Ears,

“And shield me from the Shouts of such HE-BEARS.”

“Are such the pretty Notes to please!

“Then! may I never more hear Sounds like these:

“In Days of yore, they might have had their Merit,

“Amongst the Rams-Horns to have borne a Bob,

“That did at JERICHO the wondrous Job—

“Knock'd down the Wall with so much Spirit.

“The Sounds may answer to play Tricks

“Amongst a Pack of drunken Asses;

“To break, as if it were with Sticks,

“The Bones of Bottles and poor Glasses.

“Where,

“ Where, where is PACCHIEROTTI’s *heart-felt Strain*?

“ Where RUBINELLI’s *softenuto* Note?

“ That tickled oft my fighting Soul to *Pain*,

“ That bade my Senses in Elysium float?

“ Avaunt! you vile black-bearded Rogues—avaunt!

“ ’Tis smother Chins, and sweeter Tones, *I want.*”

MY LORD OF EXETER was also there;

Who, marv’ling, cock’d his Time discerning Ear
To Strains that did such Honour to a Throne:—

There UXBRIDGE taught the Audience how to *think*:
With much significant and knowing Wink,
And Speeches clad in Wisdom’s critic Tone;
Who look’d Musicians *through* with half-shut Eyes;—
Most solemn, most *chromatically* wise!

SANDWICH, the Glory of each jovial Meeting,
This Fidler, now—now *that*, so kindly greeting,
Appear’d, and shrewdly pour’d his *habs* and *hums*:
Great in Tattoo, my Lord, and Cross-hand Roll;
Great in the Dead-march-stroke sublime of SAUL,
He beats Old * ASSBRIDGE on the Kettle-Drums.

What

* A Kettle-Drummer of great Celebrity.

What Pity, to our *military* Host,
 That such a charming Drummer should be lost!
 And feel through Life his Glories overcast
 At that dull * Board, where, never could he learn,
 Of Ships, the Diff'rence between *Stem and Stern*,
 Hen-coops and Boats, the Rudder and the Mast.

Say—midst the tuneful Tribe was EDMUND BURKE?
 No!—MUN was cutting out for HASTINGS, work;
 Writing to COUSIN WILL and Co. to league 'em
 Against that Rogue, who like a Ruffian rose,
 And tweak'd a Bulse of Jewels from the Nose
 Of Dames, in India, christen'd *Munny Begum*.

EDMUND! who formerly look'd fierce as Grimbald
 On that most horrid Imp SIR THOMAS RUMBOLD,
 Vow'd, like a Sheep, to flea that Eastern Thief;
 Till *strange good Fortune* open'd EDMUND's Eyes:
 Oh! then he heard of INNOCENCE the Cries,
 And, like Jew-Converts, damn'd his Old Belief.
 Yet, let *some* Praise for MUN's Conversion pass
 To that great Wonder-worker, SAINT DUNDAS.

EDMUND!

* The Admiralty.

EDMUND! who battled hard for POWELL's Life,
 And swore no Man, in Virtue, e'er went further:
 To prove which Oath, this POWELL took a Knife,
 And made the world believe it, by *Self-Murther*.

Reader—suppose I give thee a small Ode
 Made when vile TIPPOO SAIB in Triumph rode,
 And play'd the Devil on our Indian Borders,
 In Person, or by vile satanic Orders:

When Mr. BURKE so famous for fine Speeches,
 From *Trope* to *Trope*, a downright Rabbit, skipping,
 Meant, School-boy like, to take down HASTINGS'
Breeches,
 And give the Noble GOVERNOR a Whipping?

If rightly, Reader, I translate thy Phiz,
 Thou smil'st Consent.—I thank thee—Here it is.

But mark my Cleanliness ere I begin:
 Know, I've not caught the *Itch* of Party-sin:
 To PITT, or FOX, I never did belong:
 TRUTH, TRUTH I seek—so help me GOD OF SONG!

I

P'rhaps,

P'rhaps, to a *Heathen Oath* thou may'st *demur* :
 Well then—Suspicion that I mayn't incur,
 But, like a *Christian* swear *I do not sham*—
 By all the Angels of yon lofty Sky,
 Where burning Seraphims and Cherubs cry,
 I'm of no Party—curse me if I am !

By all those Wonder-monger Saints and Martyrs
 Cut for the Love of God in Halves and Quarters ;
 By each black Soul in Purgatory frying ;
 By all those whiter Souls, though we can't see 'em,
 Singing their *Ave-Mary* and *Te Deum*
 On yon bright Cloud—I swear I am not lying.

No ! free as air the MUSE shall spread her Wing,
 Of *whom*, and *when*, and *what* she pleases, sing :
 Though * Privy Councils, jealous of her Note,
 Prescrib'd, of late, a Halter for her Throat.

Let Folly spring—my Eagle, Falcon, Kite,
 Hawk—Satire—what you will—shall mark her Flight ;

* This is a Piece of secret History.

Through Huts or Palaces ('tis just the same),
 With equal Rage, pursue the panting Game;
 And lay (by Princes, or by Peasants, bred)
 Low at the OWNER'S Feet, the CUCKOW, dead.

O D E T O E D M U N D .

MUCH edified am I by EDMUND BURKE!
 Well-pleas'd I see his Patriot-Mill at work,
 Grinding away for poor Old England's Good:
 He gives of Elocution, such a Feast!
 He tells of such dread Doings in the East!
 And sighs, as 'twere for his own Flesh and Blood.

*Shroff, Chout, Lack, Omra, Dustuck, Nabob, Bunder,
 Crore, Choultry, Begum, Leave his Lips in Thunder.*

With matchless *Pathos*, MUN describes the Gag,
 Employ'd by that vile Son of HYDER NAIG,

Nam'd

Nam'd TIPPOO.—Gags! that British Mouths detest;
 Occasion'd partly by that Man so fad,
 That HASTINGS!—oh! deserving all that's bad—
 That Villain, Murd'rer, Tyrant, Dog, Wild Beast!

Poor EDMUND sees poor Britain's setting Sun :
 Poor Edmund *groans*,—and Britain is *undone*!

Reader! thou hast, I do presume,
 (God knows though) been in a snug Room,
 By Coals or Wood made comfortably warm,
 And often fancied that a Storm *without*,
 Hath made a diabolic Rout—
 Sunk Ships—tore Trees up—done a world of Harm.

Yes! thou hast lifted up thy tearful Eyes,
 Fancying thou heardst of Mariners the Cries;
 And sigh'd, “ How wretched now must thousands be!
 “ Oh! how I pity the poor Souls at Sea!”
 When, lo! this dreadful Tempest, and his Roar,
 A *Zephyr*—in the Key-hole of the Door!

Now,

Now, may not EDMUND'S Howlings be a Sigh
 Pressing through EDMUND'S Lungs for Loaves
 and Fishes,
 On which he long hath look'd with *longing* Eye,
 To fill poor EDMUND'S not o'er-burthen'd Dishes?

Give MUN a Sop—forgot will be Complaint,
 BRITAIN be safe, and HASTINGS prove a *Saint*.

Now for the Drawing-Room—O Muse so madding,
 Delighted in Digression to be gadding.

HAMPDEN and FORTESCUE (brave Names!) attended—
 The *last*, in Catches, wonderfully mended.
 The Lovely LADY CLARGES too was there,
 To all the Graces as to Music born;
 Whose Note so sweetly melting soothes the Ear!
 Soft as the Robin's to the Blush of Morn!

There too the rare *Viol-di-Gamba* PRATT,
 Whose Fingers fair, the Strings so nicely pat,
 And Bow, that brings out Sounds unknown at Babel—
 Though not so sweet as those of Mr. ABEL.

Dear Maid! the Daughter of that PRINCE of PRATTS,
 Who Music *cons*, as well as Law; and swears
 The Girl shall *scrub* no Soul's but Handel's Airs,
 To whom he thinks our great Composers, Cats.

Id est, SACCHINI, HAYDEN, BACH, and GLUCK,
 And Twenty more, who never had the Luck
 To please the nicer Ears of *some crown'd* FOLK:
 Ears, that, like other People's, though they grow,
 Poor Creatures! really want the Sense to know
 Psalm-Tunes so mournful from the Old Black Joke.

That musty Music-hunter too—*Mus. D.*
 Much-travel'd BURNEY came to hear and see:
 HE, in his Tour, who found such great Protectors—
 KINGS, QUEENS, DUKES, MARGRAVES, MARGRAVINES,
 ELECTORS,

Who

Who ask'd the DOCTOR many a gracious Question,
 And treated him with marv'lous Hospitality ;
 Gueffing he had as clever a Digestion
 For Meat and Drink, as Mufic of rare Quality.—

Not with much Glee the DOCTOR heard the Ode,
 But turn'd his difappointed Eyes to GOD ;
 And wifh'd it his own Setting, with a Sigh :—
 For, ere to SALISBURY'S Houfe the DOCTOR came—
 To get as ODE-SETTER, enroll'd his Name—
 Behold ! behold the *Wedding was gone by*.

Ah ! how unlucky that the Prize was loft !
 PARSONS, who daring dafh'd through thick and thin—
 ECLIPS the fecond !—got like Lightning *in*,
 When BURNEY juft had reach'd the *Distance Poft*.

Yet, gentle Mufe, let Candour *this* allow,
 That, though his Heart was mortified enow,
 The DOCTOR did his Rival's Art admire,
 And own'd his *maiden* Crotchets full of Fire—
 Crotchets ! though sweet—alas ! condemn'd to lie
 Hid, like moft Royal Virtues, from our eye !

Crotchets,

Crotchets, that songful Mr. PARSONS ties
 To Tom's big Phrase, to make sublimer Cries :
 Thrice happy Union to entrance the Soul !
 How like the Notes of Cats, a vocal Pair,
 By Boys (to catch their wild and mingled Air)
 Tied Tail to Tail, and thrown across a Pole !

But where was great SIR WATKYN all this Time ?
 Why heard he not the Air and lofty Rhyme ?
 The sleek Welsh Deity, who Music knows—
 The ALEXANDER of the *Tot'n'am Troops,
 Who, tutor'd by his Stampings, Nods, Grunts,
 Whoops,
 Do wond'rous Execution with their Bows ?

SIR WATKYN, deep in dismal Dudgeon gone,
 Far in his Cambrian †Villa sat alone :
 To ‡Mrs WALSINGHAM he scrubb'd his Base,
 Whilst Anger swell'd the Volume of his Face,
 Flaming,

* Sir Watkyn is a Member of the Ancient Music Concert in Tottenham-Street, and much attended to, both for his Art and Science.

† Wynnestay.

‡ The Quarrel between the Knight and the Lady was a wonderful one—*Tantæne animis cælestibus iræ?*

Flaming, like Suns of London in a Fog :
 Of Mrs. WALSINGHAM he fung with Ire ;
 His Eyes as red as Ferrets' Eyes, with Fire ;
 His mighty Soul for Vengeance all agog.

ACHILLES thus, affronted to the Beard,
 His fledge-like Fist o'er AGAMEMNON rear'd,
 And 'down his Throat would 'fain his Words have
 ramm'd :

Who, after Oaths (a pretty decent Volly),
 And rating the long Monarch for his Folly,
 Inform'd the King of Men he might be d—mn'd ;
 Then to his Tent majestic strode to strum,
 And scrape his Anger out on Tweedle-dum.

Yet Mrs. WALSINGHAM the Ode attended ;
 From 'Squire Apollo, lineally descended—
 A Dame who dances, paints, and plays, and sings :
 The Saint Cecilia—Queen of Wind and Strings !
 Tho' scarcely bigger than a Cat—a Dame
 Midst the *Bas bleus*, a Giant as to *Fame*.

When Fiddle, Hautboy, Clarinet, Bassoon,

On Sunday (deem'd by *us* good Christians, *odd*,)
Unite their Clang, and pour their merry Tune

In jiggish Gratitude to GOD;

Lo! if a witlefs Member should desire,

Instead of Handel, Strains *perchance* of Hayden,
A fierce SEMIRAMIS she flames with ire—

This Amazonian crotchet-loving Maiden!

She looks at him with such a pair of Eyes!

Reader, by way of *simile*-Digression,

Which to my Subject, happily applies—

Did'st ever see GRIMALKIN in a Passion,

Lifting her Back and Ears, and Tail and Hair,
Giving her two expressive Goglers,

(Not in the sweet and tender Stile of Oglers)

A fierce broad, wild, fix'd, furious, threat'ning Stare?

If so—thou mayst some faint Idea have
Of this great Lady at her tuneful Club—

Who very often hath been heard to rave,
And with much Eloquence the Members snub.

Some People by their Souls will swear,
That if Musicians miss a half a Bar,

Just like an Irishman she starts to *bother*—
And in the Violence of quaver Madness,
Where nought should reign but Harmony and Gladness,
She knocks one tuneful Head against another ;
Then screams in such chromatic Tones
Upon Apollo's poor affrighted Sons,
Whose trembling Tongues when her's begins to sound
Are in the Din vociferating, drown'd !

Thus when the Oxford Bell, baptiz'd GREAT TOM,
Shakes all the City with his iron Tongue,
The little tinklers might as well be dumb
As ask Attention to their puny Song,
So much the Lillyputians are o'ercome
By the deep Thunder of the MIGHTY TOM.

HANDEL, as fam'd for Manners as a Pig,
Enrag'd, upon a Time pull'd off his Wig,
And flung it plump in poor CUZZONI's Face,
Because the little Syren, miss'd a grace:

Musicians

Muficians, therefore, fhould beware,
 Or in the Face of fome unlucky Chap,
 Altho' ſhe cannot fling a Load of Hair
 She probably may dart her Cap.

Oft when a Youth, to ſome ſweet bluſhing Maid,
 Hath ſlily whiſper'd amatory Things,
 And more by Paſſion than by Muſic ſway'd,
 Broke on the tuneful Dialogue of Strings ;
 Rous'd like a Tygres from a fav'rite Feaſt,
 Up, hath the valiant Gentlewoman ſprung
 With light'ning Look, and thund'ring Tongue,
 Ready with out-ſtrech'd Neck to eat the Beaſt
 That boldly dar'd,—ſo blaſphemouſly raſh,
 Mix with the Air divine, his loveſick traſh.

Reader, attend her—ſhe will ſo enrich ye
 With Muſic Knowledges of every Kind,
 From that poor nothing-monger old QUILLICI,
 To Handel's lofty and capacious Mind :

Run wild Divisions on the various Merit
Of *this* and *that* Composer's Spirit—

On GLUCK's Sublimities be all so chatty—
Talk of the *Serio-comic* of PICCINI,
Compare the Elegance of sweet SACCHINI,
And iron Melodies of old SCARLATTI!

But not one Word on British Worth, I wean—
Their very Mention, gives the Dame, the Spleen :
'Twere e'en Disgrace to tell their mawkish Names :
Mere Cart-horses—poor uninventive Fools,
Who neither Music make, nor know its Rules—
Whose Works should only come to light in *Flames*.

To Depths of Music doth this Dame pretend,
Nought can her Science well transcend,—
If you the Lady's own Opinion ask ;
And when she talks of musical Enditers,
She shows a *vast* Acquaintance with all Writers,
And takes them critically all to Task.

Dear Gentle-woman ! who, so great, so chaste,
 So *foreign* in her *Tweedle-dummiss* Taste,
 Faints at the Name of that enchanting Fellow,
 The melting *Amoroso* Paifiello !

With Notes on Tarchi, Sarti, will o'erwhelm ye,
 Giordani, sweeter than the Hybla Honey :
 Anfossi, Cimeroso, Bach, Bertoni,

Rauzzini, Abel, Pleyel, Guglielmi !
 Can tell you, that th' Italian School is airy,
 Expressive, elegant, light as a Fairy ;
 The German heavy, deep, scholastic ;

The French most miserably whining, moaning
 Oft like poor Devils in the Colic groaning,
 Noisy and screaming, hideous, hudibrastic.

The Female Visitors around her gaze,
 With wond'ring Eyes, and Mouths of wide Amaze,
 To hear her pompously demand the Key
 Of ev'ry Piece Musicians play.

Astonish'd

Astonish'd see this Petticoat-Apollo,
 With stamping Foot, and beck'ning Hands
 And Head, Time-nodding issue, high Commands,
 Beating the Tot'n'am Road *Director, hollow.

Yes—they behold amaz'd, this tuneful Whale,
 And catch each Crotchet of her rich Discourse,
 Utter'd with classic Elegance and Force,
 On *Diatonic* and *Chromatic* Scale :
 Then stare to see the Lady wisely pore
 On scientific zig-zag Score.

Reader, at this great Lady's Sunday Meeting,
 Midst tuning Instruments each other greeting,
 Screaming as if they had not met for Years,
 So joyous, and so great their Clatter!—say
 Didst ever see this Lady striking *A*
 Upon her Harpsichord, with bending Ears ?
 With open Mouth, and Stare profound,
 Attention-nail'd, and Head awry,
 'Till *Alamire* Unison goes round,
 Watching each Atom of the tuneful Cry ?

Did'st

* Joah Bate, Esq.

Did'ft ever fee her hands outfretch'd like Wings,
 Towards the Band, tho' led by CRAMER,
 Wide swimming for *Pianos* on the Strings—
 Now fudden rais'd like Mr. Chriftie's Hammer,
 To bid the **Forte* roar in fudden Thunder,
 And fill the gaping Multitude with Wonder?
 Thou never did'ft?—then, Friend, without a Hum,
 I envy thee a Happinefs to come!

“ He moulds his Harp (quoth Tom) to Manners
 mild ;”

To Kings, for babe-like Manner's *simple* ftyl'd,
 And grac'd with Virtues that would fill a Tun :
 To *him* the Poet humbly makes a Leg,
 Who, Goose-like, brooding o'er the fav'rite Egg
 Of Genius, gives the Phœnix to the Sun :

To *him*, who for fuch Eggs is alway's watching,
 And never more delighted than when hatching ;

Which

* Motions eftablifhed by the *Cognofcenti* for fhewing the Light and Shadow
 of Mufic.

Which makes the Number offer'd to the Sun,
 So vast!—why, verily as thick as Peas,
 That People may collect, with equal Ease,
 A *thousand* noble Instances, as *one*.

What numbers, Wisdom to his Care hath giv'n!
 All hatch'd—some living—others gone to Heav'n:
 Thus in the *Pinnick's Nest the Cuckow lays,
 Then, easy as a Frenchman, takes her Flight:—
 Due Homage to the Eggs, the Pinnick pays,
 And brings the little Lubbers into Light.

The modern Poet sings, quoth Tom again,
 Of M——chs, who, with œconomic Fury,
 Force all the tuneful World to TOT'N'AM Lane,
 And lock up all the Doors of harmless †DRURY.

* A Bird so called in some Counties, that attends upon the Wife Bird, and feeds him.

† The Oratorios were to have been performed at Drury Lane, this Year, under the Conduct of Mr. LINLEY and Dr. ARNOLD.—MADAM MARA was to have exhibited her amazing Powers. This would have been a Death-stroke to the Pigmy Performance in Tottenham-Court Road. How should the Pigmy be saved? By killing the *Giant*:—and lo! his death-warrant hath been signed.—By what Power of the Constitution? None!—Can the *Grand Monarque* do more? *Quicquid delirant Reges, plebsuntur Achivi.*

Say, why this Curse on DRURY's harmless Door,

That thus in Anger, M——Y should lock it?

MUSE, are the Tot'n'am-Street Subscribers poor?

Will Drury keep some Pence from Tot'n'am's Pocket?

Doth threat'ning Bankruptcy extend a Gloom

O'er the proud Walls of Tot'n'am's Regal Room?

Perchance 'tis MARA's Song that gives Offence!

Hinc illæ Lacrymæ!—I fear:

The Song that once could charm the R—l Sense,

Delights, alas! no more the Royal Ear.

Gods! can a Guinea deaden ev'ry Note,

And make the Nightingale's, a Raven's Throat?

But let me give his M——y a Hint,

Fresh from my Brain's prolific Mint—

Suppose we *Amateurs* should in a Fury,

Just take it in our John-Bull Heads to say

(And lo! 'tis very probable we *may*)—

“ We *will* have Oratorios at Drury?”

How

How must he look?—Blank—wonderfully blank ;
 And think such Speech an Insult on his Rank.
 What could he do?—oppose with Ire so hot?
 I think his M——y had better *not* !*

Pity, a King should with his Subjects squabble
 About an Oratorio, or a Play:
 It puts him on a footing with the Rabble,
 And that's *unkingly*, let me say.

Suppose he comes off Conqueror? alas!
 For such a Victory he ought to *sigb*—
 But, Lord! suppose it so should come to pass,
 That Majesty comes off with a black Eye?
 Whether he lose or win the Day,
 The World will christen it a *paltry Fray*.

Kings

* Indeed his M——y hath prudently taken the Hint.—DRURY, in spite of the Royal Frown, hath had her Oratorios performed to the no small Mortification of poor deserted TOTTENHAM.

Kings should be never in the *wrong**—

They never *are*, some Wife-Acres declare.—

Poh! such a Speech may do for Birth-day Song;

But makes us Philosophic People *stare*!

I know a certain Owner of a C—n,

Not quite a hundred Miles from Windsor Town,

Who harbour'd of his Neighbour, horrid Notions—

A Widow Gentlewoman—who, he said,

Popp'd from her Window ev'ry Day her Head

Impertinent, to watch his Royal Motions.

“ What ?

* Yet let us give an Instance of wrong Proceedings.—A certain K—— and Q——, instead of having Concerts at their Palace, in the Style of other Princes, such as the King of France, the Emperor, the Empress of Russia, &c. have entered into a private Subscription for a Concert in a pitiful Street.—They pay their Six Guineas a-piece; and, what is more extraordinary, get in their Children, as we are told, *gratis*! What is still more extraordinary, they have entered into a Bond for *borrowing* Two Thousand Pounds for putting the House into a decent Repair; fit for the Reception of the K—— of the first Empire upon Earth. Of whom has this Money been borrowed?—Marvelling Reader! of the poor Musician's Fund!—which Money might have been placed out at a much superior Advantage. Let me add, that the Subscribers order a formal Rehearsal previous to every Concert; so that, in fact, they get a double Concert for their Money;—undoubtedly, to the vast Satisfaction of the Fingers of the happy CRAMER, BORGHINI, SHIELD, CERVETTO, &c. who, in this Instance, earn their Money not very unlike the patient and laborious Animal called a *Drayhorse*.

“ What? what? (quoth M——y) I’ll teach her Eyes
 To take my Motions by Surprize——
 One cannot breakfast, dine, drink tea, nor sup,
 But, whip! the Woman’s Head at once is out,
 To see and hear what we are all about : ——
 I’ll cure her of that Trick—and block her up.”

Mad as His Military GRACE*
 For fortifying ev’ry Place,
 From Dockyards to a Necessary House—
 The M——ch dreamt of nothing but the Wall—
 The saucy Spy in Petticoats to maul,
 And make her eagle Pride crawl like a Loufe.

Now Workmen came, with formidable Stones,
 To block up the poor Widow JONES—
 Who mark’d this dread Blockade, and, with a Frown—
 And to the Cause of Freedom true—
 One of the Old Hen’s Chicks so blue,
 Fast as the K—— built *up*, the Dame pull’d *down*.

* Duke of Richmond.

'Twas up—'twas down—'twas up again—'twas
down—

Much did the Country with this Battle ring,
Between the valiant Widow and the K——,
That Admiration rais'd in Windsor Town :
The mighty, batt'ling BROUGHTONS and the SLACKS,
Ne'er[^] new more Money betted on their Backs.

Sing, Heav'nly Muse, how ended this Affray ?
Just as it happens, faith, nine Times in ten,
When Dames so spirited engage with Men—
That is—the valiant WIDOW won the Day.

The K—— could not the Woman maul ;
But found himself most shamefully defeated ;
Then very wisely he retreated,
And very prudently gave up the Wall.

Now sing, O Muse, the warlike Ammunition
Us'd by the Dame in her besieg'd Condition,

That

That on the Host of vile invaders flew ;
 Say, did no God nor Goddess cry out Shame !
 And nobly hasten to relieve the Dame
 From such a resolute and hostile Crew ?

Yes—NEPTUNE, like her Guardian Angel, kind,
 Join'd the poor WIDOW JONES, and ran up Stairs ;
 There fiercely caught up certain Earthen Wares,
 And, pleas'd his fav'rite Element to find,
 Bid, on their Heads, the briny Torrents flow,
 And wash'd, like Shags, the Combatants below.

The Goddess CLOACINA too, so hearty,
 Rush'd to the Widows House, and join'd the Party :
 But say, what Ammunition fill'd her Hand,
 Fame for the Widow to acquire,
 To bid the Enemy retire,
 And give to public Scorn, the daring Band ?

What that *strong* Ammunition was, the Bard
 Heard as a Secret—therefore must not tell :
 Nor would he, for a Thousand Pounds Reward,
 To Beaux reveal it, or the sweetest Belle.

Yet

Yet Nature possibly hath made a Snout,
Blest with Sagacity to smell it out.

Reader, don't stand so, staring like a Calf—
Thy gaping Attitude provokes my Laugh—
Thou think'st that Monarchs never can act ill:
Get thy head shav'd, poor Fool! or think so still.

Whether thou deem'st my Story false or true,
I value not a Rush.

Wilt have another?—"No."—Nay, prithee do.

"I wo'n't."—Thou shalt, by Heavens! so prithee
hush!

But ere I give the Tale, my tuneful Bride,
MY LADY MUSE, shall talk of Kings and Pride.

Some Kings on Thrones are Children on the Lap—
Children, that all of us see ev'ry Day—
Brats that kick, squall, and quarrel with their Pap,
Tearing and swearing they will have their Way:
And what, too, their great Reputation rifles,
KINGS quarrel, just like Children, about *Trifles*.

Moreover—

Moreover—'tis a terrible Affair

For Kingly Worship to be kick'd by Fellows
Who probably feed half their Time on Air,
Mending old Kettles, or old Bellows.

MY LADY PRIDE's a very lofty BEING,
Much pleas'd with People's scraping, bowing, kneeling,
Fruitful in Egotisms, and full of Brags—
HER LADYSHIP in nought can brook Denial;
And, as for Insult, 'tis a killing Trial,
And more especially from Men of Rags.

For PRIDE, such is her Stateliness, alas!
Rather than feel the Kickings of an *Ass*,
Would calmly put up with a Leg of *Horse*;
Though pelting her with fifty times the Force:
Nay, though her Brains came out upon the Ground,
Were Brains within her Head-piece to be found.

A KING and a BRICK-MAKER.

A T A L E.

A KING, near Pimlico, with Nose and State,
 Did very much a neighbouring Brick-kiln hate,
 Because the Kiln did vomit nasty Smoak ;
 Which Smoak—I can't say very nicely bred,
 Did very often take it in the Head
 To blacken the Great House, and try the K——
 to choak.

His sacred Majesty would sputt'ring say,
 Upon a windy Day,
 " I'll make the Rascal and his Brick-Kiln hop—
 " P-x take the Smoak—the Sulphur!—Zounds!—
 " It forces down my Throat by Pounds—
 " My Belly is a down-right Blacksmith's Shop."

One Day, he was fo pefter'd by a Cloud—

He could not bear it, and thus bawl'd aloud :

“ Go” (roar'd his M——y unto a Page)

Work'd, like a Lion, to a dev'lish Rage,

“ Go, tell the Rascal who the Brick-Kiln owns,

“ That if he dares to burn another Brick,

“ Black all my Houfe like Hell, and make me fick,

“ I'll tear his Kiln to Rags, and break his Bones.”

Off BILLY RAMUS fat, his Errand told :

On which the Brick-maker—a little bold,

Exclaim'd, “ *He* break my Bones, good Master Page!

“ *He* fay my Kiln shan't burn another Brick,

“ Because it blacks his Houfe, and makes him fick!

“ BILLY, go, give my Love to MASTER's Rage,

“ And fay, more Bricks I am resolv'd to burn ;

“ And if the Smoak his Worship's Stomach turn,

“ Tell him to ftop his Mouth and Snout—

“ Nay, more, good PAGE—His M——y shall find

“ I'll always take th' Advantage of the Wind,

“ And, dam'me, try to smoak him *out*.”

This

This was a shameful Message to a K——

From a poor ragged Rogue that dealt in Mud :
 Yet, though so impudent a Thing,
 The Fellow's Rhet'rick could not be withstood.

Stiff as against poor HASTINGS, EDMUND BURKE,
 This BRICK-MAKER went tooth and nail to work,
 And form'd a true VESUVIUS on the Eye :
 The Smoke in pitchy Volumes roll'd along,
 Rush'd through the Royal Dome with Sulphur strong,
 And thick ascending darken'd all the Sky.

Thus did this Cloud of Darkness daily shade
 The Building for the Lord's Anointed made,
 And blacken'd it, like Palls that grace a Burying :
 Thus was this Man of Mud and Straw employ'd,
 And, at the Thought so wicked, overjoy'd,
 Of smoking his Liege Sov'reign like a Herring :

Of serving him as we do Parts of Swine,
 Though with green Peas, a Dish extremely fine :

But

Who feed, too, Poultry for the People's Sake,
 Then fend it through the Villages in Carts,
 To cheer (how wondrous kind!) the hungry Hearts
 Of such as *only pay* for what they take.

The Poet now, quoth Tom's rare Lucubration,
 Singeth Commercial Treaties—Commutation—
 Taxes on Paint, Pomatum, Milk of Rofes,
 Olympian Dew, Gloves, Sticking-Plaster, Hats,
 Quack Medicines for sick Christians, and found Rats,
 And all that charms our Eyes, or Mouths, or Nofes.

The modern Bard, fays Tom, fublimely fings
 Of virtuous, gracious, good, uxorious Kings,
 Who love their Wives fo constant from their Heart—
 Who down at Windfor daily go a fopping—
 Their Heads fo lovely into Houfes popping,
 And doing Wonders in the hagling Art.

And why, in God's Name, fould not Queens and Kings
 Purchase a Comb, or CorkfcREW, Lace for Cloaks,
 Edging for Caps, or Tape for Apron-Strings,
 Or Pins, or Bobbin, cheap as other Folks?

Reader!

Reader! to make thine Eyes with Wonder stare,
 I tell thee *Farthings* claim the Royal Care!
 Farthings are helpless Children of a Guinea:
 If not well watch'd, they travel to their Cost!
 For, lo! each Copper-visag'd little Ninney
 Is very apt to stray, and to be lost.

Extravagance I never dar'd defend—
 The greatest Kings should save a Candle-End;
 Since 'tis an Axiom sure, the more Folks *save*,
 The more, indisputably, they must *have*.
 Crown'd Heads, of *saving* should appear Examples;
 And Britain really boasts two pretty Samples!

The modern Poet sings, quoth Tom again,
 Of sweet Excisemen, an obliging Train;
 Who, like our Guardian Angels, watch our Houses,
 And add another civil Obligation
 That addeth greatly to our Reputation—
 Hug, in our Absences, our loving Spouses.

Reader!

Reader! when tir'd, I'm fond of taking breath.—

Now, as thou dost admire the true Sublime,
 And, consequently, my immortal Rhyme,
 'Tis clear thou never can'st desire my Death.—

Swans, in their Songs, most musically die—
 If that's the Case then, Reader, so might *I*.
 Let me then join thy Wishes—stay my Rapture,
 And nurse my Lungs to sing a second Chapter.

In Continuation.

GRANT me an honest Fame, or grant me none,"
Says POPE (I don't know where), a little Liar ;
Who, if he prais'd a Man, 'twas in a Tone
That made his praise like Bunches of Sweet-Briar,
Which, whilst a pleasing Fragrance it bestows,
Pops out a pretty Prickle on your Nose.

Were *some Folks* to exclaim, who fill a Throne,
" Grant me an honest Fame, or grant me none ;"
Such PRINCES were upon the forlorn Hope,—
Soon, very soon, to Reputation dead ;
Their idle Laureats, faith, might shut up Shop,
And bid their lofty Genius go to bed.

Muse, this is all well said; but, not t'offend ye,

I beg you will not cultivate Digression—

Plead not the Poets *quidlibet audendi*;

For surely there are Limits to th' Expression:

Then cease to wanton thus in Episode,

And tell the World of Mr. WARTON'S Ode.

The modern Poet, Laureat Thomas says,

To BOTANY'S grand Island tunes his Lays,

Fix'd for the Swains and Damsels of St. Giles,

Whose Knowledge in the *Hocus-Pocus* Art

Bids them from BRITAIN somewhat sudder start,

To teach to southern Climes their Ministerial Wiles:

Improve the Wisdom of the Common Weal,

And teach the simple Natives how to steal:

The Picklock Sciences so dark, explain;

And to ingenious Murder turn each Brain.

Quoth Tom again—the modern Poet sings

Of sweet, good-natur'd, inoffensive Kings;

Who,

Who, by a Miracle, escap'd with Life—
 Escap'd a Damfel's most tremendous Knife ;
 A Knife that had been taught by Toil and Art,
 To pierce the Bowels of a Pye or Tart.

Thus, having giv'n a full Display
 Of what our Laureat says, or meant to say ;
 I'll beg of Thomas to instruct my Ears,
 Why, in his Verses, he should call
 The Knights who grac'd the high-arch'd Hall,
 A Set of *Bears ?

Why the bold steel-clad Knights of elder Days
 Are not intitled to a little Praise,
 Who for God's Cause did Palace, House, and *Hut sell*,
 As well as Monarchs of the present Date,
 Whose dear Religion, of which Poets prate,
 Might lodge, without much squeezing, in a Nutshell?

“What King hath small Religion?” thou repliest—
 “If G the Th . . . thou meanest—Bard, thou liest.”

Hold,

* *Vid.* the Word *Savage* in the Laureat's Ode for the New Year.

Hold, Thomas—not so furious—I know Things
 That add not to the Piety of
 I've seen a K. at Chapel, I declare,
 Yawn, gape, laugh in the middle of a Pray'r—

When inwards his sad Optics ought to roll,
 To view the dark Condition of his Soul;
 Catch up an Opera-Glas with curious Eye,
 Forgetting God, some Stranger's Phiz to spy,
 As tho' desirous to observe, if Heav'n
 Had Christian Features to the Visage giv'n;
 Then turn (for kind Communication, keen)
 And tell some new-found Wonders to the

Thus have these Eyes beheld a Cock so stately,
 (Indeed, these Lyric Eyes beheld one lately)

Lab'ring upon a Dunghill with each Knuckle:
 When after many a Peck, and Scratch, and Scrub,
 This Hunter did unkennell a poor Grub,

On which the Fellow did so strut, and chuckle!

He

He peck'd, and squinted—peck'd and kenn'd agen,
 Hallooing lustily to *Madam Hen* ;
 To whom, with Airs of Triumph, he look'd round,
 And told what noble Treasure, he had found.

“ Ah! Peter, Peter,” Laureat Thomas cries,
 “ Thou hast no Fear of KINGS before thy Eyes ;
 “ Great—Little—all with thee, are equal Jokes,
 “ And mighty Monarchs merely common Folks.
 “ Ah! wicked; wicked, wicked Peter, know—”
Know what?—“ that Monarchs are not merely *Show* ;
 “ *Souls* they possess, and on a glorious Scale :”
 To this I answer, Thomas, with a *Tale*.

A Duke of Burgundy (I know not *which*)
 Thus on a certain Time, address'd a Poet—
 “ I'm much afraid of that same scribbling Itch—
 “ You've Wit—but pray be cautious how you show it;
 “ Say nothing in your Rhymes about a King—
 “ If Praise—'tis Lies—if Blame, a dangerous Thing.”

That is, the Duke believed the KING uncivil,
Might kick the faucy Poet to the Devil.

T. W.

PETER, there's Odds 'twixt staring and stark mad—

P. P.

Who dares deny it? So there is, egad!

T. W.

Thou think'st *no Prince* of common Sense posselt—

P. P.

Thomas, thou art mistaken, I protest—

On STANISLAUS the Muse could pour her Strain,
Who, dying, sunk a SUN upon Lorraine :

Too, like the parted SUN, with Glory crown'd—
He fill'd with Blushes deep th' Horizon round.

FREDERICK the GREAT, who died the other Day,
Had for himself, indeed, a deal to say :

We must not touch upon that KING's *Belief*—
Because (I fear he seldom said his Pray'rs—

Nor dare we say the Hero was no THIEF,
Because he plunder'd ev'ry Body's Wares.

I'm told the EMPEROR is vastly wise—
 And hope that Madam Fame hath not told Lyes :
 Yet, in his Disputations with the Dutch,
 The MONARCH'S Oratory was not much :
 Full many a Trope from Bayonet and Drum,
 He threaten'd—but, behold ! 'twas all a Hum.

Wife are our gracious Q——'s *superb* Relations,
 The Pride and Envy of the German Nations—
 People of Fashion, Worship, Wealth, and State—
 Lo ! what Demand for them, in Heav'n of late !

Lo ! with his Knapfack, ev'n just now departed,
 As fine a Soldier, faith, as ever started—
 Whom Death did almost *dread* to lay his *Claws on*—
 Old Captain what's his Name?—*SAXEHILBERGHAUSEN :
 For whom (with Zeal, for *Folks of Worship*, burning)
 We once again are black'ned up by Mourning ;
 To show by Glove, Cloth, Ribband, Crape, and Fan,
 A Peck of Trouble for th' old Gentleman.

Good-

* Great Uncle to our most gracious Q. He died in the EMPEROR'S Service.

Good-lack-a-daisie then! what Dozens
 Our Q——hath got of Uncles, Aunts, and Coufins!
 Egad, if thus those Folks continue dying,
 Each BRITON doom'd to difmal black,
 Muft alway bear a Hearfe-like Back,
 And like HERACLITUS, be always *crying*.

Great is the Northern EMPRESS I confefs!
 Much, in her Humour, like our good QUEEN BESS;
 Who keeps her fair Court-Dames from getting* drunk:
 And all fo temperate herfelf, Folks fay,
 She fcarcely drinks a Dozen Drams a Day;
 And, in *Love-matters*, is a QUEEN of *Spunk*.

Yet like I not fuch Woman for a Wife—
 Such Heroines, in a matrimonial Strife,
 Might hammer from one's *tender* Head *hard* Notes:
 I own my Delicacy is fo great,
 I cannot in difpute, with Rapture, meet
 Women who look like Men in Petticoats.

Oft

* At an Affembly at Petersburg, fome Years fince, which was honoured with the Prefence of the Emprefs, one of the Rules was, that no Lady fhould come *drunk* into the Room.

Oft in a learn'd Dispute upon a Cap,
 By way of *Answer*, one might have a *Slap*—
 P'rhaps on a simple Petticoat or Gown—
 Nay! possibly on MADAM's being *kist!*
 And really, I would rather be knock'd down
 By Weight of Argument, than Weight of Fist.

I like not Dames whose Conversation runs
 On Battles, Sieges, Mortars, and great Guns—
 The *milder* BEAUTIES win *my* soften'd Soul':
 Who look for Fashions with desiring Eyes:
 Pleas'd when on Wigs the Conversations roll,
 Cork Rumps, and Merry Thoughts, and Lovers Sighs.

LOVE! when I marry, give me not an Ox---
 I hate a WOMAN like a SENTRY-BOX;
 Nor can I deem the DAME a charming Creature
 Whose hard Face holds an *Oath* in ev'ry Feature.

In Women—Angel-sweetness let me see—
 No galloping Horse-Godmothers for *me*.

T

I own

I own I cannot brook such manly *Belles*

As MADEMOISELLE D'EONS, and HANNAH SNELLS.

Yet Men there are, (how strange are LOVE's Decrees!)

Whose Palates ev'n JACK-GENTLEWOMEN please.

How diff'rent, SILVIA, from thy Form so fair!

That triumphs in a Love-inspiring Air;

Superior beaming ev'n where Thousands shine—

Thy Form!—where all the tender Graces play,

And blushing, seem in ev'ry Smile to say,

“Behold we boast an Origin divine!”—

See too the QUEEN OF FRANCE—a Gem I ween!—

With Rev'rence let me hail that charming Queen,

Bliss to the King, and Lustre to her Race:

Though VENUS gave of Beauty half her Store,

And all the Graces bid a World adore—

Her smallest Beauties are the Charms of *Face*.

T. W.

Heav'ns! why *abroad* for Virtues must you roam!

P. P.

P. P.

Because I cannot find them, Tom, *at Home*.

I beg your Pardon—yes—the PRINCE OF WALES
 (Whose Actions smile Contempt on SCANDAL'S Tales)
 Ranks in the Muse's Favour, high—
 I wish *some Folks*, that I could name with Ease,
 Blest with *his* Head—*his* Heart—*his* Pow'rs to please—
 Then PITY'S Soul would cease from many a Sigh.

The crouching Courtiers, that surround a Throne,
 And learn to speak and grin from ONE alone,
 Who watch, like Dancing-Dogs, their Master's Nod—
 Are ready now, if Horse-whipp'd from their Places,
 At CARLTON-HOUSE to shew their supple Faces,
 And call the PRINCE they vilify, a GOD.

T. W.

Think'st thou not CÆSAR doth the Arts possess?

P. P.

Arts in Abundance!—Yes, Tom—yes, Tom,—yes!

T. W

T. W.

'Think'st thou not CÆSAR would each Joy forego,
To make his Children Happy?

P. P.

No, Tom—no.

T. W.

What! not *one* Bag, to bless a Child, bestow?—

P. P.

Heav'n help thy Folly!—no, Tom—no, Tom—no!
The fordid Souls that Avarice enslaves,
Would gladly grasp their Guineas in their *Graves*:
Like that old GREEK—a miserable Cur,
Who made himself his own Executor.

A Cat is with her Kittens much delighted;

She licks so lovingly their Mouths and Chins:
At ev'ry Danger, Lord! how Pufs is frightened—

She curls her Back, and swells her Tail, and grins:
Rolls her wild Eyes, and claws the Backs of Curs
Who smell too curious to her Children's Furs.

This

This happens whilst her Cats are *young*, indeed ;
 But when *grown up*, alas! how chang'd their Luck!
 No more she plays at Bo-peep with her Breed,
 Lies down, and mewling bids them come and suck:

No more she sports and pats them, frisks and purs ;
 Plays with their little Tails, and licks their Furs ;
 But when they beg her blessing and Embraces,
 Spits like a dirty Vixen, in their Faces.

Nay, after making the poor Lambkins fly,
 She watches the dear Babes with squinting Eye ;
 And if she spies them with a Bit of Meat,
 Springs on their Property, and steals their Treat—

No more a tender Love she seems to feel—
 The Dev'l, for *her*, may eat 'em at a Meal—
 With all *her* Soul—the Jade, so wond'rous saving,
 Cries, “ Off! You now are at your own Beard-shaving.”

So—to some K——s this Evil doth belong—
 Th' Intelligence is good, I make no doubt—
 Who really love their Offspring when they're young,
 But lose that fond Affection when they're stout ;

Far off they fend them—nor a Sixpence give—
 I wonder, Thomas, where such Mo——hs live!

Should such a M——ch, Thomas, cross thy Way,
 And for thy Flatt'ry, offer Buts of Sack;
 Say plainly, that he would disgrace thy Lay;
 And turning on him thy Poetic Back,
 Bid, like a Porcupine, thine Anger bristle,
 Nor damn thy precious Soul to whet thy Whistle.

C O N-

C O N C L U S I O N.

THINK not, Friend Tom, I envy thee thy Rhyme,
 By numbers, I assure thee, deem'd sublime;
 Or that thy Laureat's Place my Spleen provokes:
 The KING (good Man!) and I should never Quarrel,
 E'en though his Royal Wisdom gave the Laurel
 To Mr. TOM-A-STILES or JOHN-A-NOKES.

Old-fashion'd, as if tutor'd in the Ark,
 I never figh'd for Glory's high Degrees;
 This very Instant, should our *Grand Monarque*
 Say, "PETER, be my Laureat, if you please,"

"No, please your Majesty," should be my Answer,
 With sweetest Diffidence and modest Grace:

"The Office suits a more ingenious Man, Sir;

"In God's Name, therefore, let *him* have the Place:

"Unlike the Poets, 'tis my vast affliction

"To be a miserable Hand at *Fiction*.

"But, Sir, I'll find some Lyric Undertaker,

"Acrostic, Rebus, or Conundrum-Maker,

"Who oft hath rode old Pegasus so fiery,

"And won the Sweepstakes in the LADY'S DIARY."

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A N

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TO

ODE UPON ODE.

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M.DCC.LXXXVIII.

A N
A P O L O G E T I C P O S T S C R I P T
T O
O D E U P O N O D E.

R E A D E R, I solemnly protest

I thought that I had work'd up all my rhyme!
What stupid demon hath my brain possess'd?

I prithee pardon me this time:

Afford thy patience through more Ode;

'Tis not a vast extent of road:

Together let us gallop then along:

Most nimbly shall old Pegafus, my hack, stir,

To drop the image — prithee hear more song,

Some '*more last words of Mr. Baxter.*'

B

A wond'rous

A wond'rous fav'rite with the tuneful throng,
Sublimely great are PETER's pow'rs of song :
His nerve of satire, too, so very tough,
Strong without weakness, without softness rough.

What HORACE said of streams in easy lay
The marv'ling World of PETER's tongue may say ;
His tongue, so copious in a flux of metre,

“ LABITUR ET LABETUR ! ”

T H E A R G U M E N T.

PETER nobly acknowledgeth error, suspecteth an interfering Devil, and supplicateth his Reader — He boasteth, wittily parodieth, and most learnedly quoteth a Latin Poet — He sheweth much affection for Kings, illustrating it by a beautiful simile — *PETER* again waxeth witty — Resolution declared for rhyme in consequence of encouragement from our two UNIVERSITIES — *PETER* wickedly accused of King-roasting; refuteth the malevolent charge by a most apt illustration — *PETER* criticiseth the blunders of the stars — *PETER* replieth to the charges brought against him by the World — He displayeth great Bible knowledge, and maketh a shrewd observation on KING DAVID, URIA H, and the Sheep, such as no Commentator ever made before — *PETER* challengeth Courtiers to equal his intrepidity, and proveth his superiority of courage by giving a delectable tale of Dumplings — *PETER* answereth the unbelief of a vociferous World — Declareth totis viribus love for KINGS — *PETER* peepeth into Futurity, and telleth the fortune of the PRINCE OF WALES — He descanteth on the high province of ancient Poets, and displayeth classical erudition — *PETER* holdeth conference with a Quaker — *PETER*, as usual, turneth rank Egotist — He telleth strange news relating to MAJESTY and PEPPER ARDEN — *PETER* apologiseth for impudence by a tale of a French KING — *PETER*, imitating OVID, who was transported for his impudent Ballads, talketh to his ODE — Suggesteth a royal answer to Ode and Odesaētors — Happily seleceth a story of King CANUTE, illustrating the danger of stopping the mouths of Poets with halters, &c., instead of meat — *PETER* concludeth with a wise observation.

O D E.

WORLD! stop thy mouth — I am resolv'd to rhyme —
I cannot throw away a vein sublime :

If I may take the liberty to brag,
I cannot, like the fellow in the Bible,
Venting upon his master a rank libel,

Conceal my talent in a *rag*.

Kings must continue still to be my theme —

Eternally of Kings I dream :

As beggars ev'ry night, we must suppose,

Dream of their vermin, in their beds ;

Because, as ev'ry body knows,

Such *things* are always *running* in their heads.

Besides — were I to write of *common* folks,

No soul would buy my rhymes so strange, and jokes :

Then what becomes of mutton, beef, and pork —

How would my masticating muscles work ?

Indeed, I dare not say they would be idle,
 But, like my Pegafus's chops, so stout,
 Who plays and wantons with his bridle,
 And nobly flings the foam about ;

So mine would work — “ On what ? ” my reader cries,
 With a stretch'd pair of unbelieving eyes —
 Heav'n help thy most unpenetrating wit !
 On a *bard* morsel — HUNGER's iron bit.

By all the rhyming goddesses and gods
 I will — I *must*, persist in Odes —
 And not a pow'r on earth shall hinder —
 I hear both * Universities exclaim,
 “ PETER, it is a glorious road to fame ;
 “ *Eugè Poeta magne* — well said, PINDAR ! ”

* The violence of the Universities on this occasion may probably arise from the contempt thrown on them by His Majesty's sending the Royal children to Gottengen for education ; but have not Their Majesties amply made it up to Oxford by a visit to that celebrated seminary — and is not Cambridge to receive the same honour ?

Yet some approach with apostolic face,
And cry, " O PETER, what a want of grace

" Thus in thy rhyme to roast a King ! "

I roast a King ! by heav'ns 'tis not a fact —

I scorn such wicked and disloyal act —

Who dares assert it, says a scandalous thing.

Hear what I have to say of Kings —

If, un sublime, they deal in childish things,

And yield not, of reform, a ray of hope ;

Each mighty Monarch straight appears to *me*

A roaster of *himself* — *Felo de se* —

I only act as Cook, and *disb him up*.

Reader ! another simile as rare —

My verses form a sort of bill of fare,

Informing guests what kind of flesh and fish

Is to be found within each dish ;

That eating people may not be mistaken,

And take, for ortolan, a lump of bacon.

Whenever I have heard of Kings

Who place in gossipings, and news, their pride,
And knowing family concerns — mean things!

Very judiciously, indeed, I've cry'd,

“ I wonder

“ How their blind stars could make so gross a blunder ! ”

“ Instead of sitting on a throne

“ In purple rich — of state so full,

“ They should have had an apron on,

“ And, seated on a three-legg'd stool,

“ Commanded of dead hair, the sprigs

“ To do their duty upon wigs.

“ By such mistakes, is Nature often foil'd :

“ Such improprieties should never spring ——

“ Thus a fine chattering *barber* may be spoil'd,

“ To make a most indiff'rent *King*.”

“ Sir,

“ Sir, Sir, (I hear the world exclaim)

“ At too high game you impudently aim ——

“ How dare you, with your jokes and gibes,

“ Tread, like a horse, on kingly kibes ? ”

Folks, who can't see their errors, can't *reform* :

No plainer axiom ever came from man ;

And 'tis a Christian's duty, in a storm,

To save his sinking neighbour, if he can :

Thus *I* to Kings my Ode of Wisdom pen,

Because your Kings have souls like *common men*.

The Bible warrants me to speak the truth ——

Nor mealy-mouth'd my tongue in silence keep :

Did not good NATHAN tell that buckish youth,

DAVID the KING, that he stole sheep ?

Stole poor URIAH's little fav'rite lamb —
 An ewe it chanc'd to be, and not a ram —
 For had it been a ram, the royal glutton
 Had never meddled with URIAH's mutton.

What *modern* Courtier, pray, hath got the face
 To say to Majesty, “ O King !
 “ At *such* a time, in *such* a place,
 “ You did a very foolish thing ? ”

What Courtier, not a foe to his own glory,
 Would publish of his King this simple story ? —

The APPLE DUMPLINGS and a KING.

ONCE on a time, a Monarch, tir'd with hooping,

Whipping and spurring,

Happy in worrying

A poor, defenceless, harmless buck ;

(The horse and rider wet as muck,)

From his high consequence and wisdom stooping,

Enter'd, through curiosity, a cot,

Where sat a poor old woman and her pot.

The wrinkled, blear-ey'd, good, old granny,

In this same cot, illum'd by many a cranny,

Had finish'd apple dumplings for her pot :

In tempting row the naked dumplings lay,

When, lo! the Monarch, in his usual way,

like lightning spoke, "What's this? what's this? what? what?"

Then

Then taking up a dumpling in his hand,
His eyes with admiration did expand —

And oft did Majesty the dumpling grapple :

“ ’Tis monstrous, monstrous hard indeed,” he cry’d :

“ What makes it, pray, so hard ?” — The Dame reply’d,

Low curtsying, “ Please Your Majesty, the apple.”

“ Very astonishing indeed ! — strange thing !”

(Turning the dumpling round, rejoin’d the King.)

“ ’Tis most extraordinary then, all this is —

“ It beats Pinetti’s conjuring all to pieces —

“ Strange I should never of a dumpling dream —

“ But, Goody, tell me where, where, where’s the seam ?”

“ Sir, there’s no seam (quoth she) ; I never knew

“ That folks did apple dumplings *sew*.” —

“ No ! (cry’d the staring Monarch with a grin)

“ How, how the devil got the apple in ?”

On which the Dame the curious scheme reveal'd
 By which the apple lay so fly conceal'd,

Which made the Solomon of Britain start;
 Who to the Palace with full speed repair'd,
 And Queen, and Princesses so beauteous, scar'd,
 All with the wonders of the Dumpling art!

There did he labour one whole week, to show
 The wisdom of an APPLE-DUMPLING MAKER;
 And lo! so deep was Majesty in dough,
 The Palace seem'd the lodging of a BAKER.

E

READER,

R E A D E R, thou likest not my tale—look'ft *blue* —

Thou art a Courtier — roarest “ Lies, Lies, Lies ! ”

Do, for a moment, stop thy cries —

I tell thee, roaring infidel, 'tis *true*.

Why should it not be true ? — The *greatest men*

May ask a foolish question now and then —

This is the language of all ages :

Folly lays many a trap — we can't escape it :

Nemo (says some one) *omnibus horis sapit* :

Then why not Kings, like *me* and *other* sages ?

Far from despising Kings, I like the breed,

Provided *King-like* they behave :

Kings are an instrument we need,

Just as we razors want — to shave ;

To keep the State's face smooth — give it an air —
 Like my Lord North's, so jolly, round, and fair.

..My sense of Kings though freely I impart —
 I hate not royalty, Heav'n knows my heart.

Princes and Princeesses I like, so loyal —

Great GEORGE's children are my great delight ;
 The sweet Augusta, and sweet Princess Royal,
 Obtain my love by day, and pray'rs by night.

Yes ! I like Kings — and oft look back with pride

Upon the Edwards, Harrys of our isle —
 Great souls ! in virtue as in valour try'd,
 Whose actions bid the cheek of Britons smile.

Muse ! let us also *forward* look,
 And take a peep into Fate's book.

Behold !

Behold! the sceptre young AUGUSTUS sways;
 I hear the mingled praise of millions rise;
 I see uprais'd to Heav'n their ardent eyes;
 That for their Monarch ask a length of days.

Bright in the *brightest* annals of renown,
 Behold fair Fame his youthful temples crown
 With laurels of unfading bloom;
 Behold DOMINION swell beneath his care,
 And GENIUS, rising from a dark despair,
 His long-extinguish'd fires relume.

Such are the Kings that suit my taste, I own —
 Not *those* where all the *littlenesses* join —
 Whose souls should start to find their lot a *throne*,
 And blush to show their noses on a coin.

Reader, for fear of wicked applications,
 I now allude to Kings of *foreign nations*.

Poets (so unimpeach'd tradition says)
 The sole historians were of ancient days,
 Who help'd their heroes Fame's high hill to clamber;
 Penning their glorious acts in language strong,
 And thus preserving, by immortal song,
 Their names amidst their tuneful amber.

What am *I* doing? Lord! the very fame —
 Preserving many a deed deserving Fame,
 Which that old lean, devouring shark call'd Time
 Would, without ceremony, eat;
 In my opinion, far too rich a treat —
 I therefore merit statues for my rhyme.

“ All this is laudable, (a Quaker cries)

“ But let grave Wisdom, Friend, thy verses rule;

“ Put out thine IRONY's two squinting eyes —

“ Despise thy grinning monkey, RIDICULE.”

What! flight my sportive monkey, RIDICULE,
 Who acts like birch on boys at school,
 Neglecting lessons — truant, perhaps, whole weeks!
 My RIDICULE, with humour fraught, and wit,
 Is that satiric friend, a gouty fit,
 Which bites men into health and rosy cheeks :

A moral mercury that cleanseth souls
 Of ills that with them play the devil —
 Like mercury that much the pow'r controls
 Of presents gain'd from ladies *over civil*.

Reader, I'll brag a little, if you please ;
 The ancients did so, therefore why not *I*?
 Lo! for my good advice I ask no fees,
 Whilst other Doctors let their patients die ;
 That is, such patients as can't pay for cure —
 A very selfish, wicked thing, I'm sure.

Now though I'm foul physician to the King,
I never begg'd of him the smallest thing

For all the threshing of my virtuous brains ;
Nay, were I my poor pocket's state t'impart,
So well I know my royal patient's heart,

He would not give me two-pence for my pains.

But hark ! folks say the King is very mad —
The news, if true, indeed, were very sad,

And far too serious an affair to mock it —
Yet how can this agree with what I've heard,
That so much by him are my rhymes rever'd —
He goes a hunting with them in his pocket :

And when *thrown out* — which often is the case,
(In bacon hunting, or of bucks the race)

My verse so much His Majesty bewitches,
That out he pulls my honour'd Odes,
And reads them on the turnpike roads —

Now under trees and hedges — now in ditches.

Hark !

Hark ! with astonishment, a sound I hear,
 That strikes tremendous on my ear ;
 It says, Great Arden, commonly call'd Pepper,
 Of mighty George's thunderbolts the keeper,
 Just like of Jupiter the famous eagle,
 Is order'd out to hunt me like a beagle.

But, eagle Pepper, give my love
 Unto thy lofty master, Mr. JOVE,
 And ask how it can square with his religion,
 To bid thee, without mercy, fall on,
 With thy short sturdy beak, and iron talon,
 A pretty, little, harmless, cooing pigeon ?

By heav'ns, I disbelieve the fact ——
 A Monarch cannot so unwisely act !

Suppose that Kings, so rich, are always *mumping*,
 Praying and pressing Ministers for money ;
 Bidding them on our hive (poor bees !) be thumping,
 Trying to shake out all our honey ;

A thing

A thing that oft hath happen'd in our isle! —

Pray, shan't we be allow'd to smile?

To cut a joke, or epigram contrive,

By way of solace for our plunder'd hive?

A King of France, (I've lost the Monarch's name)

Who avaricious got himself bad fame,

By most unmannerly and thievish plunges

Into his subjects purses,

A *deep manœuvre* that obtain'd their curses,

Because it treated gentlefolks like *spunges*.

To show how much they relish'd not such squeezing,

Such goods and chattel-seizing,

They publish'd libels to display their hate,

To comfort, in some sort, their souls,

For such a number of large holes

Eat by this Royal Rat in each estate.

The PREMIER op'd his gullet like a shark,
 To hear such fatires on the Grand Monarque,
 And roar'd — “ Messieurs, you soon shall feel
 “ My criticism upon your ballads,
 “ Not to your taste so sweet as frogs and fallads,
 “ A stricture critical yclep'd BASTILE.”

But first he told the tidings to the King,
 Then swore *par Dieu* that he would quickly bring
 Unto the grinding stone their noses down —
 No, not a soul of 'em should ever thrive;
 He'd slay them, like St. BARTLEMEW, alive —
 Villains! for daring to insult the Crown.

The Monarch heard Monsieur le PREMIER out,
 And, smiling on his loyalty so stout,
 Replied, “ Monsieur le PREMIER, you are wrong —
 “ Don't of the pleasure let them be debarr'd —
 “ You know how we have serv'd 'em — faith! 'tis hard
 “ They should not for their money have a *song*.”

OVID, sweet story-teller of old times,
 Unluckily transported for his rhymes,
 Address'd his book before he bide it walk ;
 Therefore my Worship, and my Ode,
 In imitation of such classic mode,
 May, like two Indian nations, have a *Talk*.

“ Dear Ode ! whose verse the true sublime affords,
 “ Go, visit Kings, Queens, Parasites, and Lords ;
 “ And if thy modest beauties they adore,
 “ Inform them, they shall speedily have more.”

But possibly a mighty King may say,
 “ Ode ! Ode !—What ? What ? I hate your rhyme haranguing ;
 “ I'd rather hear a jackass bray :
 “ I never knew a poet worth the hanging.

“ I hate, abhor them — but I'll clip their wings ;
 “ I'll teach the saucy knaves to laugh at Kings :

“ Yes,

“ Yes, yes, the rhyming rogues, their songs shall rue,

“ A ragged, bold-fac’d, ballad-finging crew.

“ Yes, yes, the poets shall my pow’r confefs ;

“ I’ll maul that spawning devil call’d the Prefs.”

If furious thus exclaim a King of glory,

Tell him, O gentle Muse, this pithy story :

KING

KING CANUTE AND HIS NOBLES;

A T A L E.

CANUTE was by his nobles taught to fancy,
That by a kind of royal necromancy,

He had the pow'r Old Ocean to control —
Down rush'd the Royal Dane upon the strand,
And issued, like a Solomon, command —

Poor soul!

“ Go back, ye waves, you bluff'ring rogues,” quoth he,

“ Touch not your Lord and Master, SEA,

“ For by my pow'r almighty, if you do ” —

Then staring vengeance — out he held a stick,

Vowing to drive Old Ocean to Old Nick,

Should he ev'n wet the latchet of his shoe.

The Sea retir'd — the Monarch fierce rush'd on,
 And look'd as if he'd drive him from the land —
 But SEA not caring to be put upon,
 Made for a moment a bold stand :

Not only make a *stand* did Mr. OCEAN,
 But to his honest waves he made a motion,
 And bid them give the King a hearty trimming :
 The orders seem'd a deal the waves to tickle,
 For soon they put His Majesty in pickle ;
 And sat his Royalties, like geese, a swimming.

All hands aloft, with one tremendous roar,
 Soon did they make him wish himself on shore ;
 His head and ears most handsomely they dous'd —
 Just like a porpus, with one general shout,
 The waves so tumbled the poor King about —
 No Anabaptist e'er was half so fous'd.

At length to land he crawl'd, a half-drown'd thing,
 Indeed more like a crab than like a King,

And found his Courtiers making rueful faces :
 But what said Canute to the Lords and Gentry,
 Who hail'd him from the water, on his entry,
 All trembling for their lives or places ?

“ My Lords and Gentlemen, by your advice,

“ I've had with Mr. SEA a pretty bustle ;

“ My treatment from my foe not over nice,

“ Just made a jest for ev'ry shrimp and muscle :

“ A pretty trick for one of my dominion ! —

“ My Lords, I thank you for your great opinion.

“ You'll tell me, p'rhaps, I've only lost *one* game,

“ And bid me try another — for the rubber —

“ Permit me to inform you all, with shame,

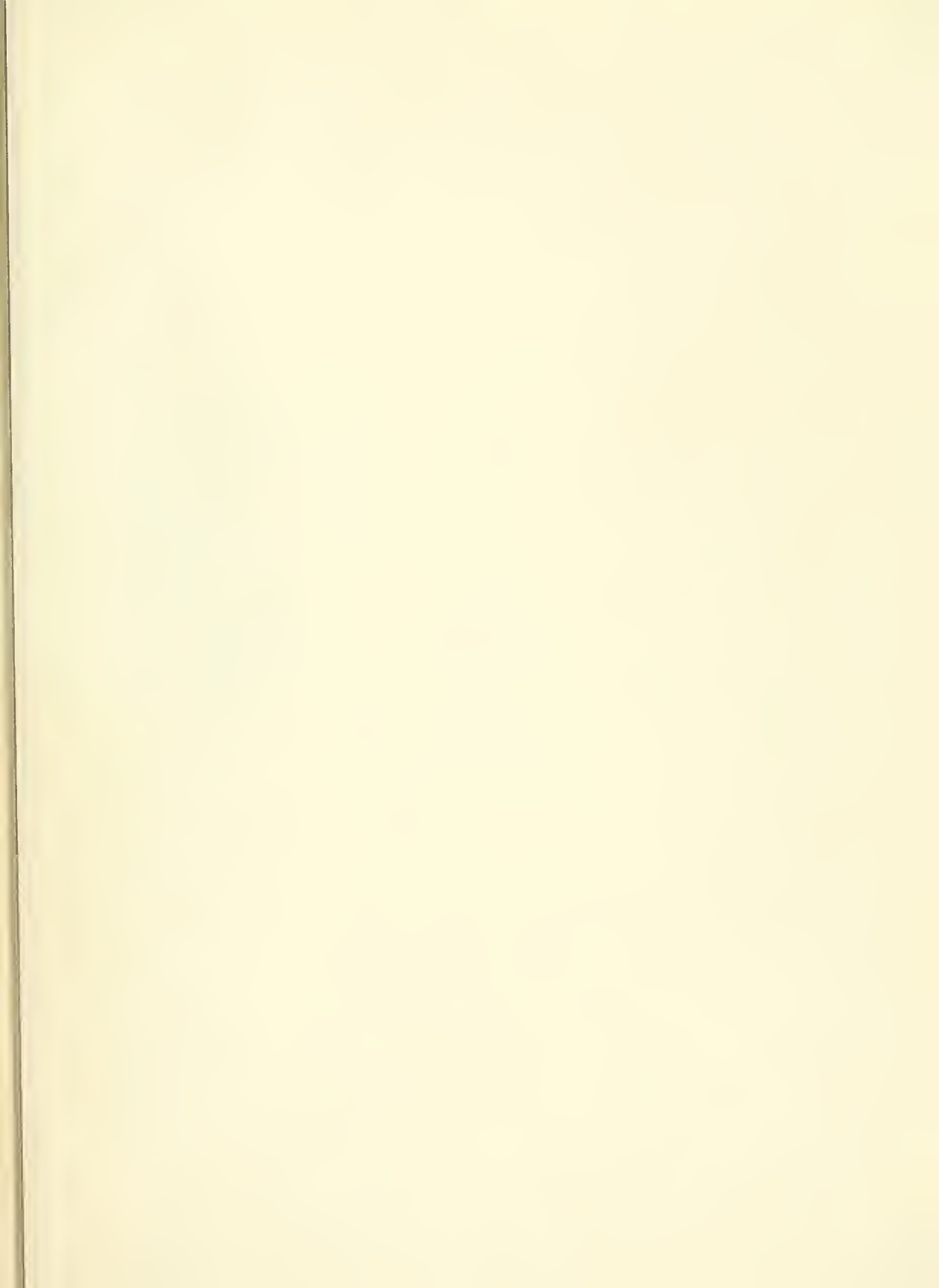
“ That you're a set of knaves, and I'm a lubber.”

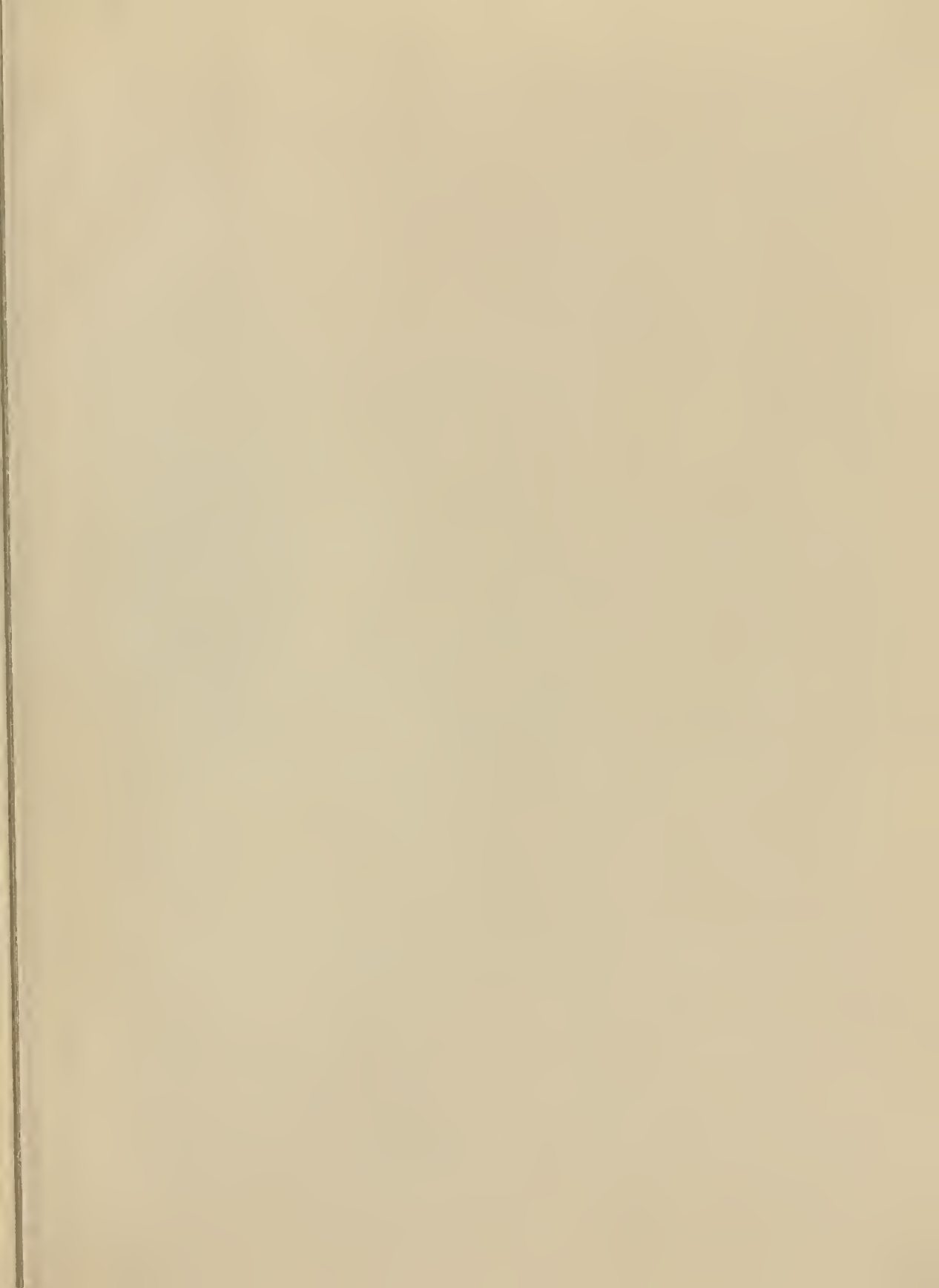
Such is the story, my dear Ode,
Which thou wilt bear — a sacred load!

Yet, much I fear, 'twill be of no great use:
Kings are in general obstinate as mules;
Those who surround them, mostly rogues and fools,
And therefore can no benefit produce.

Yet stories, sentences, and golden rules,
Undoubtedly were made for rogues and fools;

But this unluckily the simple fact is;
Those rogues and fools do nothing but *admire*,
And all so dev'lish modest, don't desire
The glory of reducing them to *practice*.





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